Rev. J. Sawyer

Franklin

May 11th 54

A YEAR ABROAD:

OR

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL IN GREAT BRITAIN, FRANCE AND SWITZERLAND.

BY WILLARD C. GEORGE.

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PREFACE.

The following sketches have been prepared for the press, with the hope that the results of the author's experience in foreign travel might be serviceable to many young men of limited means, who desire to visit the Old World, particularly Great Britain. As much substantial information, from the best sources, has been added to the fruits of personal observation, as the limits of the book would allow, that it may meet a want not ordinarily supplied by books of foreign travel.

A portion of the notes on Great Britain have already been presented to the public in one of our religious journals, but it has been thought well to publish them in a more durable form. It is hoped that the additional matter, together with the improvements in style, will make them acceptable. The sketches of the Rhine, except the introduction,

are altered from the French of Andrè Delvieu, and are simply a *melange* of matter-of-fact interwoven with legendary history.

During his residence in Paris, and when travelling through Switzerland, the author kept a daily journal, from which the chapters on France and Switzerland have been taken.

The book goes out into the world on an humble errand, without any pretensions to great merit; and if within the circle of tried and faithful friends it relieves the dulness of an occasional hour, and finds a welcome in many, many homes endeared by the recollections of friendship, the author's highest hopes will be realized. W. C. G.

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A YEAR ABROAD.

CHAPTER I.

FIVE WEEKS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Landing in Liverpool—first appearance—the Docks—St. James' Cemetery—the Exchange—St. John's Market—street-crying and begging—degradation of women—trip to Chester—the Cathedral—Henry IV.—the walls—"Rows"—its singular streets—the Dee—Eaton Hall Lodge.

JUNE 12, 1850. Only nineteen days from New York, and here I am in Old England! More than three thousand miles *from* home, and yet it seems much *like* home;—the people look like old friends; I hear the rich accents of my mother tongue; the appearance of the streets, style of building, and methods of doing business—every thing, is quite familiar. There are, however, many things here which I would willingly believe do not exist in American cities, to the same extent at least. I have already seen numerous grog-shops *kept by women;* the streets swarm with mountebanks and beggars, and females, meanly clad, with sunburnt limbs and dejected look, performing all sorts of drudgery in the streets and shops.

To the stranger, the first view of Liverpool is exceedingly dull and uninteresting. Nearly the whole city is built of "burnt" brick, and it looks as brown and dingy as if the whole city had been destroyed by fire, and rebuilt with

the old brick. But a short walk through its busy streets, magnificent warehouses and public buildings, dissipates "first impressions," and its want of beauty is forgotten in a growing sense of its commercial importance.

JUNE 13. We started this morning, — i. e. Dr. Hart, my travelling companion, and myself, — to see some of the sights of Liverpool. And as the principal object of interest, we made the best of our way to the DOCKS. Seen from the water, they have the appearance of a solid, granite wall, fifteen feet high, and extending three miles along the shore. Along the outside of this wall there is a terrace running the whole distance, except the passage ways into the docks, which forms a delightful footpath. Inside this wall, the docks and basins are cut parallel with it, and vary from two hundred to five hundred yards in width. The magnificent quays, with locks and canals of different construction, are provided with iron bridges, through which the vessels enter the docks the same as in our canals, and by the side of each basin immense iron posts are driven into the solid rock, to which the vessels are made fast. The spaces between the docks are covered with merchandise of every description, and hundreds of laborers are engaged in all directions, loading and discharging vessels from all climes; here and there stand houses occupied by various officials, and next to the streets are immense warehouses provided with light waterproof awnings or roofs, and open or latticed walls, under which the merchandise is lodged until otherwise disposed of. No fire or light is permitted on board the vessels after they enter the docks, and the captains, with their crews, are obliged to board on shore; and every thing is under the surveillance of a strong police, that maintains perfect order, and sees the laws strictly enforced. From the water the

shipping has the appearance of being up in town. The docks are one of the finest specimens of stone masonary in the world, and protect the shipping from all the storms and quicksands of the unsettled Mersey.

St. James' Cemetery extends over a surface of 50,000 yards, and stands in what was formerly a stone quarry. A more appropriate spot could hardly be selected; it is, indeed, a gigantic tomb, adorned with walks and parterres exhibiting every variety of floral beauty. The principal entrance is through a tunnel cut in the rock, on the top of which stands an elegant chapel; on one side are perpendicular walls of sandstone, fifty feet high, and along which run terraced walks buried in ivy. The other side is not so steep, but it is so beautifully planted with trees and flowers, that it seems like going through a garden into the valley of the dead. Many of the tombs are hewn out of the solid rock, and in the centre of the grounds, there is a splendid monument erected by the merchants of Liverpool to Mr. Huskisson, the deeply-lamented martyr to the opening of the Manchester Railway in 1830.

Beautiful, however, as the place is, there is one thing that detracted very much from its moral beauty; it perplexed and annoyed me the whole time I was there. I observed large, square pits cut into the rock, which my guide informed me were designed as a burial place for the poor; coffins are placed in these pits from time to time and slightly covered, until the whole cavity is filled with the bodies of the unfortunate dead, and then it is properly secured. I hope it is not my destiny to die in Liverpool poor, for next to a strong and lasting faith in God, I earnestly desire a decent, Christian burial.

The Exchange is a magnificent sandstone block occupying

three sides of a large square. One whole side, on the lower floor, is occupied as a "Merchant's Reading Room," and contains newspapers from all parts of the world. We were very kindly admitted, and had the satisfaction of reading the latest news from home. In the centre of the square stands the monument erected to Nelson, upon which are represented his death, his victory, his reward, and the joy and sorrow of Britannia.

St. John's Market is regarded by the inhabitants of Liverpool as a wonder in its way, and if superficial dimensions are the only criteria of excellence, it is;—for it covers over a whole acre, and has stalls to accommodate eight thousand traders. It has a very light and airy roof supported by one hundred and sixteen iron posts. The stalls are occupied chiefly by women neatly dressed, and ready at all times to strike a bargain;—they have a wonderful faculty of arranging their merchandise in a way to show to the best advantage. There was one novelty in the establishment that I never saw before;—in one corner there was a large menagerie of all sorts of eatable animals except fish and horned cattle—geese, turkeys, hens, ducks, Guinea hens, pigs, squirrels, pigeons, &c., all patiently waiting an order from some English epicure for their destruction.

There are two branches of business in Liverpool that have reached the highest degree of perfection;—crying in the streets and begging. All sorts of pedlers are retailing their wares in the streets, and they give glowing advertisements of them by every conceivable noise that can be found in the widest scale of ludicrous discords. Women with baskets on their heads, or driving hand-carts before them, and men and boys with well stored hands, boxes or baskets, at every cor-

ner of the streets, are striving to supercede the more respectable methods of trade.

Beggars abound, in great numbers, and every thing that can be done in the way of music and dancing, ground and lofty tumbling, throwing knives into the air and even swallowing them — every thing, indeed, that will gather a crowd — *is* done, to obtain a few pennies. Day after day they wander through these streets, stopping at corners where there seems to be the best prospect of success, and thus they wear out a miserable existence by cheating their living out of the idle and curious.

There is another fact that speaks unfavorably for Liverpool; — the women are degraded. They perform the meanest drudgery; they drive carts, peddle in the streets and markets, tend grog-shops, row boats, and scrape up manure in the streets for the neighboring gardeners. They even do it with their bare hands, and sometimes, for want of a basket, they stow the coveted treasures in their aprons. How degrading such employments are to women! Custom, however, exerts such an influence over the public mind, that the people here think nothing of it.

The Manchester Railway Station, and the immense tunnel, several thousand yards in length, through which the railroad passes, are worth seeing. Indeed, Liverpool is a city of giant excavations, and it is fortunate that it stands on strata of red and yellow sandstone so brittle and porous that it costs but little to excavate it.

Chester, June 14. An hour's ride from Liverpool, through a delightful country, brought us to this place, — one of the oldest and most remarkable towns in England. It derives its name, I am told, from the Latin word, *castrum;* and it is almost the only city in England where any

remains of Roman art or industry have been preserved. It was the station of the twentieth Roman legion, and the old city is surrounded by a wall that was erected by Cymbeline in the century following the birth of our Saviour.

We first visited the Cathedral — a large, Gothic structure built in the seventh century. We entered the choir just as the organ commenced a stirring prelude to the noon-day service, and the people had gathered in the chapel to offer up their prayers, and sing God's praise. How those organ-tones echoed from arch to arch, and pealed along those vast walls and aisles; I could not help feeling that God could truly be worshipped there, although before me were altars erected by superstition, and in the nunnery, sadder evidence still, that many had been led from duty and the world, to become the victims of false religious theories.

After the service, we were allowed to visit the chapel. Its walls are covered with magnificent paintings and carved work, the floor is of marble, laid in mosaic, and on each side are large windows of stained glass, embellished with paintings on scriptural subjects. Near the centre, is the tomb of Henry IV., — a German Emperor, who, weary of the world, and, especially, of governing unruly subjects, sought a refuge here in Chester, where he spent the last years of his life in retirement, and was buried in the Cathedral.

In making the circuit of the wall, a distance of three miles, we entered several of the towers, in one of which is a pretty museum; but none interested me so much as the tower of King Charles. We entered it by a short stairway, and read over the door these words: — "King Charles stood on this Tower, Sept. 24, 1645, and saw his army defeated on Rowton Moor." We stood on the same spot and looked out upon Rowton Moor, where the fierce Protector struck

the blow that forever crushed the hopes of Charles I. But how different were our feelings, as we surveyed the calm and beautiful landscape, from the deep suspense and agony of the unfortunate king, as he watched the events of that day.

Under the Water Tower, our guide showed us the dungeon in which two daughters of the Earl of Derby were confined at the time he was executed. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the landscape from this point; — the extended plain dotted with all kinds of trees, shrubs and flowers, cut into all shapes by the dark lines of hawthorn; the Race courses and the serpentine Dee on the left, and the gentle ridges on the right, that rise higher and higher until they are lost in the lofty mountains of Wales, — altogether form a picture of rural beauty that stands in novel contrast with the gray and dingy old town.

Near the eastern gate of the city stands the old Castle, which was once occupied by Julius Cesar. It has been very much enlarged since that time, and is now occupied by British soldiers. On the other side of the Dee, we were shown a cave where King Edgar received tribute from twelve dependent kings of Britain in 971. The house in which he lodged stands near the bank of the river, and on its front wall is a large painting, representing the barge in which they rowed him down the river to his subterranean retreat.

We passed through the "Rows," in the midst of all the fashion and beauty of Chester. These "Rows" are nothing more than extensive arcades, running through many streets, and elevated several feet above the ground.

There is one singular fact connected with Chester, that has never been explained. Its streets, as in other towns, are not on the surface of the ground, but they are actually ravines, several feet deep, cut through the solid earth and

rock. Antiquarians have been puzzled to find a reason for this. The most reasonable conclusion is that it was connected with some plan of defence not well understood. Chester was exposed to the sudden inroads of the Welch, the same as New Castle and Carlisle were subject to attacks from the Scotch — on the north.

After we had seen every thing of interest in the old town, we crossed the Dee over a magnificent bridge, consisting of a solid arch of masonry, more than four hundred feet across the river. It is said to be the widest stone arch in England — probably, in the world.

We only had time to pass through the magnificent gate leading to Eaton Hall, and ramble among green lawns, and fragrant groves fifteen minutes, and then the gate-keepers' call reminded us that we must leave the park, and — finish our day's adventure.

CHAPTER II

Dublin — first impressions — the Cathedral — Public Buildings — the University — Dr. Baldwin — an ancient harp — Museum of the Royal Dublin Society — an Irish Elk — fossil remains — Dean Swift — Irish coachmen — a ride — painful contrasts of wealth and poverty — Drogheda — the Boyne and its battle-ground — anecdote of James II. — a *cromlech* — a subterranean excursion — tumuli, their origin — specimen of Irish country and Irish labor — Dundalk — an adventure — an Irish home — Armagh — its Cathedral.

DUBLIN, JUNE 16. It is quite difficult for one, who has no acquaintance with Ireland and the Irish, except with the Irish emigrants in America, to feel that he will find much in Ireland worth seeing. In spite of myself, I felt many unpleasant prejudices stealing over me, moulding my feelings and expectations, so that while I had a desire to see Ireland, I did not expect to see much that would interest me.

But so far, I am happily disappointed. Dublin is a beautiful city; it stands on one of the loveliest bays in the world, and the river Liffey passes through its centre, with its long line of quays, and spanned by magnificent bridges. The first thing I noticed in Dublin, was its spacious and airy streets. Generally, the buildings are not more than three or four stories high, and in the heart of the city, instead of being cramped by dark, brick walls, one feels light-hearted and free,—like travelling in the country. In this respect, I never felt so happy in any city, as I do in Dublin.

This afternoon we visited the Cathedral. The services did not commence until three o'clock, and starting early, we spent one hour in walking among its grim and mouldy

arches, almost alone. Then the people began to gather; and such a crowd as, at home, could only be called together by some transient novelty. In a little while, the whole choir was intensely crowded; priests, in dark gowns, were running to and fro, the middle gate was thronged with penitents going to prayers, and at each of the three iron gates leading to the chapel, police guards were stationed, who selected from the crowd such as they liked, and admitted them to the chapel. The basis of this distinction I did not understand; but at all events, we were not admitted; perhaps, it was because we had no sectarian countersign. We waited in the choir, until we heard the organ prelude, and the singing, and then left. The Cathedral is more than 1400 years old, and contains many fine monuments. There was one thing that struck me as very singular; the walls of the choir are covered with ancient military standards of curious workmanship, soiled and covered with dust; and the best monuments that have been erected there to commemorate famous patrons and saints, are mounted with military banners, and shields, and weapons of defence. Are these *Christian* emblems? If so, how strangely I have misapprehended the teachings of the New Testament.

June 17. Among the public buildings, the finest are the Custom House, Post Office, Bank of Ireland, Four Courts, and Royal Exchange. Nelson's Pillar is a fine monument, and stands in Sackville street. The column is hollow, and can be ascended on the inside by circular steps to the top, where, for a sixpence, the traveller can enjoy a delightful view of the city and its magnificent suburbs.

The University of Dublin is a noble institution, and is richly endowed. We went through every part of it — the Theatre, and the Examination Hall, where, by the way,

there is a fine monument erected to Dr. Baldwin, who, in 1750, was Provost of the college, — the chapel, Library, and Parks. In the Museum, we saw an old Irish harp, the only ancient instrument of the kind in Europe. It is said to have been made for one of the O'Neills, who flourished in the fourteenth century, and that its chords were last awoke by a venerable descendant of that royal race, the celebrated Arthur O'Neill, who played it in the streets of Limerick, in 1760. Like the heart of the Irish nation, it is now unstrung, I fear to wake its lay no more. Among the fossils, there is a pot of butter, completely petrified, that was found in one of the peat-bogs of Limerick.

In the Museum of the Royal Dublin Society, there is a fossil specimen of the "*Cervus Megaceras*," or Irish Elk, which so far surpasses all other fossil remains, that it deserves a particular description. It was found embedded in a stratum of marl at the bottom of one of the peat-bogs near Limerick; and it has been so well preserved, that scarcely the fragment of a bone is missing. The guide furnished me with its dimensions, and I give them as follows:

Length of the head,	1	foot	8 1-2	inches
Length of the under jaw,	1	"	5 1-2	"
Distance between the farthest points of the antlers, measured over the skull,	11	"	10	"
Length of each antler,	5	"	9	"
Circumference of the base of the antlers,	1	"	0 3-4	"
Length of the backbone,	10	"	10	"
Height of the animal at the extremity of the backbone,	6	"	5	"
Breadth of the antlers,	2	"	10	"

What a magnificent animal it must have been! Standing by its side I could not place my hand on the top of its shoulders; its antlers project out on each side of the head as long as a man, and wide enough for a good sized table, and the whole frame is built with all the admirable beauty

and lightness of the deer. Next to the fossil mammoth in the Museum of St. Petersburg, which was found on the shores of Siberia, it is the most perfect fossil skeleton that has ever been discovered.

Imperfect specimens and fragments of the Cervus Megaceras have been found in Yorkshire, England; in the forest of Bondi, near Paris; and in many parts of Germany; but the most perfect specimens, and in greater numbers, have been found in Ireland. They belong to the same geological epoch with the mammoth, and other remains, found on the Siberian shores, and the deposites in the caves of Germany, and that of Kirkdale, in England.

In comparing this animal with existing genera, or perhaps species, and studying its habits, it becomes an interesting inquiry, how it could make its way through its native swamps and woods, with such immense antlers; but a little examination shows the wisdom of the Creator in adapting this animal to its circumstances, the same as he has all others. From the anatomical structure of its neck, it was evidently furnished with a peculiar joint, which enabled it to lay its long antlers parallel to its back, and in this way it could roam through its native forests with comparative ease and freedom.

In addition to the fossils that existed before man was created, there is a very large collection of relics which connect us with the earliest inhabitants of the island; indeed, nearly all the information that can be obtained in relation to the ancient condition of Ireland, must be gathered from the monuments found at the bottom of her bogs. Not only beads of gold and amber, that were worn by the women of ancient Ireland,—not only the bodies of men, but even their garments, the butter they used to eat, and samples of the weed they used to smoke before the introduction of

tobacco; — all these, together with remains of animals now extinct, have been deposited, by unknown causes, in the bottoms of bogs, covered with a preserving layer of turf, and there kept uninjured for ages. The collection of these Irish antiquities, as well as the care bestowed on their preservation, and the diligent study of them, are all very recent; and so great is the zeal for exploring and draining bogs, that almost every day fresh antiquities are discovered, and, without doubt, much will yet be done to make this collection more complete than it now is.

Next to those remains of animals which existed prior to man, are the remains of man himself. I saw a human body here, in perfect preservation; the whole form and features are natural and unbroken, the skin is of a dark brown, and very dry and hard. From its dress, it is supposed by antiquarians to have been buried five hundred years.

There is also a large collection of skulls, phrenological casts and skeletons. Among the rest, my guide pointed me to the *bona fide* head of Dean Swift. Whether Swift's head was taken from his body to startle the antiquarians of subsequent ages, I cannot say. The guide assured me it was the Dean's veritable head; and certainly it looked quite like life, and was an exact model of a plaster cast that stood by the side of it, but with all due deference to the wisdom of my guide, I must leave others to settle the fact.

Near by it, stood a plaster cast of the head of "Stella," Swift's wife. From causes known or unknown, Swift never lived with his wife, and for this reason, it has been sharply criticised. If there is any truth in Phrenology, it speaks very unfavorably of her character. It is very low and flat, very wide at the base, and broad and full behind the ears. It indicates a greater deficiency in moral power, than any female skull I have ever seen.

JUNE 18. We have spent nearly the whole day in the suburbs of the city, and in wandering through the narrow streets and lanes among the poor; and it has been a day of exciting and melancholy contrasts.

Early in the morning we took a jaunting-car, and started. Our driver was a jovial, good-natured fellow, quite intelligent, and well acquainted with all the interesting localities in and around Dublin. These Irish coachmen, by the way, are the most polite servants in the world, and there are two very strong motives which incline them to be so; first, the laws are so strict, that if one is reported to the authorities for any dishonesty or even incivility, he is immediately turned out of his business; and, secondly, he works with the sure prospect of getting a sixpence, and perhaps, a couple of shillings for his job.

There is nothing very agreeable in the thought—after having been bowed to so very politely, and listened to a string of soft and pretty words until one begins to feel he is somebody—that all that was simply to get the sixpence. That is a sad draw-back to one's personal consequence. However, I would find no fault with that, although it does not indicate a very agreeable phase of human nature. If a man's nature is made of such unyielding material that he can be affable and gentlemanly only when there is a prospect of gain, why, let sordid selfishness make a gentleman of him once in a while; I think the *end* justifies the *means*. A sixpence worth of good nature is sometimes better than none at all.

After two hours' ride in the midst of every thing beautiful, we directed our driver, on his return, to take us leisurely through some of the meanest streets, and among the poorest and most degraded of the people. The beautiful streets

and avenues, the noble gardens and hedges, soon gave place to dark, broken walls, and narrow lanes and alleys filled with mud and filth. I thought I had seen dirty places, and miserable creatures before, but this so far exceeded every thing else, as to give to ordinary wretchedness an appearance of respectability.

Not greater were the changes in the streets and buildings, than in the character of the population: we had passed the bounds of civilized life, and were entering desolate by-ways, where the very air we breathed was full of contagion; yes, and the minds and bodies of men were foul and corrupt too. Ogre-eyed and ghastly-looking men and women were walking to and fro, or standing, sitting or lying by the wayside, half-naked and barefoot; children without number, wallowing in the mud, playing, fighting, begging and crying, all mingled together in a horrid concert of unearthly sounds; there were girls bordering on womanhood, and large boys whose years ought to have learned them self-respect, unnaturally exposed, without shame, with their faces begrimmed with filth, and their hair dangling in matted locks over their foreheads, wandering about with idiotic look.

Through the whole length of some of these lanes, on both sides of the way, there were low, dark tenements, or rooms, without windows or floors, in many of which our driver informed us, five or six families lived, and no one of these rooms was more than fifteen feet square; in some of them a part of the room was occupied as mechanic shops, while in the remainder, two or three families were lodged. Every door was filled with women and little children, sitting and standing in all postures: — yes, many a mother sat there pressing helpless infancy and unsuspecting childhood to their naked bosoms; and many of them indicated, by the blush

that mantled their cheeks, and the melting expression of their eyes, that they were born for better things.

Just as we were emerging from this scene of wretchedness, our driver suddenly rose from his seat, and pointing to a dark, high wall, on our left, exclaimed: "There! there is a mad-house!" How fitting the locality! For how could any human being ever live long in such a dreadful place without going stark mad? It was, however, a gleam of light in a dark place, for it indicated the presence of a generous philanthropy, that was laboring to relieve some of the woes, that had been entailed, by bad political institutions, upon an unfortunate people.

Our ride was finished with exciting contrasts; for a little farther on, as we passed round the square in front of the Royal Exchange, a large carriage rolled up into the spacious court, with a splendid equipage, a laced outrider in polished boots and spurs, and a footman behind, as fat and sleek as if no eye was ever dimmed by sorrow, or starving children had ever cried for bread. What contrasts this world affords; pampered wealth and squalid beggary do indeed dwell together, and how little do they know of each other's joys or sorrows.

There are, after all, precious blessings secured to us by Providence, which neither the pride nor the poverty of man can destroy. The children of the miserable poor can love each other; they can sleep as sound, and laugh as loud and long as the children of the rich; give them a wholesome crust, and they are generally much more healthy and vigorous. And perhaps, after all, these splendid equipages that are passing on every side, bear as many heavy and aching hearts, as ever leaned against the steps by the wayside, or begged, in God's name, for a morsel of bread.

But to see poverty, really so, an American must come to Europe. There is much suffering and want in our own country; but the inmates of our poor-houses, and even those who wander in the streets of our villages and towns, are princes, compared with the poverty and beggary that exists here. And to him who has seen the worst forms of poverty in Ireland, no other part of the world will hardly seem deserving of pity. Nay, even the condition of the American Indians will appear quite endurable, and oftentimes much to be preferred. And what aggravates the case of the poor in Ireland, is the fact, that their condition seems to be hopeless. Oppressed by tyrannical rulers and landlords, enslaved by ignorance and intemperance, crushed by taxation which takes the very bread from their mouths, — the willing victims of a false religion, and the unwilling supporters of a politico-religious establishment that is false-hearted and cruel as the grave, — what power can lift from them the weight of their oppression? To murmur and repine is fruitless; to revolt would only rivet their chains more firmly, and weaken their hope; their masters are driven on in their exactions by a fearful necessity that forebodes consequences the most appalling, and foreign interference would only weaken the bonds of international amity, without producing any results favorable to their social or moral condition. God bless unfortunate Ireland, and make her yet "a name and a praise among the nations."

DROGHEDA, JUNE 19. Our guide-book informed us that Drogheda is "a very fine city," and we had formed our expectations accordingly; but every country has its own standard of beauty, and so has our guide-book. With few exceptions, the houses are built with low mud, walls, and thatched roofs. Looking off upon the town from a rising

ground, just before we entered it, the thatched roofs, extending over a large area, were huddled together in every conceivable shape, and presented an appearance more like a village of Indian wigwams, than a civilized, Christian city.

The river Boyne runs through the centre of the town, and empties into the bay below. The streets are remarkably quiet, and I should judge it to be a place of small commercial importance. A mile or more up the river the famous battle of Boyne was fought, in which the Irish under James II., were defeated by William III. This battle was to the Irish, what the battle of Culloden was to the Scots—it confirmed their subjection, and drove James from the country. Still further, up there are Druidical remains, and the sepulchral monument of New Grange. These places we had decided to visit, during the three hours that intervened between our arrival and the next train.

Fortunately, we had made the acquaintance of a very intelligent Irish gentleman in the cars, who manifested very great interest in every thing relating to America and the Americans, and on learning our determination to go up the river, he proposed to accompany us. He was familiar with the principal localities, knew the best route, could procure the necessary outfit at a cheap rate, and he voluntarily offered to take the whole responsibility of conducting us. We, of course, were very thankful for a cicerone, and with all the interminable knowledge of our friend, and his manifest determination to spread all his mental treasures out before us at once, there was a spice of good nature about him that made his garrulity quite pardonable.

In a few minutes our carriage was ready, and we started up the Boyne through a richly cultivated valley, and soon reached a small stone obelisk, which marks the spot where

the last struggle took place that decided the fate of Ireland. "The battle of the Boyne was fought July 1, 1690, and no doubt, a large share of the misfortunes of that day, to Ireland, were due to the cowardice of James. Long before the fortunes of the day were decided, and while his army had a reasonable prospect of victory, he was seized by a panic, and sought safety in flight. So rapid was his pace, that in a few hours he left behind him the entire way from the battle-field to Dublin castle; and on the next evening he rode to Waterford, a distance of more than one hundred miles. The Irish, therefore, with some propriety call him '*Shamus a' cacach*,' that is, cowardly James. On his part, James threw all the blame on the Irish; for when, in his flight, he reached the castle of Dublin, and Lady Tyrconnel, a witty woman, came out to meet him, he said:—'Your countrymen, the Irish, madam, can run very quick!' Her reply was:—'Your majesty excels them in this, as in every thing else, for you have won the race.' At Waterford James embarked for France. As he was ascending the side of the ship, the wind blew off his hat, and it being dark, it could not be recovered. His attendant, Gen. O'Farrell, an Irishman, immediately put his own hat on the monarch's head. James was pleased with the attention, and pleasantly remarked, that if, through the fault of the Irish, he had lost a crown, he had gained from them a hat."

The valley of the Boyne contains the remains of Druidical monuments for several miles westward of Drogheda, and after a hasty survey of the battle-ground, we started up the valley, and soon came to the ruins of an ancient Druidical temple, or *cromlech*, standing on an elevated ground. There was a little mound of earth that had been partly dug away

for agricultural purposes, and four large stones, so laid as to form the segment of a circle.

Half a mile farther up the valley, after passing several tumuli, we reached the hill of New Grange. This is a large conical hill, fifty feet high, and nearly two hundred feet in diameter, at its base. It is composed entirely of a cherty flint rock, starting from the bottom with large boulders, that gradually diminished in size, until the top was crowned with good-sized paving-stones and pebbles. Near the base, it had been encircled by a large belt of rocks; but the arable land was so valuable, that the peasants had removed a large portion of it to make room for the plough. Through the base of the hill there is an opening that leads to the interior, and we had come prepared to enter it. The passage was very small, and in no respect inviting; and the doctor very properly suggested that our Irish friend and guide should lead us; — an arrangement to which I cheerfully assented, for we well knew if our guide, with his lusty corporation, lived to see the interior, that the hole would be large enough to admit us without any difficulty. We took off our coats and hats, wrapped a handkerchief about our heads, lighted a candle apiece, and started. The passage was so low that we could not stand upright, or even sit; there was no other way but to crawl on all fours. This was no enviable task, for the passage was fifty feet long, as dark as Erebus, and the bottom covered with sharp flint pebbles. But we started; our guide first, the doctor next, and I followed in the rear. We made headway slowly, but things went on well until we were more than half way through, when our guide began to be very much annoyed by the flint pebbles. His talk with which he started, settled away into an indistinct sort of grumble, and occasionally, when his

hands or shins had a very serious collision with the sharp flint stones, he would let off a very bad word. But at length we reached the interior, where we had room to stand up, and walk round a circuit of thirty feet. The main chapel must have been as many as fifteen feet in diameter, and on three sides there were little chapels, forming niches in the main wall. The inside walls were built of a dark schistose syenite, with some appearance of regularity, and evidently the chapel was a structure independent of the hill of flint stones, that had been piled upon it at a period subsequent to its erection. For what purpose this singular structure was raised, it is difficult to determine; but the conjecture of Kohl is probably a close approximation of truth, and I will give it, nearly in his own language: —

It was the custom, not only in Arabia, and some of the African kingdoms, but also in Ireland and Scotland, to heap up stones on holy places, and particularly over graves. "In Arabia, in Northern Africa, in some of the Baltic provinces, as in Esthonia, and also in some parts of Scotland, usage requires every one who passes by to throw a stone upon the holy place, while he, at the same time, makes some pious wish, or repeats some short prayer. In this way, great heaps of stones have been raised in various places, in all these countries. It is probable, that immediately on the consecration of the holy place, a great portion of the stones were thrown upon it by the assembled multitude; and afterwards, in the course of centuries, the original heap became a hill — a result of the pious labors of the believing."

There we stood in that singular specimen of primitive, Cyclopean architecture, and, seen by the dim light of our candles, it looked like an antediluvian gem, mysterious and solemn as if it had come from another world. These stone-

built mounds are called in Scotland *cairns*, and they are built on some sacred spot to commemorate great events, or over the grave of distinguished persons. But this one at New Grange is different from all others in Great Britain. I am told that "in size and outward shape, this tumulus closely resembles those which have been raised at Cracow, in honor of Kosciusko, and other Polish heroes. It also reminds one of the tumulus of Elpenor, and that of Achilles, on the Sigæan promontory, as described by travellers, and by Homer in the twelfth book of his Odyssey. The mound of Patroclus, and that of Halyattes, in Asia Minor, according to Camden's testimony, must be very like it. The larger of the Tartaric tumuli in the Crimea, which were probably erected in honor of Scythian and Bosphoran kings, exactly resemble it in figure, with this difference, that in that stoneless country, they are composed, not of stones, but of earth."

There is then, much historical, and even classical interest, about this mound; and in looking at it as a specimen of antique architecture, rude as the people who erected it, or the religion to which it was consecrated, it is pleasant to feel that the enthusiasts of art, — though by no means the devotees of moral principle, — who have robbed the catacombs of Egypt, and the temples of Greece, will never be likely to deface this, for there is nothing here that can be stolen; so it will probably outlive most of the temples and castles of ancient times, and even the structures of our own day.

There was nothing of particular interest in the interior, except the large stone basins in the three side chapels. These were several feet in diameter, with very shallow cavities, resembling a common saucer. They were mounted on

stone pedestals, and were evidently used for baptismal fonts. We stopped there until our limbs were chilled by the cold, damp air, and then we crawled through the passage once more, into daylight, and found ourselves *nearly* as whole as before we entered.

The Irish people refer all the antiquities of the country to the "Danes," or Danaans; or to use a still more unmusical term, Tuantha-de-Danaans, — who are said to have inhabited Ireland before the Christian era. Of these Danaans, Moore says: "They were a people famed for necromancy, who, after sojourning sometime in Greece, where they had learned this mysterious art, proceeded thence to Denmark and Norway, and became possessors, while in those countries, of certain marvellous treasures, among which were the Stone of Destiny, the Sorcerer's Spear, and the Magic Caldron. Armed with these wonderful gifts, the tribe of the Danaans next found their way into Scotland; and, after a rest there of some years, set sail for Ireland. Here, landing secretly, under cover of a mist which their enchantments raised, these sorcerers penetrated into the country, and conquered the inhabitants in the battle of Moytura." So much for the Danaans.

At half past eleven, we took the cars, and bidding farewell to Drogheda, its mud houses, kind-hearted people, and venerable ruins, we soon found ourselves hurried, at a rapid rate, through a genuine specimen of Irish country. For a few miles round Drogheda, the farms are finely cultivated, and the land, rising in gentle swells, with a fine granitic soil, seems well adapted to agricultural purposes. But farther on, the predominant rock is syenitic, intersected with ranges of trap; the syenite, over large areas, is abundantly charged with iron pyrites, which, in its decomposition, has

filled the soil with a ferruginous sand, and converted large tracts into a barren waste; the face of the country is rough and broken; the hills are generally springy, and the valleys filled with irreclaimable bogs and quagmires. In a word, the country is broken and rocky, with an iron-bound soil that a New England farmer would fly from in despair. Still the hand of the laborer has been there, and money and hard-handed toil has done much to improve and beautify it. But let our New England farmers spend one half as much on each acre of their land as has been spent here, and they will convert their farms into gardens.

All along, there were occasional groups of thatched cottages, but seldom with any appearance of thrift, cleanliness or comfort, and on the sides of the hills mud cabins were stuck in, like swallows' nests; the farms were cut up into small fields, varying generally from one to ten acres — separated by hedge fences, shaggy and broken down by neglect, but stretching away, in dark-lined angles and squares, as far as we could see, with fine effect.

Occasionally we passed magnificent peat-bogs, where fresh peat, cut in the shape of a brick, was spread over whole acres, much as the brick-maker lays his bricks to dry; when it is sufficiently dried, it is piled up in large conical heaps, where it remains until it is ready for use. What would Ireland do without these? I could not but recognize the hand of an all-wise providence in planting these depositories of fuel at convenient distances, by which the want of this unhappy people can be supplied.

In every direction, men, women and children were at work in the fields and bogs; yes, many a stout and hearty lass was working in the mud, with bare feet and legs, who was quite tall enough to be thinking of more interesting re-

lations and duties than she will ever find in connection with wheelbarrow or spade.

DUNDALK. A very neat, pretty town. A detention of an hour, gave us an opportunity to see it. But leaving Dr. H. and our Irish companion to make all possible discoveries, I went in another direction, alone. I walked on to a position that overlooked the town, and the little bay below it, with the shipping, and the green hills beyond, and sitting down in a beautiful grove, I opened my sack, which my good Dublin landlady had bountifully stored with provisions, feeling that I could do them ample justice. I had scarcely begun, when I observed at least a dozen children running, at full speed, across the street towards me. In a moment, as many little hands were stretched out within a few inches of my face, with "Plaze, sir! plaze sir!" from all together. I did not observe the mud-cabins opposite till it was too late; to retreat was impossible, so I dealt out my dinner, piece after piece, until every morsel was gone. Two little bright-eyed girls, the size of two of my own dear children, and among the last that arrived, stood by my side, and spoke to me with earnest and tender looks, much more effectually than a thousand words. I gave them each a penny, and then the whole troop scampered away, shrugging their shoulders and scratching their backs, just as if *something* was biting them.

Having lost my dinner, I determined to enter one of the hovels in which the children had disappeared. Accordingly, I presented myself at the door of one of them, and after saluting the good woman, I asked for some water, which she very promptly supplied me in a dirty bowl. I wanted to learn something of her affairs, and so I commenced:—"Your health is good, madam, I hope."

"Very weel, sir, an' bless God."

"And are your children well?" I continued.

"Quite weel, sir, only the wee one," pointing to an infant lying on a heap of rags; "it ha' been sick o' the like o' two weeks, but it 's mending now."

"And is this all the room you occupy?"

"That 's all, sir, and we 're quite thankful for that, indeed!"

I looked around me. The room was about twelve feet square, with no floor. In one end there was a kind of fire-place, with two peat brands in one corner, and near by, an iron pot and pan, a dirty water-pail, and several tin dishes. At the other end, there was a heap of rags, a few bed-clothes, and several stools, on one of which the woman was sitting. On the back side, there were a few shelves loaded with dishes and old clothes. There was nothing else there except a brown cat, four dirty, ragged children, and the unconscious infant on the rags. The room was lighted by a window in front, consisting of four small panes of glass. That was the dwelling-place of a family!

On inquiry, I learned that the rent was fifteen pence per week, or about thirty cents, and that her husband's wages were seven shillings and sixpence a week, which is equal to one dollar and seventy cents! This was unusual wages — much larger than the average; and with this, that husband and father paid his rent, and supported his family! Think of that, ye laborers of New England, who have comfortable homes and good wages, and above all, the blessings of free schools, and the Christian religion, and yet repine at your lot!

I gave the poor woman a sixpence and left her, most thankful that my earthly lot had been cast in a country so

rich and happy, and feeling that I never could forget my obligations to God for the blessings that had crowned my life.

ARMAGH — is a beautiful town; it is the site of the Catholic Cathedral, now unfinished, which promises to be one of the finest churches in Great Britain. The work is now suspended in consequence of the death of Bishop Croly, its founder, and the want of funds. It is the residence of the Pope's legate, and, of course, the Roman see of Ireland.

Within a few miles of Armagh we were pointed to a barren range of hills which form the boundary line between the provinces of Ulster and Leinster; and the change, within a few miles, was so sudden, that it seemed like the stroke of a magician's wand. A ride of an hour brought us into a new world altogether. The filthy cabins by the way-side, were changed into habitable and even pretty houses, neatly painted and sometimes ornamented with flowers and shrubbery. Regular plantations, well-cultivated fields, little gardens, and trees planted by the wayside, all assured us that we were approaching the land of the Scotch colonies, Scotch energy, — yes, and Scotch Presbyterianism, too!

CHAPTER III.

Belfast — condition and prospects of Ireland — internal discord — taxation — church rates — the abuses of the Established Church — voyage to Glasgow — a Scotch lassie — Greenock — the Clyde — Dumbarton Castle — Glasgow — Edinburgh — the castle — the Knox House — Knox's influence — High street — the "Closes" — Holyrood Palace — St. David's well — a Scotch tradition — Sabbath worship — neglect of the Temperance cause — the Scott Monument — Calton Hill — Royal Institution — Heriot's Hospital.

BELFAST, JUNE 20. This is one of the most flourishing towns in Ireland, and it stands in the centre of extensive linen manufactories. It contains 75,000 inhabitants, and, what is a singular fact, they all stand on the soil of *one* proprietor, the Marquis of Donegal, to whom the entire town belongs, and to whom every citizen pays tribute. There is one linen establishment here that employs 2000 laborers, — a large proportion of them are women and boys, whose wages average from two to five shillings per week.

The town stands on a beautiful plain, its streets are wide and clean, and the buildings on the principal streets are very fine. On the north and west, it is guarded by a range of hills, that are finely cultivated to their summits. We did intend to go north as far as Giant's Causeway, but circumstances beyond our control have prevented us. So here our journey in Ireland ends.

To write much about the general condition and prospects of a people, on the strength of a week's acquaintance, is what very few will undertake. For although a great deal may be seen in that time, — a large extent of country, varied scenery, mud cabins, and gorgeous palaces, the smile

of contentment and joy, and the melancholy of despairing poverty; — yet after all, one knows but little of the people. Human character and condition are like a magnificent picture, — to be *truly* known, they must be thoroughly studied.

But there are several of the more prominent evils connected with their *religious* condition, that I propose briefly to notice. One of the greatest curses of Ireland, is *internal discord.*

It is well known, that since the conquest of Ireland, nearly 700 years ago, the English have done all in their power to destroy, or at least, completely Anglicize, the ancient Celtic race; and, at different times, have made use of various means, both peaceful and warlike, to accomplish their design. Proselytism, and education; war, banishment and death, have all in turn been employed for this purpose.

This warfare of England against Ireland, may be viewed as a struggle between two prominent races — the Saxon against the Celtic; — and the latter has to contend against fearful odds. When the struggle will end no one can foresee, but the Celts disappear very slowly, and their language will yet be spoken many generations; and this distinction could be maintained much longer, and the rights of Ireland might be ably supported, were it not for the existence of so much party spirit. And it is a peculiar and very unfortunate characteristic of Irish parties, that they agree in scarcely a single point; and their interests and sympathies are so different, that they cannot unite on common ground for their mutual good. It is true, that all who live on the soil of Erin, are in some respects, Irish; and they must feel a degree of sympathy for their fatherland, whether they have entered it as colonists, or possess a natural birthright to the soil. The native Celts, the English and Scotch

Colonists, the Roman Catholics, the High Churchmen, the poor tenants, the merchants, the landed gentry, have all become, or always have been, Irish. The name of Erin finds an echo in every heart, and there is not one among them who does not deeply lament her misfortunes.

They are all, too, opposed in some way or other, to the tyrannical claims of England. The original Celts and Catholics are, of course, the natural enemies of every thing English, and the Presbyterians, as well as the Scotch, are opposed to the Established Church. There are still farther subdivisions — in the differences between Irish Presbyterians and the Kirk of Scotland, the former seeking to establish an independent Synod; between the Irish High Church party and the English Church party; between the tradesmen and manufacturers of Ireland, whether of Celtic or Saxon origin, and those of England.

From all this, it might be expected that a united and powerful opposition would be formed in Ireland against England. But, unfortunately, the interests of no two Irish parties run parallel with each other; and even while both may be hostile to England, they are still more hostile to each other, and not unfrequently seek the friendship of England to promote party objects. The Irish people think so differently on the important concerns of religion and government, that it is impossible to propose and carry out any general measure that will not be considered as a poison by some, whilst by others, it is received and zealously supported as an antidote for great national wrongs. The parties of other countries, especially those tending to republican forms of government, always unite when the country is threatened from without; and however violent party discord may be, all are brothers as soon as the enemy appears. Would

not that be the case in America in times of the wildest political excitement? No sooner would the foe make his appearance off our coast, than every heart and hand would be bound together for the common good.

But in Ireland it is not so. Whenever the common oppressor and foe, England, appears, she is sure to find hundreds, and perhaps thousands, ready to smother a portion of their own manhood and even to sacrifice their own interests, to place themselves on good terms with authority and power, and vent their spleen against some other party to which they are opposed. The nature of their connections with England are such, as to offer great temptations to sacrifice personal independence for popular applause, and even personal interest comes in, as a stronger motive than all, to make them cringe at the footstool of power, and become drivelling time-servers, without manly courage or patriotism.

Ireland, too, is crushed by taxation. English laws press heavily upon the wealthy classes of Ireland, as well as the poor. Every energy,—every interest—is taxed. But the most unjust of all taxes, is the "*Church* rates." The connections of the Established Church of Great Britain with Ireland, are, I believe, without a parallel in the annals of Protestantism, and they are a disgrace to all Christendom. I know that an effort has been made to redeem the Church from this disgrace, not, by any means, in a way to lessen its revenues and relieve Ireland, but simply by shifting the responsibility into other hands. We are told in America, that the tithe laws have been abolished;—at any rate, I have been repeatedly told so by members of that Church, who, to say the least, ought to have known better;—that the clergy no longer seize the last cow at the poor man's door, and drive her away to be sold for tithes;—*that*

would be a disgrace to a *Christian* church — it would indeed. Well, I am glad the Established Church has made some efforts to maintain a respectable outward appearance, — that is commendable, sometimes, where there is no genuine repentance and reformation.

But after all, instead of any actual reform for the benefit of Ireland, the evil still exists in its original magnitude; and all these outward changes are a *ruse de guerre*, or what is literal, and sounds much worse, a *ruse d' eglise*, to save the clerical dependents of the Church from reproach. The clergy collect no tithes now, — that would make them very unpopular; but the Church has transferred that business into other hands, which discharge the duty most faithfully; and now, while the clergy, with an outward show of sympathy, shed a few crocodile tears over the misfortunes of Ireland, they still grasp the coveted tithes that have been collected by other hands, and fatten on them, even though some portion of them may have come from the sale of the poor man's pig or cow.

That I may not be charged with misrepresentation, I will give an extract from Kohl, whose reputation for intelligence and accuracy has never been questioned by the English themselves, to show the relations of the Established Church with Ireland.

'In Ireland there are twenty-two bishops and archbishops of the Established Church; whilst in England there are only twenty-seven. Taken on the whole, these twenty-two Irish bishops have better incomes than the twenty-seven English bishops; the average yearly income of an Irish bishop being about £7,000, whilst that of an English bishop is about £6,000. There are four English bishopricks with a revenue of less than £2,000 a year each; in Ireland there

is not one less than that sum. In England there are ten between £2000 and £4000; in Ireland there are six. In England there are eight between £4000 and £10,000; in Ireland fourteen, or the majority. In England five exceed £10,000; in Ireland two. In England there are the richest as well as the poorest bishops. The two richest in England are those of Canterbury and Durham, each of whom has more than £19,000 a year. Next to these, in point of wealth, is the Irish Archbishop of Armagh, whose annual income is nearly £15,000. On an average, the Irish beneficed clergyman is better off than an English one; the whole of the livings in England producing, on an average, £285 a year, whilst in Ireland they yield £372. The total income of all the bishops of the Irish Protestant Church is now £151,127, and that of the English is £181,631. The eight millions of inhabitants of Ireland, of whom *more than* six millions are Roman Catholics, therefore, *contribute* NEARLY AS MUCH for the Protestant bishops, as the fifteen millions of Englishmen who *are mostly Protestants.* By this scale may be measured the magnitude of the injustice done to the Irish people by the existing relations and laws."

Need I add another word to show the enormity of this wrong? According to this, the Catholics of Ireland, after contributing liberally to the support of their own religious faith, are compelled by law to pay £113,344, or nearly $500,000, per year, for the support of the Established Church, which they condemn as openly, and despise as heartily, as they do the Koran of Mahomet. How many poor children this would clothe and educate! How many of their starving women and children it would supply with bread! Allowing the wages of a poor man to be £11 a

year, which is more than the average, it would furnish a laborers' wages to TEN THOUSAND suffering families!

GLASGOW, JUNE 21. At seven o'clock last evening, we bid adieu to Ireland, and took passage in the Royal Mail steamer Thetis, bound for this city. There were but few passengers in the cabin, but the forward deck was crowded, as is usual on boats plying between the various British ports, and compared with any thing I had yet seen in the way of deck passengers, their personal appearance was much in their favor. Evidently, they had paid *some* attention to rules of cleanliness, for their faces were clean, and their garments were whole; at any rate, there were no slits and rags, dangling about their limbs, as if they were gradually perishing with the dead rot;—and that, for an Irish laborer, indicates hopeful progress.

To a Yankee, in some respects, these *Royal* steamers look very odd. They are noble craft, but they are decked out, from stem to stern, with emblems of royalty; they are commanded by government officers who, of course, have royal uniforms, and even the sailors have their laced jackets, to distinguish them from the rest of the world. But royalty must be endured in Europe, and the sooner one gets on good natured and friendly terms with red tape and tassels the better.

At one o'clock, I went on deck and had a fine view of the northern twilights. It was nearly light enough to read ordinary print, and in two hours afterwards, I had no trouble in reading a newspaper. During the summer-solstice, in this high latitude, daylight is hardly absent in clear weather, for several weeks. I found most of the passengers on deck—they were standing, sitting and laying,—men, women and children all together; but the greater part of

them, both forward and aft, were sitting about in small groups, eating their lunch, and drinking their ale. A very clever Scotch lady, with whom I conversed about America the evening before, was among the number, and as I passed by her, she very politely offered me her jug, and said, "An' would n't ye like to take a drop o' porter?" The question was put with such a whole heart, and in such a sweet Scotch accent, that I could hardly resist the temptation. But I assured her, very ungallantly, that I was not dry at that time of night, and she must excuse me. Only think of a nice Scotch lassie, just out of her teens, and withal very pretty, lady-like and intelligent, — with a *beer jug in her pocket!* — and with a hearty "good morning to ye," poking it directly in one's face at such an early hour in the morning! In New England, she would be considered a fit subject for the Insane Hospital; but here every body drinks ale, — every body has their jug, — and beer jugs and sandwiches are as plenty here as apples and cakes at a Yankee muster. Their drinking, besides, is accompanied by smoking and snuffing that knows no end.

We arrived at Greenock about five o'clock; and there, for the first time, we had *one* glimpse of Highland scenery. Nearly opposite Greenock, there is a group of magnificent hills, that guards the passage to Loch Gare, and a little to the northward, Ben Lomond was quietly taking his morning nap, with his head pillowed in clouds.

Here, the Frith, or gulf of Clyde ends, and the river Clyde begins; the bay is two or three miles wide, and although measurably unprotected, it is one of the principal harbors of Scotland, and Greenock is a port of entry for a large amount of merchandise. The trip from Greenock to Glasgow was full of interest. The first object that attracted

our attention was the famous Dumbarton Castle; it is a bold and ragged rock, standing near the middle of the river, and is surrounded with extensive military fortifications. To those who are interested in Wallace, and familiar with the history of his struggles for Scotch liberty, this is an interesting spot. It guards the outlet of the waters of Loch Lomond, which here empty into the Clyde through the vale of Leven. Farther up the river, are the ruins of Newark and Dunglass Castles. All along, monuments are to be met with on the rocks and shores of the river; and none are more interesting than the one erected to Henry Bell, the celebrated engineer. He was the first who launched a steamer on the waters of the Clyde, and the Clyde was the first river in the Old World that bore a steamboat. Indeed, Scotch writers affirm that a dozen steamboats were plying on the Clyde long before the fish in the Thames were disturbed by a single paddle-wheel. As far back as 1835, there were no less than sixty-seven steamers entering and leaving the Clyde.

We have allotted only a few hours for our stay in Glasgow, intending to return and spend a day or two here, after visiting Edinburgh and the Highlands. We have, however, spent several hours in wandering through its streets, and taking a hasty glance of its squares, monuments, and public buildings. Nor have we neglected the spots which, most of all, are invested with classic interest. Old Trongate street has shared our best respects, and we found it thronged with uneasy denizens who, like ourselves, were pushing on in the eager pursuit of business or of pleasure — to what end who can tell? We have seen the ruins of the old Tolbooth, where Rob Roy conducted Frank, and met Baillie Nicol

Jarvie; and gazed long and earnestly for one glimpse of their honored shadows, but they came not.

EDINBURGH, JUNE 22. We have secured comfortable quarters in a good Temperance Hotel, and made our first introduction to the novelties of this beautiful city, in a visit to the Castle. The barracks are occupied by the Royal Highlanders; and we met them at every step, either marching their rounds, or performing the work of the garrison, with their ponderous burly caps, plaid kilts, bare knees and buskins, — the same as in the days of Rob Roy and Fergus McIvor.

The view from the top is very imposing; it commands the whole city both old and new; and all around, the country presents a magnificent panorama, embracing the richest fields in Scotland. On the north, are Prince's Gardens and the new Town, with its elegant squares, churches and monuments, bounded by a belt of rich gardens and villas, and beyond which sleep the waters of the Frith of Forth, studded with beautiful islands, and boats running in every direction. On the west, a fine champaign country, terminates in the Grampian and Pentland Hills; and to the south and east, the old city lifts up its massive walls and spires, and beyond it, the precipitous walls of Salisbury Crags and Arthur's Seat. For bold and striking contrasts, it is without an equal. I cannot resist the feeling, that Nature, in some of her wildest freaks, undertook to show these Scotchmen, how well she could blend beauty and grandeur together; and she has proved herself a workman.

We saw the Regalia, Armory, the birthplace of James VI., Queen Margaret's Chapel, and the famous Mons Meg: the Scotch look upon this gun with great reverence, and not

without some reason, for it has proved itself their benefactor, by fighting many hard battles for them.

The castle stands upon a perpendicular cliff of basaltic greenstone, nearly three hundred feet high, and is accessible only from High street on the eastern side; the other three sides are guarded by perpendicular walls of trap, that would resist the strength of the combined armies of the world. But its connections with history render it doubly interesting; — it has been the birthplace, the residence, and the prison of kings; the theatre of revolutionary struggles and barbarous deeds; it has witnessed the achievements of daring heroism, the cruelty of religious persecutions, the vileness of political intrigue, and the tenderness of maternal love: and in threading its dark passages, and looking upon its grim walls, thought itself becomes oppressive, and those scenes and their busy actors, seem to stand before us as living realities, quickened with new life by the very silence of the passing hour. What Christian heart does not earnestly pray that no more such actors may have a dwelling, and that no more such scenes may be enacted, on this earth.

The Knox House. It looks but little as it did in the days of the stern Reformer; but the window is still there, from which he delivered many of those fierce harangues, that contributed so much to the overthrow of popery, and the establishment of Presbyterianism in Scotland. Knox sleeps in one of the cemeteries of Edinburgh, and his name is held in grateful remembrance by the Presbyterian Church. He was one of those master-spirits which occasionally appear, to mould and fashion the world's character, — one of those great souls that stamp their image on the world's history, with a shadow that stretches down through unnumbered ages.

We should hardly expect any thing like fanaticism in the

cool, calculating and practical nature of Scotchmen; — that belongs to nations, as well as individuals, who are governed by hasty impulse, rather than deliberate thought; but Knox infused his own mind and spirit into this whole people, in opposition to their natural instincts. He planted in Scotland a vehement, Calvinistic spirit; he breathed into the Scotch a class of theological elements, which partake much more of the spirit of the warrior, than of Christ; and these have become rooted so deeply as to form a part of the national character. Is it not singular, that one man should have thus moulded the mind of a nation; that he should have so far bound it by the spell of his own deep and burning convictions, as to make it essentially the same now, that it was two hundred years ago? Yet so it is. A Scotch Presbyterian is fixed for life; he will certainly never be any thing else in this world. He is bound by an iron chain of dogmatism, that fixes him as firmly in his opinions, as the Alps; and there is a degree of vehemence and fierce gesticulation, in his methods of argumentation, that makes a mild opponent recoil, through fear that he will be obliged to yield his points by the force of "apostolic blows and knocks."

High Street runs through the entire length of the old town from Castle Hill to Holyrood House, and forms its principal promenade and market-place. To the right and left of it, numerous lanes, or very narrow streets, run off north and south, and intersect it at right angles. These lanes are called "Closes," and they are not more than four or five feet wide. What adds to their singular appearance, the houses through which they pass are from seven to thirteen stories high, and they seem more like immense fissures or rents in a wall of rock, than the streets of a populous city. In ancient times these houses were occupied by per-

sons of distinction, and several of them bear to the present time, the names of ancient families, such, for example, as "Stewart's Close," "Morrison's Close," &c.; and they were built up in these confined spaces intentionally, that they might the more effectually barricade their streets, and afford themselves greater personal security during unsettled and stormy periods of political revolution or social disorder. In Blyth's Close, we saw the palace of Mary of Guise, who was Regent of Scotland from 1554 to 1560. It is now in ruins.

All these Closes are now inhabited by the poorest people. From top to bottom, every room in these lofty houses, is occupied by a family; here they eat, drink, sleep, perform their daily tasks, sicken and die, in a room not more than fifteen feet square, at best, and many of them much smaller; and in the midst of filth and wretchedness such as can be found only in European cities. A large share of the crime in Edinburgh, is committed in these Closes, and they give a shelter to dark depravity that seldom sees the light of day.

Holyrood Palace stands at the foot of High street. There are several very fine galleries of paintings in this old abode of Scotch royalty. The Abbey and church, founded by David I., are in ruins, with a few soiled and broken monuments to mark the spot where they stood. The most interesting part of the castle is the private apartments of Queen Mary. The spot where Rizzio, her Italian favorite, was murdered, was shown us, and the stains of his blood on the floor.

Not far from the palace is St. David's Well, so called, because it is said that here David I. quenched his thirst after his battle with the stag. There is a tradition concerning it, which may be quoted as a very fair specimen of Scotch tradition. David I. was one of the earliest and most distinguished kings of Scotland. At one time, while he was

hunting on Holyrood day, near where the palace now stands, and which then formed a part of the forest of Drumsheugh, he was unexpectedly attacked by a large stag; and he would inevitably have fallen a sacrifice to its fury, had not a cross from heaven been placed in his hands. This so terrified the fierce animal, that it instantly fled, and the king was thus miraculously preserved. That same night, in the Castle of Edinburgh, the monarch was commanded in a vision, to erect and endow a monastery on the spot on which he had received the aid of heaven, and to dedicate it to the Holyrood or Cross. Such are the reputed circumstances which led to the erection of the Abbey connected with Holyrood Palace. Long after David I. was dead, his son took the venerated cross from the Abbey, and carried it with him on a warlike expedition to England; but it was not found to afford the protection desired, for both the cross and the king himself fell into the hands of the enemy, and it was for a long time preserved there, not so much as a trophy of war, as a relic possessing miraculous virtues, and deserving religious veneration. But the cross, with its crowd of worshippers, has long since mouldered into dust, and the famous Abbey which it was instrumental in founding, stands now as the worthless relic of a departed age. So men, with their works, and their dreams, all perish.

June 23. Welcome, once more, the Sabbath day! After an absence of several Sabbaths from the Church, we started at an early hour this morning for a religious meeting; and very soon we found ourselves seated in a church on High street.

The clergyman's name I have forgotten. I am sorry for it, because he was a very fine specimen of an extemporaneous preacher, frequently colloquial, and very familiar, and

at times rising into touching pathos, and eloquent appeal. He wove his theological web with a great deal of logical skill; I thought, to be sure, in passing, that I detected a good number of very slender, if not broken threads, but there was an energy in the tones of his voice, a vehemence in his gesticulations, and a force and clearness in his language, that, aside from faults in logic, went very far to convince the people that he spoke the "truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

Doctrinally, of course, I did not enjoy it much; for how can a man enjoy any thing that he cannot understand? As for understanding clearly the philosophy of High Church Presbyterianism, I never did, and I never shall — that is out of the question. I would rather undertake to describe with mathematical exactness the subtle force of gravity or electricity, or fathom the revelations of Mesmerism, or decypher the hieroglyphics of Egypt. A considerable part of the discourse, however, was addressed to the conscience, and with a view to promote the great end of all preaching — a GOOD LIFE; — and that was plain, personal, forcible and excellent.

I observed several customs that I should be glad to see introduced in our congregations at home. The pews were all furnished with bibles, as well as hymn books, and when, at the commencement of the services, the chapter was announced, the bibles were all opened, and every eye followed the minister while he was reading; and during the sermon, whenever a portion of Scripture was quoted, the chapter and verse were named, and a large part of the congregation took their bibles and turned to the place, to see that it was quoted correctly. I like this custom much; if it is attended with no other benefit, it leads the people to pay some at-

tention to their bibles *once* a week, and that is better than nothing. When the minister rose for prayer, the people rose with him, and either stood respectfully, during the service, or kneeled. I think the practice that has obtained among American congregations, of sitting during prayer, is one of the most lazy and unchristian habits imaginable. There is no reverence, grace, or Christian decency in it. They had, too, congregational singing, and it was excellent. When the hymn was announced, the chorister selected the tune, and placed it, neatly painted, on a card or board, before him, where the whole congregation could see it; he then commenced singing, the singers near him joining, and one after another caught the strain, until the whole congregation lifted up their voices in a song of praise. There were several voices near me that made *some* bad noises, but there was an earnestness and heart in it, that made me forget all musical discords. They sung but one tune that I had heard before, and that was old London; and it made those walls shake with congregational praise. I felt that that was worship indeed! — the people, as well as the minister, praised God with gladness of heart.

But after all the preaching I have heard in Edinburgh, both in church and street, there is one important subject upon which they are silent; not one word have I heard on the subject of Temperance. I have heard four prayers today, and in each of them fervent petitions were offered up for the health, prosperity, and final salvation of the Queen, her loving consort, and all the members of the Royal family; but no prayer have I heard yet, for the destruction of the innumerable grog-shops, that have been open in the city this whole day, to make thousands drunk. I think I never saw a more motley crowd than throngs High Street on the Sab-

bath. I can count from my window more than a dozen grog-shops, with groups of idlers and drinkers standing before each; and if two-thirds of them are not drunk, it is probably because it is too early in the evening. At the farthermost point of my view, stands the famous Knox House, about which I have already written. With all the Presbyterian zeal of Scotland, with all their love for the name of Knox, and for every thing with which he had to do, that house has been desecrated, and long ago it was converted into a whiskey shop. Yes, where the great Reformer dealt out so many hard blows against Popery, now they deal out whiskey; where he inspired men with noble resolutions to war against error and to maintain the right, others have stood and fed them with a liquid poison, that benumbs the senses, and makes men mad. In fact, could Knox once more appear in the Netherbow, he would find other people, and other things, to drive out of the Temple, more ruinous, if possible, than "popery and superstition;" enemies so formidable that the Edinburgh magistrates have scarcely power to drive them out. The traffic in, and the use of, intoxicating liquors, is the curse of Great Britain. It is an evil that is actually wasting the nation's energies piecemeal, yet sufficiently obvious to be seen at every corner of the streets, by any one with half an eye; and sufficiently alarming, and even fatal, to awaken the earnest attention of every philanthropist and Christian in the land; and yet there is an apathy on the subject which it seems impossible to reconcile with any just conceptions of Christian duty, or a proper regard for religious institutions and the blessings of the Christian religion.

It is a fact, that Moral Reform in Great Britain has not yet been recognized so far a *Christian* enterprise as to justify the hearty and zealous co-operation of Christian teachers

in its support. "The Edinburgh Presbyterian," as Kohl justly remarks, "with his missionary zeal, may be likened to a shepherd who has an hundred diseased sheep in his flock, and who, instead of laying out his money to cure them, squanders it in the purchase of a rare and expensive goat, when, nevertheless, through the restoration of his sheep, he would infinitely more increase his flock. To sweeten the bitterness of the cup of life to the poor in High street and its closes — to dash the whiskey glass from the hand, and press to their lips the cup of health; these, indeed, ought to be the worthy objects of a missionary; and I cannot conceive how it happens, that prophets have not been sent out long ago for such purposes. But it is manifest that the people would shower more praises and laurels on the missionary who should convert blacks in Africa, or browns in Australia, or Jews in Walachia, than on another who should make the closes and grog-shops of High street the theatre of his beneficent labors."

June 24. Edinburgh is famous for its monuments and Hospitals. Among the former, the one erected to Scott is perhaps the finest. It stands on Prince street. The plan of it was drawn by a young self-taught artist of Edinburgh, by the name of Kemp, who, unfortunately, during its erection, fell into the canal one dark night and was drowned. A flight of steps leads to a platform, which supports a pedestal several feet high, and on this is a full-sized statue of Scott, of Carara marble. It represents him in a sitting posture, with the folds of a plaid thrown loosely around him, and wrapped in earnest thought, after closing a book in his hand; by his side lays his favorite dog, Maida, looking up wistfully into his master's face. The head of the statue is said to be a perfect likeness of Scott, and it is worthy of him; it

is so massive and finely proportioned, so beaming with earnest, yet playful thought, so life-like in expression, that I could hardly tear myself away from it.

To describe the monument is impossible. From each corner rise a series of clustered columns, from which four arches converge into a vaulted roof, above this, arch is piled upon arch, and pillar upon pillar, the whole assuming a conical shape, of the Grecian order, richly ornamented. It is a noble tribute of respect from Scotland to her illustrious bard.

Among the monuments on Calton Hill, I was most interested in the National Monument. The design of this structure was to commemorate the gallant achievements of the Scotch soldiers during the Continental war which terminated with the battle of Waterloo. Calton Hill was chosen as the site; and from its supposed resemblance to the Acropolis of Athens, it was resolved that the National Monument should be a restoration of the Parthenon or Temple of Minerva, which has so long been the pride and glory of Athens. It is unfinished.

Royal Institution. The magnificent colonnade which goes entirely round the building, and the statue of Victoria over the entrance, are very fine. This is occupied as a National School of Design, and pupils receive, under certain conditions, gratuitous instruction in Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting. We went through the gallery of sculpture, and among the finest specimens were the Gheberti Gates of Florence, and a Laocoon.

Among the many hospitals and charitable institutions in Edinburgh, Heriot's Hospital is the largest and best endowed. It was founded by George Heriot, in 1624, "for boarding, clothing and educating the sons of poor burgesses and free

men of the city of Edinburgh." Thirty boys were at first admitted, but this number has been gradually increased, and at present, it maintains one hundred and eighty. Boys, at their admission, must be between seven and ten years of age, and they are retained till their fourteenth year. They are taught English, Latin, Greek, French, writing, arithmetic, book-keeping, geography, mathematics, drawing, vocal music, practical mechanics, and dancing. Such as exhibit abilities for the learned professions — "hopeful scholars," as they are called — receive a University education, and are allowed £30 a year for four years.

I felt a deep interest in those boys, because I had been told that nearly all of them were fatherless: they were nearly all of a size, and dressed precisely alike — brown pants of ribbed velvet or buckskin, black vest and jacket, and a plain cloth cap. As I stood in their play-grounds, watching their sports, I could not help looking back to many of their fathers and mothers, whose last hours were embittered by the thought, that their helpless children were to be left dependent upon the cold charity of the world. Ah, could those parents have stood by my side, and seen those boys as I saw them, — so healthy and happy, and with such prospects before them of usefulness and honor, how would they have blessed God for those charitable institutions which give the fatherless a home, and secure to the destitute every thing that lays the foundation of an honorable life.

CHAPTER IV.

Trip up the valley of the Tweed — Dryburgh Abbey — "Fatlip" vault — tomb of Scott — ancient watch-towers — Melrose — the Abbey — Abbotsford — a home opinion of a homely man — Sterling — Callander — Loch Katrine — Trosachs — Loch Lomond — the Highlanders — Glasgow — Fergus Ferguson — Ayr — birthplace of Burns — Kirk Alloway — the Monument — the "two brigs" — Burns — voyage to Fleetwood — arrival at Liverpool.

DRYBURGH, JUNE 25. Forty miles by railroad to Melrose, and from thence, a walk of six miles, brought us to Dryburgh Abbey. We procured a cicerone at a lodge not far from the ruins, and soon made our way to the spot where the "great wreck of intellectual power is laid down to rest." Fit resting place for departed greatness; I know of no place more so! The trees growing within the very walls of the Abbey; the luxuriant shrubbery waving from the tops of the walls, and from parts of the roof here and there remaining; the ivy, covering over the work of ghastly ruin, and making it graceful — hanging down from the "rifted arches and shafted windows," and weaving festoons from one broken fragment to another; the solemn, umbrageous gloom of the spot; the perpetual sound of a waterfall in the neighboring Tweed, — all conspire to make this spot wonderfully romantic.

We entered the chapel, which is the most perfect room remaining, but found nothing of interest there except a marble statue of Newton, and that, like the floor and walls, was covered with dark, damp mould. Portions of the domestic buildings are standing, and the outer gateway of the lodge. Passing through the centre of the ruins, we were led into

two large, dark cells, where, in ancient times, criminals were confined.

In one of these vaults, although cold and damp, we were called upon to listen to the following story; and the manner of telling it was altogether more pathetic than the story itself. "Here," said our guide, "just after the rebellion in 1745, a female took up her abode, and never afterwards left it during the day-time. Every night, after sunset, she wandered about the neighborhood, gathering a subsistence from charity. At midnight, she returned to her vault, and lighted her candle, assuring her neighbors that during her absence, her room was always put in order by a spirit that she called by the very unpoetic name of Fatlips. By the intelligent people she was regarded as insane, but the ignorant really supposed she had to do with old Apollyon. No one knew why she lived in this way, but it was believed to have been in consequence of a vow she had made, that during the absence of her lover, she would not see the sun. Her lover was killed in the wars, or somewhere else, and never returned; and she, faithful to her vow, lived and died in that vault without ever seeing sunshine; and so it has ever since been called after her diabolical companion—*Fatlip* vault!"

This is a correct version of the story, as near as I am able to recall it. And here let me remind my successors in this business of castle hunting, that they will often find the guides in Europe decidedly antiquarian,—full of lore from top to bottom, and withal very communicative, apt to teach, and the only way is, to be patient, and hope for the best. We took one more look at "Fatlip vault," and left it.

Passing through the western nave of the church, with broken pillars and crumbling walls on each side, we reached

the most interesting object in the ruins — the tomb of WALTER SCOTT. It stands in what is called St. Mary's aisle — the most beautiful part of the ruin. He sleeps between his wife and a cherished son, who followed his honored father but five years since; a plain sarcophagus of porphyry, with the simple inscription — "SIR WALTER SCOTT, Baronet," is all that points the traveller to his resting-place. While I stood by his grave, I took Marmion from my pocket and read his own words aloud:

"Call it not vain; they do not err,
Who say that when the poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies:—
Who say tall cliff and cavern lone
For the departed bard make moan;
That mountains weep in crystal rill,
That flowers in tears of balm distil;
Through his loved groves, that breezes sigh,
And oaks in deeper groans reply:
And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave.

Not that in sooth o'er mortal urn,
Those things inanimate can mourn,
But that the stream, the wood, the gale,
Is vocal with the plaintive wail
Of those who, else forgotten long,
Lived in the poet's faithful song;
And with the poet's parting breath,
Whose memory feels a second death.
The maid's pale shade who wails her lot
That love, true love, should be forgot,
From rose and hawthorn shakes the tear
Upon the gentle minstrel's bier —
The phantom knight, his glory fled,
Mourns o'er the field he heaped with dead:
Mounts the wild blast that sweeps amain,
And shrieks along the battle plain.
The chief whose antique crownlet long
Still sparkled in the feudal song,
Now from the mountain's misty throne
Sees in the thanedom once his own

His ashes undistinguished lie,
His place, his power, his memory die;
His groans the lonely caverns fill,
His tears of rage impel the rill:
All mourn the minstrel's harp unstrung,
Their names unknown, their praise unsung."

With what thrilling interest I read these words as I stood by the grave of the great minstrel that conceived them, and remembered that his lyre would be strung no more forever.

Crossing the ferry, we returned to Melrose on the opposite side of the river; on our way we saw the ruins of several watch towers, that were built on the banks of the Tweed in times of border warfare. They are large, square towers, with a vaulted cellar or ground floor, in which the Scots secured their horses and cattle in times of danger. They were built alternately on each side of the river, in sight of each other. On the approach of English marauders, a fire was kindled on the top of each, as a signal of danger, and in this way, the alarm was given along the whole extent of the valley, and every castle put in a state of defence.

Melrose. This is a little, old-fashioned village, possessing no interest aside from its famous Abbey, but the scenery around it is delightful. The Abbey is now very much in ruins, but enough remains to distinguish it as one of the finest ruins in Great Britain, if not in Europe. The pillars of the aisles on each side of the choir, the western wall of the main tower, the richly moulded Gothic portal on the south side, and the eastern wing and window of the transept, all show that it was one of the richest Gothic structures ever reared. The rich Gothic sculpture and fresco that hang like drapery over the whole ruin, are exquisite, and especially

on the inside, where, not having been exposed so much to the weather, it is in a remarkable state of preservation.

How many of our purest and best feelings are due to causes that are subtle and mysterious as light; — feelings, too, while they contribute to our own enjoyment, which it is impossible for us to describe so that others can understand them. Indeed, do we not every day receive impressions from the all-surrounding world, we scarce know how or why, which open to us new realms of spiritual enjoyment, which hurry us away from the world of sense, and give us pure and holy feelings, such as angels have; a golden cloud, a ray of light, the dim, gray hues of twilight, the silent march of the stars, or the stillness of a lonely hour, — all, all will at times lift us up into a pure and cloudless world, where we would gladly stay; we are introduced into new realms of calm sunlight and joy, and for a little while we almost have a foretaste of the peace enjoyed by beatified spirits. With hearts tender and true, we always welcome such moments, and pray that they may be prolonged into hours; yes, a whole life-time. Can we describe our feelings at such times to others? Never. They are above all powers of description, and the bare attempt seems to soil their beauty; they will not bear to be handled like a clod of matter, and be gazed at by the crowd; they are like spirits, ever welcome, that are called up from the depths of the soul, by some fairy wand of Nature, and we must permit them to minister to our enjoyment in silence, and let them go and come as they will. Much of our purest spiritual enjoyment cannot be understood by our dearest friends, unless they can see with our eyes, and be in our spiritual moods.

For reasons to be found somewhere here, I cannot describe Melrose Abbey, and yet I enjoyed it much more than all

the ruins I have ever seen besides. The moment I entered its desolate courts, I was delighted. I sat down on a broken pillar and actually tried to ascertain what it was that contributed so much to my enjoyment, but I failed; there was a delicacy in the proportions, a lightness in the finish, of those old pillars and mouldings, that I had never seen before, but it could not have been that, because I have no great taste for architecture; the graves of dead men were underneath me, and grim and startling monuments were all around me, — kings, lords and priests, all slept there together: the dim and murky shadows of twilight were stealing along the broken arches, and gathering on the mouldy walls, and bats — the images of "ghost or goblin dire," were wheeling through the air, and beating their heads against the old towers; and it was a luxury to be silent and alone; the longer I sat the more I enjoyed; but in one short hour it became quite dark, and I left reluctantly.

Abbotsford, June 26. A walk of three miles from Melrose, this morning, brought us to Abbotsford. Our road laid along the banks of the river, and was skirted with trees, shrubbery and flowers; the air was filled with the fragrance of flowers; the birds were singing their sweetest songs, and sun and sky looked upon us in love, as we went on our way. "There," exclaimed Dr. H., "*there* is Abbotsford!" — and there it was, sure enough, with its dark, gray towers, and quaint-looking front and roof. The French description of an approach to it is true to life, — *vous tombez sur le chateau*, — for it stands at the foot of a steep hill, and is so completely buried in shrubbery and trees, that the traveller does indeed *tumble* upon it. We entered by a serpentine path into the central court in which the mansion stands, surrounded by a high wall. Passing the monument that stands

on the grave of Scott's favorite dog, Maida, we went to the central door, and were conducted through an entry, with petrified stag's horns on each side, to the Entrance Hall. This room is occupied wholly with antiquarian treasures. Among the curiosities, the keys of the Old Tolbooth were most interesting. In his study stands the desk at which he wrote the greater part of his works, and the chair in which he sat. In a niche in the eastern wall, stands a bust of Scott, of the richest, Parian marble; it was so life-like, that I thought it must speak.

The dining-room is an elegant apartment, with a ceiling of black oak, richly carved; it contains a fine collection of paintings, the most interesting of which is the head of Queen Mary in a charger, the day after she was beheaded, Oliver Cromwell, and Charles XII. of Sweden. Among several family pictures there was one of Scott's great grandfather, who after the execution of Charles I., took a solemn oath "that his beard should never be shaven" until the Stewarts ascended the throne of England. He never shaved afterwards. It is in this room that Scott died. During his last sickness, it was covered with green gauze to screen his failing eyes from the light, and every day he was lifted in his chair to the window, that he might look out upon his own loved Tweed.

Before I leave Abbotsford, I will relate an anecdote in relation to Scott, which affords an admirable illustration of the estimation in which great men are held at home. A German was travelling in Scotland, and after visiting many interesting localities, he was on the eve of paying his respects to Abbotsford, and the memory of its former distinguished occupant; but unfortunately, unexpected circumstances deprived him of the privilege, very much to his disappoint-

ment He expressed his regret in being obliged to leave Scotland without seeing Abbotsford, when a worthy Scotchman to whom he addressed himself, replied substantially as follows: "You had better make yourself content about that, sir! There are prettier seats in Scotland than this Abbotsford; and if you have seen Taymouth Castle, Dunkeld, and Dalkieth, you may travel past this comfortably enough. Walter Scott, as I know myself, purchased this house when it was a little farm, upon which at first he built only a very small mansion. The greater his means became, the more he extended his habitation, until it became, at length, the wonderful little seat that you see yonder. Besides, the house is no longer in the condition in which the Great Unknown, or rather the Great Well-known left it. More than this, I cannot comprehend how people can be so incredibly curious about *souvenirs* and memorials of Sir Walter Scott. Believe me, sir, people have exaggerated the fame and praises of Sir Walter Scott, as they have exaggerated the fame of other celebrated persons, in an inconceivable manner. Who, then, was Sir Walter Scott? He was Clerk to the Writers to the Signet. Have n't I seen him myself, every other morning, coming out of the Parliament House, or over the hills there? He had nothing of the English gentleman about him, nothing so fine and distinguished. On the contrary, he had a very plain, common old Scotch face, little eyes, a round, big, thick nose, that always looked as if it were a little swollen. And then, he did not look quite so clever as people represent him. His broad, and somewhat hanging lips, gave him a somewhat stupid appearance. He had besides very clumsy feet and walked a little lame. If any one accosted him, he usually returned a blunt Scotch good-day. 'How d' ye do, sir?' was his usual mode of salutation, uttered in a gruff

tone, and laying the stress of the accent on the 'do,' just like the commonest people. He could not pronounce the '*r*' properly, and made something like a *ch* of it, while he got the sound out from the back part of the mouth. When he wished to say 'rock,' it sounded almost like 'cock.' In a word, if the good man did n't happen to be dead, and you could see him there, walking towards you as I have described him, in his coarse, green, old great-coat, with large metal buttons, which he used to wear at Abbotsford, you would fancy that you were looking at a farmer, rather than a poet."

There, that is the finest thing of the kind I have ever seen. There is not a particle of low, mean envy in it, but simply a plain, blunt, and truly Scotch statement, in relation to an old friend and neighbor.

STIRLING, JUNE 27. From Abbotsford to Edinburgh last evening, and from Edinburgh to this time-honored town this morning! How steam annihilates space! Stirling stands in one of the most beautiful vallies in the world, and its environs are studded with ancient battle-grounds, that have been consecrated by the patriotism and blood of Scotland.

We spent an hour in visiting the castle, from which we enjoyed a delightful view of the country; — on the west, the Grampian hills, including Ben Lomond and Ben Ledi, forming a vast amphitheatre, with their topmost cliffs gilded and glittering in the rays of the declining sun; on the east, our view commanded the whole extent of the "Links o' the Forth," and they looked like the coils of a mighty serpent, nestled in the green grass and shrubbery, asleep.

CALLANDER. This village stands at the foot of a range of mountains which form the boundary of the Highlands. We stopped here over night. It is a neat, quiet place, with no appearance of business. Here commences the scenery of the

"Lady of the Lake," and with a good lunch of Highland bread and butter for bodily comfort, and the "Lady of the Lake" to refresh our minds, we started for Loch Katrine, on foot. Two miles on, we passed "Côilantogle Ford," where Fitz James and Roderic Dhu engaged in mortal combat. The whole thrilling scene of the fifth canto of the poem, is laid in this neighborhood.

On the opposite shore of the lake, we saw the "gathering place of Clan Alpine," where, at the shrill whistle of Roderic Dhu—

> "Instant through copse and heath arose,
> Bonnets, and spears and bended bows;
> On right, on left, above, below,
> Sprang up at once the lurking foe.

Loch Venacher is four miles long, and is interesting mainly on account of its connections with the Lady of the Lake. About half a mile to the westward, lays Loch Achray, nestled among high mountains, with beautiful pebbled coves, and picturesque shores, and a little island near the centre, laying upon its waters as gracefully as a swan. Our road laid close on the margin of the lake, and was buried in thick shrubbery and trees; on our right, immense strata of talcose slate rose, cliff after cliff, until it hung in threatening crags far above our heads, densely covered with dark heather and scrubby oak.

At the head of the lake, we found Stewart's Inn, eight miles from Callander, where we rested half an hour. It stands two miles from the lake, and in the outskirts of that remarkable rocky region, known as the "Trosachs," which, I am told, is a Gaelic word, signifying "broken or bristled territory." And such, indeed, the Trosachs truly are. They are formed of lofty reefs of rock, which stretch across the valley from one steep mountain side to another, broken, twisted, rent and

torn, precisely as if in ancient times, they had been seized with some mighty convulsion, that wrung them into wild fragments, dislocated and piled in every conceivable shape.

From Stewart's to Loch Katrine, a distance of two miles, we passed through the Trosachs. How truly we

"walked along,
Where twines the path, in shadow hid,
Round many a rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splintered pinnacle;
Round many an insulated mass,
The native bulwarks of the pass,
Huge as the towers that builders vain,
Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain,
The rocky summits split and rent,
Formed turret, dome or battlement,
Or seemed fantastically set,
With cupola or minaret,
Wild crests as pagod ever decked,
Or mosque of eastern architect.
Nor were these earth-borne castles bare,
Nor lacked they many a banner fair:
For, from their shivering brows displayed,
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
All twinkling with the dew-drops' sheen,
The brier-rose fell in streamers green,
And creeping shrubs of thousand dyes,
Waved in the west wind's summer sighs."

We reached Loch Katrine an hour before the arrival of the boat that was to take us across the lake. After scrambling among the neighboring rocks a few minutes, we took our seats in an old skiff that laid near the shore, and Dr. H. read aloud from the Lady of the Lake Scott's description of the scenery around us; and as he read, every word was distinctly echoed along the slaty walls and cliffs on each side of us. Was not that grand?—old Nature taking up the lay of the departed minstrel and echoing it to audience of beetling crags and sky in its own hoarse melody!

How the bagpipes, chanting the national songs, must have thrilled the mountaineer in his wild retreat, and the shrill notes of the bugle, echoing, from peak to peak, the fearful call to arms, nerved the hearts of the sturdy clansmen for the fight!

We crossed Loch Katrine in a pretty steamboat, with an intelligent and obliging captain, who explained all the interesting localities, while an old Highlander gave us a tune, occasionally, on the bagpipes. On reaching the western shore of the Lake, we left the rest of the passengers to work their way with coachmen and mule drivers, and, shouldering our packs, we started on foot for Inversnaid, on Loch Lomond, six miles distant. The road was strown with rocks and hillocks *quite* all the way, but the scenery was grand, and we got along very well—as fast as the mules did, at any rate; and in season to take the boat down the lake, for Dumbarton and Glasgow.

The Highlanders of Scotland are an interesting people; and all the more so, because they are gradually losing their original character, and becoming a new race. The ancient Celts, of which the Gaelic are a branch, are doomed to perish. They have lost none of their attachment for their native hills; they look back upon their fathers as a noble, patriotic, but misguided people; and they still cherish the names of their clans, and look back with pride on those chiefs, whose noble deeds have interwoven their names with the history of their country. But in spite of all their prejudices, there are a host of influences bearing upon them, favorable to their political and social regeneration.

Anglo Saxon influence is making its way among those hardy mountaineers, with an energy that they are unable to resist; and in spite of all that can be done by Celtic Societies

and Highland patriots, the Gaelic language must become obsolete. In many glens and neighbourhoods, where the Gaelic was universally spoken fifty years ago, the English is now the common language, and various dialects, or *patios*, may be observed among the Highlanders, which indicate different stages in their progress from Gaelic to the Anglo Saxon.

Every true Scotchman, however deep his reverence for the Highland name and character, is quite willing to see the Gaelic language exterminated, painful as it may be, in many respects, to part with so valuable a portion of his paternal inheritance. It stands opposed to the best good of the people; to general intelligence, to popular education, and all those social and moral influences which alone can enable the hardy and noble Gael to keep pace with other nations in civilization and Christian growth. This is due chiefly to the fact, that it is only a *spoken* language: it is true, the bible, and a few other books, are to be found in the Gaelic, but it cannot be said to have a *written* literature. And in this age of progress and inquiry, when commerce and Christian love are bringing nations together on terms of good fellowship; when science, the arts and literature, are working their healthy influences into every department of society, and giving nations even a desire to exchange ideas as well as merchandise, no language can long exist without a written literature. In these times of mental activity, a civilized people must *read*, as well as *talk;* they cannot confine their thoughts within the narrow circle of their own paternal fireside, or their native village, but they must learn something of the world beyond. They see nations awakening to new life and power, and the hand of improvement banishing old things, and with actual creative power, seizing upon dis-

orderly and conflicting elements, and by sure and slow degrees, making a new heavens, and a new earth; they cannot long stand as idle spectators, without a wish to partake in the general progress; or, at least, to learn something of the methods by which the world moves on. If their own mother tongue does not supply this want, they will welcome another language to their homes and hearts.

There are, therefore, moral influences at work, gradually Anglicising the Highland race; and with these, Anglo Saxon energy has laid hold on the old Gaelic at its root, and very soon it will be torn from the soil in which it has grown for a thousand years, and perish without hope. This result is hastening all the more surely, from the operation of other causes;—the improvements in agriculture, the introduction of manufactures, and new and extended commercial relations, have all contributed towards those changes that have been, and are now being wrought out in the condition, character, and language of the Highlanders, and to the improvement of Scotland in general.

The abolition of the Highland clans was the harbinger of a new day to Scotland; and although it commenced in violence and storm, brighter skies have succeeded, and much good seed has been sown in her waste places, that already yields precious fruit. Much had been done before, but when the last insurrection in favor of the Stuarts was crushed in 1746, the work was finished, and all the clans melted away before the power of the English arms. Many of them, particularly the wild and lawless clan McGregor, were proscribed. The most famous of all the McGregors was Rob Roy, so well known in Scotch literature. So great was the prejudice against this clan, that a decree from the government authorities, declared that no McGregor should be

allowed to exist. The very name was forbidden, and the McGregors fled in all directions, and were soon lost in other clans whose names they aodpted.

There is one remnant of the Highland clans still preserved, that is worthy of notice; I allude to the *Tartans*,—a variegated, checked cloth, well known even in America. In addition to the high esteem in which they are held in Scotland, their various colors and checks have a political significance. Chequered dresses appear to have been customary among all people of Celtic origin, and the mixture of colors always denoted the particular clans. Like the system of clanship, the clanish dress has also been preserved longer in Scotland, than in any other Celtic country. Every clan had, and even now has, its own proper tartan, in which, generally, some ground-color predominates, and through which are drawn various stripes of other colors. With each clan, the breadth, as well as the arrangement of the stripes, and the depth and shade of colors, have been precisely the same from the earliest times. And not only so, but every single thread in the web runs the same now as it did centuries ago; and these various colors became interwoven with their patriotism, and very existence as a clan.

I have been told of instances, where Scotchmen, wandering in foreign lands, on looking at the cherished tartan of their clan, have been seized with home-sickness. Burns was affected much in this way, in his poetic vision, at the sight of the variegated colors of the dress of his "Bonny Jean," when he thus sings:

> "Down flowed her robe o' tartan sheen,
> Her mantle large of greenish hue,
> My gazing wonder chiefly drew:
> Deep lights and shade, bold mingling, threw
> A lustre grand;
> And seemed to my astonished view,
> A *well-known land*."

There are more Scotchmen than Burns who have regarded the stripes of their clan-tartans as an outline of their own loved country.

But while so many political and social changes have taken place in Scotland, during the last century, no one can travel through the Highlands, without feelings of regret that the whole race of "plaided warriors" should have perished like our American Indians. Like our Indian tribes they were the original occupants and owners of the soil; and they roved over their native hills with the same thirst for plunder, and the same lawless freedom; and yet their hearts were faithful to the obligations of friendship, and animated by a noble patriotism that was always ready to do and suffer any thing for their kindred or clan. But long since,

> "Far to the south and east where lay,
> Extended in succession gay,
> Deep waving fields and pastures green,
> With gentle slopes, and groves between:
> These fertile plains, that softened vale,
> Were once the birthright of the Gael;
> The stranger came with iron hand,
> And from our fathers reft the land."

GLASGOW, JUNE 29. Once more in Glasgow; the most like a Yankee town of any I have seen in Europe. Here we are spending the Sabbath. I was invited this morning to attend the Seceding Church of Fergus Ferguson, a clergyman who has gained some notoriety here by his eccentricities, and more by his moral courage in breaking away from the church, and daring to question its doctrines and government. I was encouraged to expect something worth hearing; but alas, it was rank Presbyterianism from beginning to end; among all the husks, I could scarcely find one morsel of bread. On my return from the church, however, I found Christianity in the street. There is a Ragged School

in Glasgow, where one hundred and forty boys are acquiring the elements of a useful education, and learning trades. They are the children of drunken parents residing within the limits of the city. We saw all these boys marching home from meeting, in regular rank and file, the pictures of health and neatness. Blessings on those institutions which take ragged and starving children from homes degraded and miserable, and make them good men and women.

AYR, JULY 1. A pleasant ride this morning of forty miles, from Glasgow, brought us to this little town, rendered famous by being the birthplace of Robert Burns. An hour's walk from the village brought us to the house in which the poet was born. With low mud walls and a thatched roof, there is nothing to distinguish it from its neighbors, except a large sign which assured us that "in this house the poet Burns was born." We entered a room that was opened for us, and the first thing that attracted our attention was a large portrait of the poet in one corner. The tables and walls were literally covered with the initials and names of visitors, who for years have visited that spot, for the same object that called us there.

We were next conducted into the room where the poet was born. It has a large, old-fashioned fireplace to distinguish it, and its walls, on one side, are lined with neat shelves, heavily laden with dishes, and various articles of culinary use. The chairs and table bear the mark of having come down from a past generation; and a bed, standing in a little niche in the wall, marks the spot where the poet first saw the light of day.

After refreshing ourselves with a dish of fine strawberries and cream, we started for the Monument, and the scene in which Tam O'Shanter is laid. Just after leaving the house,

we saw in the field on our left, the "lone tree," surrounded with an iron paling, and which marks the spot,

> "Whare hunters faud the murder'd bairn."

And, a little farther on, old

> "Kirk Alloway was drawing nigh,
> Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry."

The old church stands in a graveyard filled with monuments. Nothing but its naked walls are now standing, and even the floor has been supplanted by tall grass and weeds.

Several rods from Kirk Alloway, stands the Burns Monument. The grounds occupy more than an acre, and they are so filled with dense shrubbery, that they appear to extend over a much larger space. They are richly ornamented with gravelled walks, beautiful parterres, and flowers of every description. The monument in the centre is surrounded by an octagonal iron fence, in the corners of which are stone pillars, surmounted with marble vases, and various figures of curious device. The monument consists of a pediment, elevated on a sandstone basement twelve feet high; from this rise nine fluted, Corinthian columns, which support, in turn, a roof and capital crowned with the coat of arms of Scotland.

Through a spacious door on the side facing the river, we entered a circular room, with a dome-shaped roof, that was lighted through the top by a window of stained glass. In a niche in the wall, opposite the door, there was a splendid marble bust of Burns, elevated on a pedestal of polished porphyry, and standing between two columns. In the centre of the room there was a circular table, with a tall, glass case standing upon it, in which were several copies of his works, several manuscript letters, and a copy of the Bible that Burns gave to his Highland Mary, when they separated

for the last time; on the cover there was a well-preserved lock of Mary's hair. From this we ascended a circular stairway to an iron platform, that passes round on the inside of the columns, at their base, and had a fine view of the surrounding country.

We next paid a visit to the "Auld Brig," where

> "Nannie, far before the rest,
> Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
> And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle."

Maggie and the witches were all gone; the "Key-stone" was crumbling into dust, and "old Nick," with his dancing elves and sprites, had gone to his own place; and after resting on the "twa Brigs o' Ayr," — that is, the old and new one, both of which span the Doon very near together, — we wandered along the "Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon," which is one of the most quiet and lovely streams in the world. What Scott has since done for the Tweed, Burns did for his loved Doon; — both will be classic streams as long as Scotch literature lasts.

But I must confess I did not wander among the haunts of Burns, with half the interest that I did among those of Scott. And I believe it was mainly due to the great difference in the characters of the two men. Scott was a good man — not in the Presbyterian sense of the word, — but truly so; and among the peasantry in the valley of the Tweed, his name is held in grateful remembrance. But with all his greatness, Burns stands before the world as a melancholy illustration of the infirmities of human genius.

He was a simple child of nature; and to use the language of one of his countrymen, — "Chill and cheerless as was his natal day, the wild flowers of Poetry sprung up, as it were, beneath his boyish tread, they opened as he advanced,

expanded as he matured, until he revelled in all the richness of their luxuriance. Poverty and disappointment hung frowning around him, and haunted his path, but soothed and charmed by the fitful visits of his native muse, and crowned as in a vision, with the holy wreath, he wantoned in a fairy land, the bright creation of his own vivid imagination. His musings have always been our delight. Men of the loftiest talents, and of tastes the most refined have praised them; men of strong and sterling, but untutored intellect, have admired them; the Poet of the Heart, is the Poet of Mankind."

Who cannot subscribe to sentiments like these with whole-hearted sincerity? And yet there is another side to the picture, which ought to be held up as a warning to others. Burns, with all his genius, left behind him the odor of a bad example; and this fact stands out all the more painfully, to one who has visited the neighborhood where he lived. His noble intellect was prostrated by degrading and ungoverned appetites and passions. His influence, which might have done much to elevate and improve the condition of the peasantry from whom he sprung, was exerted for base and wicked purposes. He defiled innocence, he corrupted the youth, and he encouraged, and even confirmed, ripe manhood and old age in habits destructive of health and life, by standing among them as a dark example. Carlyle may deify splendid genius, crown it with fadeless laurels, and blazon noble virtues to the world, without lifting a warning voice against their attendant vices; but this truth should never be lost sight of—a truth that is pressed home to the Christian mind with ten-fold clearness and power by reading the lives of such men as Burns and Byron—that human genius can never be *truly* a blessing to the world, unless *it is sanctified by the power of the Christian Religion.*

At five o'clock, we returned to the village, and after spending an hour in rambling about town, we took the cars for Troon, where, as we expected, we found a steamboat ready to start for Fleetwood.

LIVERPOOL, JULY 2. At ten this morning, we landed at Fleetwood. Large sand-bars stretch out into the harbor, so that the channel is very narrow, uncertain and circuitous; and this, added to the low tide, detained our boat two miles below the town, and we were transferred to an old drodger that took us up to the wharf.

We took the earliest train for Liverpool, and after riding fifty miles through a delightful country, with which I should be glad to have a better acquaintance, arrived safely.

CHAPTER V.

Manchester — Royal Infirmary — New Bailey — criminal statistics — want of schools — influence of the Factory System — Birmingham — a pen manufactory — subdivisions of labor — Stratford-on-Avon — Shakspeare — an idea of gardening — Warwick — Guy's Cliffs — Kenilworth — Coventry — St. Michael's — "Peeping Tom" — intemperance in Great Britain — London — the Monument — the Tunnel — the Tower — Westminster Abbey — British Museum — departure from London — Paris.

MANCHESTER, JULY 4. A dark, sooty town, buried in dust and perpetual coal smoke. Its general appearance is much like that of Liverpool, though in many respects more gloomy and forbidding. The sun is so completely veiled, that it cannot be said that the inhabitants enjoy its beneficent influence; for not a plant, nor a flower, nor a single blade of grass, grows within the limits of the city. The air is so filled with dense smoke, that it makes our throats smart, and respiration is even oppressive.

Having but one day to spend in Manchester, I wanted to dispose of my time in such a way as to gain the best possible idea of the character and condition of an English manufacturing town. We therefore first visited the ROYAL INFIRMARY — one of the finest hospitals in Great Britain. Through the politeness of a gentleman in attendance, we were conducted through the entire circuit of its wards, and shown very fully, all its convenient arrangements for the comfort of invalids. Truly, the sick, and especially the poor, are fortunate to find such a lodging-place.

There were one hundred and ninety patients; and I was not surprised to find so large a proportion of them under

surgical treatment. A very large per centage of the whole were boys: and one little fellow, not more than twelve years old, showed us his right arm, from which his hand had been taken three weeks before. He told us his hand had been crushed in machinery.

During the year ending June 21, 1849, there were nearly 24,000 patients admitted; of these, 3182 were cases of accident, 350 of which were caused by *machinery*. Diseases of the lungs are not so common as I expected, there having been, during the past year, only 72 cases of the various forms of pulmonary disease. The physician informed us that the number of nervous patients among the manufacturing laborers, was very remarkable; there is no hospital in England that has so many cases of St. Vitus' dance as this, it has several hundred annually. Among agricultural laborers acute diseases prevail; but among manufacturers, every thing takes the chronic form, and this indicates a want of constitutional power — a lack of vigor and vitality. And this difference is so distinct and general, as to make it chargeable to their peculiar employments and modes of living; but the most remarkable feature presented by the annals of the institution, is the great number of accidents, of which, on an average, there are nearly 4000 annually. This result, however, is not very surprising, when we bear in mind the vast amount of machinery, of every description, in Manchester, and the great number of human frames there are connected with it.

We next went to the New Bailey, in Safford, which is now included in Manchester. This is one of the largest prisons in England, and was built near the close of the last century, under the direction of the great philanthropist, Howard. It is the largest building in Manchester, and is

said to be one of the best planned, and best regulated prisons in the world. It was a novel step to take in order to gain a birds-eye view of Manchester; and the transition from the character of its *invalids*, to the character of its *criminals*, was exciting. For my part, I was desirous to learn something of their character,—whether young or old, what had been their advantages of education, whether they were imprisoned for a longer or shorter time,—as representing the criminal statistics of a manufacturing town.

Unfortunately for us, the Court was in session, and the magistrates, from whom orders of admission had to be procured, were all engaged, and we were not permitted to see but a small part of it; but we saw enough to confirm what we had already suspected, that a large proportion of the convicts were boys, many of them quite small; a large number of them were there for the second, and even the third time; some of these boys were confined in dark, gloomy cells, for a breach of prison rules, and others had suffered still more rigorous punishments for crimes actually commited after they entered the prison.

How much of this juvenile depravity is due to a neglected education, may be inferred from a few facts which I take from one of the last prison reports:—

Of 13,345 persons committed to prison during one year, 6971 could neither read nor write; 5162 could read and write imperfectly; 992 could read and write well, and 220 had received a superior education. Of 3420 women, who were imprisoned during the same time, 2070, or more than half, could neither read nor write, and only 132 could read and write well!

But what makes these details all the more painful, is the extraordinary number of youthful offenders. During the

year represented by the report already alluded to, there were 2672 convictions of youth under 17 years of age; of these there were 27 boys and 15 girls condemned to seven years' transportation; 35 boys and 5 girls, to ten years', and 26 boys, to fifteen year's transportation; making in all 177 transportable convicts *under seventeen years of age*, in one year! From recent inquiries which have been made in Manchester, the great responsibities of parents, and the importance of an education, have been set forth in the strongest light. It was ascertained, that out of 100 juvenile convicts, 60 of them had dishonest parents; 30 of them, whose parents were not dishonest, but profligate and worthless; and ten only who had sober and industrious parents! Their criminality is not due so much to any innate depravity, as to external causes,—the want of education and moral culture, the bad example of parents, and the seductive influence of bad associates of their own age.

The criminal statistics of Manchester, show the great importance of having the young mind well fortified, and the character well formed, before they are exposed to the temptations and moral dangers of manufacturing towns. There, parents are driven by necessity to place their children where they can earn a few pence for bread, (and a most direful necessity it is,)—they are thrown into mills and shops, almost before they have cast aside their swaddling clothes; they know nothing except the manual operations which they learn day by day, and they become machines, like the various engines of manufacture which they tend. More than this, in hours of relaxation, or in times when business is depressed, they are thrown into the streets, an ignorant, helpless crowd, fit for nothing but to tend machinery, left entirely without resources, and placed in circumstances where the very friction

of their barren minds cannot fail to breed moral disorder, and engender bad habits.

I could not help noticing how hard and reckless many of them looked, in the prison. Deprived of all those social and moral influences which contribute to form the child's mind aright, they had become moral outlaws in the tender years of childhood; shut up within cold prison walls for *one* crime, and by and by they will be cast upon the world, all the more hardened and depraved, prepared to commit a thousand.

O for schools,—*Christian* schools—of Reform, where human depravity, instead of being crushed by iron bolts and bars, can be regenerated; where some gleams of light and hope may dawn upon depraved minds, instead of darkening the temple of the soul still more by punishments, without the unction of good will.

The more I become acquainted with large manufacturing establishments, the stronger are my prejudices against them. They do not appear to be fit places for human beings, especially women and children. These constitute the greatest part of the operatives, and as improvements in machinery are made, their numbers, in proportion, are greatly increasing. The moral and physical effects of the factory system cannot but be injurious. The children employed are mere machines, employed to keep other machinery in motion. There is no exercise for the mind; the machine is before them, and their task is to keep pace with it. There is none of the variety in their employment which distinguishes the cultivation of the soil, or even the duties of the household servant; there is in factory work, none of those chances, no casual education, no way to gather up fresh experience day by day, which under other circumstances, perform an important part in

developing the mind and character. The most valuable period of their lives, that of childhood and early maturity, beginning at nine years old, is spent in the midst of the noise of machinery, from nine to twelve hours each day, and with no ambitions or hopes that extend beyond the dull routine of thoughtless labor. Interwoven with this system there is a great wrong, and unless it is removed, those with whom the fault lies will have a fearful account to settle in the future.

Much worse will it be for the population, where so great a proportion of the females are engaged in manufacturing establishments. How many thousands of children are deprived of a mother's influence and care at home; and for want of that maternal care they are allowed to run wild in the streets, and to follow everywhere the dictates of childish fancies, or be governed by outward influences of very doubtful moral character, which change with the novelties of each passing hour. To me, it is no marvel that so many children are found in the jails and penitentiaries of these large manufacturing cities; and when I reflect, for a moment, on the unwearied efforts that are necessary to "rear the tender thought," and fix in the youthful mind religious principles, which shall stand by them and control them in after life, I do not see how it can be otherwise. It is equally as bad for the younger females. The greater part of them, at least, are destined to become wives and mothers; and how can they, in the midst of cotton machinery and cotton dust, acquire that delicate apprehension of social relations and duties which will fit them for the important stations they will be called to occupy! They cannot acquire the least insight into household affairs, nor gather up a store of useful, practical knowledge that will be of service to them in after life. I know we hear frequent complaints in relation to the drudgery of the

kitchen; but those who make them, forget that the kitchen is the most important part of the house; and the wife who knows well how to superintend her affairs there, knows well how to maintain a well-ordered household. Home is the place for woman — it is where her heart is, or should be, — it is the centre of her authority and influence; and if she discharges her duties faithfully there, — if she stands before the world as a faithful and devoted wife and mother, she has a reputation that may well be envied, if envy was ever lawful; without the smiles of flattery, she will be cherished while living, and when she is dead, the tears that will be shed over her grave will be a nobler tribute to her worth than all the laurels of Bonaparte or Cæsar.

I am opposed to any and every system of labor which tends to break up and destroy that noble instrument of education, — the family circle; and the only remedy is to establish free schools where the ignorant and destitute operatives can acquire the rudiments of an education, and with such a division of their time, as will enable them to enjoy their benefits, without jeopardizing their prospects of labor.

The factory system is more unfavorable to females bordering on womanhood, than to any one else. Children may have drunken and criminal parents, who lead their children astray both in precept and example; and of the two, especially for boys, the discipline of the factory, may be better than the influences of home; for, at any rate, while under the eye of a master, they are obliged to practice an external morality, at least; and if no seeds of good become permanently rooted in the mind, an effectual check is provided against all positive outbreaks of evil. Perhaps, too, bad masters are in no respect worse than bad parents, in the exercise of authority; but this is no very cogent argument

in favor of the factory system, for that has made *bad parents* as well as as bad children, and before any confidence can be placed in it as an aid in the work of reform, or it can be redeemed from the charge of demoralizing the human mind, it must go to work and raise up a whole generation of good parents, and then the prospects of the young will brighten.

But a large share of the blame, in this respect, must be borne by the overseers and master-workmen. They do not exert the influence which they ought, to improve the character and disposition of the laboring classes, whether by the promotion of education and good habits among them, or a general demeanor of *affability* and *kindness*. If I am correctly informed, there is a broad gulf of coldness and indifference between the masters and the operatives, which is effectually guarded by a stern discipline that does not allow any one to pass over. But here, instead of throwing out the incidental thoughts of a stranger with but limited means of knowledge, let me quote the words of one who has given to this subject a large share of attention.

"There is no town in the world where the distance between the rich and poor is greater, and the breach between them more abrupt, than it is in Manchester; none, where the barrier that divides them is so hard to overstep. In this respect, Manchester is the most aristocratical town in all England. The separation of the different classes, and the consequent ignorance of each as to the habits and position of every other, is no where else so complete, either in any other European land, or in the agricultural districts of the kingdom. There exists much less personal intercourse between the master cotton spinner and his work-people, between the calico printer and his blue-fingered lads, between the master tailor and his apprentices, than there does between the Duke

of Wellington and the poorest cottager on his estate. I do not mention this in the way of blame, but merely as a *fact;* a fact which it is most important we should be distinctly aware of, because it is without doubt in our ignorance of the actual position of the laboring classes, that the greatest hindrance lies to our doing any thing rational or effectual for their relief and improvement. If the manufacturers were at all aware of the influence which they would regain with their laborers, by the smallest degree of personal attention, affability and kindness, they would be a little more liberal in their demonstration, which would cost them so little, and might bring them in so much. In *no way* can men be so easily, I might say, so blindly led, as by *kindness.*

"So far, however, are English mill-owners from adopting methods of this kind, that the name of white slavery, which has been given in derision to the relation in which their work-people stand to them, has only been too well applied. True it is that despotic power and the strictest discipline are sometimes necessities of the case, not only on account of the way in which the different operations depend on one another, like the different movements of a complicated machine, but also on account of the numbers collected together, and the natural tendency of all masses of men, so soon as they feel their strength, to combination and revolt. But there can be no doubt that in England, where in general the intercourse between such persons as are not connected by any close ties of blood or friendship, is not regulated by those principles of kindness and good will, which do so much to smooth away asperities, and conciliate the feelings—strict and stern discipline is *carried to an extreme.* And indeed, there is not, there cannot be, any incompatibility between the *strictest*

discipline during the hours of work, on the one hand, and *kindness* and *good nature* on the other."

I am glad to see such sentiments from the pen of an Englishman. Let every good man in Manchester who thinks such thoughts, speak out earnestly and fearlessly, and it will not be long before great and desirable changes will be wrought out in the condition and prospects of the laboring classes.

That any changes in the condition of factory operatives for the better, would affect, to a considerable extent, the whole social character of England, will be seen when I state, that, according to McCulloch, one million five hundred thousand persons are engaged in the manufacture of cotton fabrics alone.

The amount of raw cotton manufactured in England is almost incredible. No branch of business has increased at the same rate during the last forty years. The amount of raw cotton imported into England in 1741, was 1,600,000 lbs. In 1846, the amount imported was 400,000,000 lbs; and the capital which is annually put in circulation by the cotton trade alone, is estimated at £34,000,000 sterling, or about $170,000,000. The annual exportation of cotton from the United States amounts to $65,000,000. There are 150,000 power looms employed in the cotton mills, besides the countless engines that are worked without steam. Such is the extent of one branch of industry in this great country.

But while there is so much ignorance and crime in Manchester, particularly among the juvenile classes, there are not adequate provisions made for the public education. Yankees are not the only people who are so engrossed in business, as to neglect more important interests; we live in a speculative age; the head and hand are both hard at work

in the business of accumulation; avarice is the world-wide passion that rules, and gold is the popular idol; *that* commands all nations, directs and plies all energies, and absorbs all thoughts; this is not more the case in New England than in Old England; not more so in New York than in Manchester.

The value of free schools is acknowledged here, but they have received very little attention. There are thousands of children without any means of instruction, who wander as vagrants in the streets, with no prospect of any thing better.

With all the wealth and splendor of England, the education of the mass of the people is sadly neglected. It is said to have been the oft-repeated wish of George III., as he contemplated the condition and wants of his people: "May every poor child in my dominions be enabled to read the Bible!" A noble wish! — quite as laudable as the one expressed by Henry IV. of France: "May every one of my poor subjects each day have a bit of meat in his pot!" It will be a long day, I fear, before either of them is realized.

Birmingham, July 5. For three long hours we have wandered through the streets and thoroughfares of this great "Toy-shop of Europe," that manufactures hard-ware for the whole world.

I had been led to form no very high expectations of Birmingham, but I am agreeably disappointed. It is a beautiful city, far before Manchester. The centre is elevated, so much so as to be free from smoke and coal-dust, and that is a desideratum of no mean importance; its streets are wide, airy and clean, and its buildings are built of various kinds of stone, and brick, so that instead of the sameness that distinguishes Liverpool and Manchester, the eye is relieved with an interesting variety. One of the finest

buildings in the city is the Market House, which resembles Quincy Market in Boston.

We made an effort to see the manufacturing establishments, and as good luck would have it, we were allowed to visit a very large *pen* manufactory. This establishment employs about two hundred workmen, all of whom are engaged in the manufacture of steel pens. We were hurried through it with railroad speed, as if they were fearful that we should steal their trade, shop, workmen and all; but we did see that the steel, after being properly tempered, is rolled out into a large plate, the thickness of the ordinary pen, and then this plate passes through a machine that cuts the pen into the proper shape, as quick as a nail is made by Perkins's machine. This establishment consumes nearly forty tons of steel annually, and supplies the world with at least 57,000,000 of steel pens.

The divisions and subdivisions of mechanical labor here are astonishing. No man is allowed to attend to but one branch of work, and this never forms but a small part of the labor that is necessary to finish any article of merchandise. What is considered a trade in America, is here divided into an hundred branches, as distinct and separate as the business of a watchmaker and a blacksmith. What should we think in New England of a man devoting his whole life to making coffin-nails, or dog-collars, or tooth-picks, or fishhooks, or cock-heel spurs, or dog-chains, yet these, and thousands of others of less importance, are distinct occupations. From this it will be seen, that a great variety of trades in Birmingham, are divided and subdivided into many distinct branches; and probably this is what gives to its merchandise such an enviable reputation all over the world. It is the most perfect in its kind, and this perfec-

tion is derived from consumate art and practice. When a man, for instance, devotes his whole life to the manufacture of coffin-nails, it might be reasonably expected that he would become somewhat perfect by the time he had need to use articles of his own manufacture. But for a man to be always confined to that business, to the exclusion of every thing else, or to be bound to a pin-head, from his cradle to his grave, does not appear compatible with the dignity of human nature, or consistent with the proper aims of human life.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON, JULY 6. Stratford is a pretty village, standing on the banks of the Avon, in one of the finest agricultural districts of England. It has very clean, quiet streets, and its inhabitants are very friendly and obliging to strangers. They are chiefly engaged in agricultural pursuits, and, to say the least, do not spend any more of their time and means in drinking, than the inhabitants of other towns and villages in England. The Avon is a paltry, muddy stream, such as in New England we call *brooks*. It possesses no interest, except from the fertile valley through which it silently winds its way, and its connections with the world's greatest poet, SHAKSPEARE; and it was to visit *his* birth-place and tomb, that we have made a pilgrimage to Stratford.

We started, therefore, early this morning, according to the directions of our landlord, for the house in which Shakspeare was born. In a few minutes we reached a house, with two large signboards projecting from its front, forming the two sides of a triangle, with this inscription:—"IN THIS HOUSE THE IMMORTAL SHAKSPEARE WAS BORN!" There we stood before the house in which Shakspeare first saw the light of day,—a low, two-story house, with curious, oak-

ribbed walls, and two large, multipaned windows in the upper story. We knocked at the rickety door, and presently, an old lady made her appearance, who welcomed us with a smile, and ushered us into the front room, with a rough and broken stone floor and white-washed walls.

Passing up a narrow stairway, we next entered the room in which Shakspeare was born. A few antique chairs, a work-table, and several framed pictures of no great merit, was all the furniture it contained, and its white-washed walls and ceiling were entirely covered with pen and pencil marks forming a double and even triple network of autographs. Among the names, I noticed those of Scott, Edmund Kean, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Irving and Schiller. The good old lady interested us by relating all she knew of Shakspeare, without giving us any positive intimations as to how much her story had grown with age.

We visited the church in which Shakspeare is buried, wandered through the village an hour, and then started for Warwick.

Very soon after we started, it began to rain, and the road was very slippery and uncomfortable; but the country is magnificent; such fields and groves, such parks, cottages and castles; such trees, shrubbery and gardens — every thing. And while the dripping clouds were giving us a *shower*-bath, and rural delights were constantly passing before us, I tried to study out the secret of good gardening.

I never was pleased with our gardening in America; every thing is unnatural, overdone; the walks and beds must be just so straight, uniform and precise; the trees and shrubbery must be planted in exact circles, or squares, or angles; each flower-pot and vase must be at just such a distance from its neighbor, and in just such a direction; all,

this is very well, but I never saw any thing of the kind without a feeling of dissatisfaction; it seems too much like the lady, who is made beautiful by ribbons, artificial flowers and trinkets, or the dandy, whose charms depend upon starch and pomatum, — every thing is *unnatural*, and every thing unnatural, always offends good taste.

Gardening is an *art;* and the highest perfection of art is to *imitate* nature; and this is the greatest triumph of art — where the whole is art, and yet every thing looks like nature. The English and Scotch have brought the art of gardening to the highest degree of perfection, because, while every thing is as artificial as possible, the whole, at the same time, looks perfectly natural. The trees and shrubbery look as if nature had accidentally and carelessly scattered them here and there; the turf about the buildings is wholly artificial, but no one would ever think so from its appearance; the ponds in the parks are artificial, and yet they could not be told from natural lakes; the ivy that climbs the walls of castles and cottages, the yew-trees that spread out their thatch-like branches over terrace and lawn, and the dark myrtles and firs lifting up their foliage in ever-living contrast with sun and sky, — all have been planted and reared by the hand of art, and yet they appear as if they were, and always had been, the free children of the woods. I always look at them with a feeling of unmingled satisfaction, and the hundredth time I look at them, they are as beautiful, fresh and new, as at first. Such is the perfection of the horticultural art, and it is the distinguishing glory of an English landscape.

WARWICK. As soon as we entered the village, we made our way to the castle. The warden very soon made his appearance, and on entering, his wife invited us to visit the

lodge on the left hand of the gateway, to see first the curious things *she* had in store for us. In the centre of the room stood the Earl of Warwick's punch-bowl, or, as the good lady called it, his "porridge-pot." It is made of composition metal, and when I struck it with a hammer, it rung through the old arches like a chinese gong. It weighs 810 pounds, and holds 110 gallons. To test its dimensions, the lady suggested that the Dr. and I should get into it, and when we gratified her, she very archly intimated that neither of us amounted to more than fifteen gallons, beer measure, but what our dimensions were otherwise she had no means of knowing. Sir Guy's armour weighs 107 pounds. His sword is six feet long, and so heavy that I was not able to hold it out at arms' length with both hands. In another corner we were shown the iron armor of his horse. Sir Guy was the founder and original owner of the castle. He was eight feet high, and of giant strength, and in the feudal wars, he was one of the most formidable and noted chiefs.

From the lodge, we entered an open passage-way, cut several hundred feet through the solid rock, which led us to the great square of the castle. We were obliged to wait the good pleasure of the servants before we were permitted to enter; but at length a guide made *her* appearance.

We were hurried on through magnificent halls, with rich walls of carved oak and cedar, and ornamented with splendid paintings by the old masters, — royalty, beauty and depravity all mingled together; there were several tables in rich Mosaic; I observed one composed of various lavas from Vesuvius, very rich, and another of various stones; I recognized chalcedony, jasper, amethyst, agate, carnelian, and several others — a beautiful cabinet of polished gems. In one room was the bed occupied by Queen Anne during

her visit to the castle; the rich damask curtains, and the furniture about the room, are just as the Queen left them on the morning of her departure. On the mantle-piece stood a full-length portrait of the queen, and one of the walls was covered with very rich tapestry representing several historical events. As a specimen of art, I was much interested in the battle of the Amazons, carved in solid oak, —it was very fine.

We went to the Conservatory, and saw the celebrated Warwick vase; it is of polished white marble, carved from a solid block, and weighs eight tons. It was dug up in the villa of Adrian, near Rome, and was brought to England by Sir William Hamilton, who gave it to George IV. The king afterwards presented it to the Earl of Warwick. It is one of the finest pieces of sculpture in the world. We very soon left Warwick, and were on our way to

Guy's Cliff. About a mile from the village, we entered another lodge-gate, and although the rain poured down in torrents, a little bright-eyed girl conducted us to the cliff. The park and walks are very fine, although we were disappointed in seeing no deer; but the castle on the top of the cliff, was undergoing repairs, and a crowd of laborers and artizans prevented us from entering it; so we did not see the huge harpsichord on which Sir Guy in his tender moments chanted ditties to his lady-love, nor his statue in the adjoining chapel. But we went down to the banks of the Avon, and walked under the chalk-cliffs that rise eighty feet above the water, went into the cave where Sir Guy shut himself up for three years—rumor says on account of disappointments in love—and drank a refreshing draught of water from the spring where he slaked his thirst.

Not far from this, we entered the cloisters, which are cut

out of the solid rock; in other words, they are holes in the side of the cliffs, forming large rooms. In the inner walls of these rooms, large niches are cut, that were once used for sleeping apartments. Adjoining these, are large dungeons opening into the cloisters through stone door-ways, where, anciently, in times of religious persecution, or civil and political discord, heretics were confined and tortured.

From these cloisters a secret passage was cut through the rock, leading to the chapel above. The stone steps are singularly worn and grooved by the footsteps of the thousands who have passed to and fro there for ages, but between the forgetfulness of our guide, and our own water-logged apprehensions, we were furnished with no light, and could not go up through it. In passing from the cliff to the main road, we had a fine view of the monument erected over the remains of the Earl of Cornwall, the favorite minister of Edward II., who was beheaded by the barons. It stands on the northern bank of the Avon. Three miles more of travel brought us to

Kenilworth. This old castle is too well known to the readers of Sir Walter Scott to need any description, and every tourist has given it an ample share of attention. It is now in ruins. The original park, which embraced a circuit of fifteen or twenty miles round, is now converted into pastures and plough-fields, and the southern tower and wall, are entirely broken down, and what was once a portion of the inner court, has been converted into a barnyard. All this is much more appropriate and Christian, than its original uses, but still it is well calculated to cool the ardor of those poetic ideas which one forms of old castles and ruins. The three principal towers on the north retain something of their original form, and the famous bow window still stands, from

which Elizabeth viewed the grand tournament that was given by Leicester in honor of her visit to the castle. These towers are very high, indicating the original magnificence of the castle, and they are almost wholly buried in a living screen of ivy.

The room was pointed out to us in which the infamous Leicester, after confining his wife in one of these towers, fell upon his knees before the Queen, and sued for her hand and throne. The fact that Elizabeth listened to his proposals with favor, is a dark stain upon her character. Our guide informed us, that while Leicester was on his knees before the Queen, imploring her to unite her fortunes with his as soon as possible, his injured wife broke from her confinement, and entering the hall, started her recreant husband and the infatuated Queen, by the solemn word "BEWARE! BEWARE!" The next morning, the Queen unexpectedly ended her visit, and left the castle. Elizabeth never married, and Leicester came to an untimely end.

It is their connections with history that make these old castles interesting; and now, that their glory has departed, and the wicked actors, and the wicked scenes of other times, have but an unwelcome memorial in history, and the gathering of nobles, and the flourish of trumpets are here no more, and the feast and song are gone — they are spots where we can well reflect on the mutability of human affairs, and comparing the past with the present, find our faith in human advancement renewed and strengthened.

COVENTRY, JULY 7. This old town stands in the heart of England, and is surrounded by one of the finest agricultural regions in the world. It is very irregularly laid out, and many of the houses are built in the style of the fifteenth century, with a ponderous timber frame-work, filled up with

brick and plaster, and the upper stories projecting over each other into the streets. They give a very good idea of the style of architecture of that period, but on the whole, they make the town dull and uninteresting to the traveller.

The staple manufactures of Coventry consist chiefly in watches and ribbons. Of the former, it is the chief emporium of England, and employs in that department of manufactures alone, nearly ten thousand operatives. It has also large silk and dyeing establishments, in which Coventry has attained an enviable reputation. In the times of the fuedal wars it was one of the most noted cities in Great Britain, and was entirely surrounded by a wall for its defence. The wall is now in ruins. Elizabeth often held her court here, and not unfreqently, when her nobles were too much engaged in promoting schemes of personal ambition to look with care after their dependent sovereign, she always found a refuge and a home among the good people of Coventry. And whenever discontented barons, and the quarrels of intriguing nobles, endangered the life or peace of the sovereigns, Coventry, always loyal and true, gave them protection in every trying emergency.

Having concluded to spend the Sabbath here, we started at the ringing of the bells for the church of St. Michaels. This is the handsomest and most fashionable church in the city; it is a fine specimen of ancient architecture, and is ornamented with old sculpture, and several very good paintings; but the sexton had too much personal consequence to be communicative, and we could learn nothing about them. We did expect, most of all, to hear preaching, but in this we were sadly disappointed. It is true, the curate went through a certain form — he talked and rolled his eyes, and eulogised holy saints and holy days; it was what my English friend

called a "very fine sermon;" but to me it was the most dry, senseless and stupid thing, both in manner and matter, I ever listened to. I know the fault was not mine, for I went to the church with a heart brimful of charity, feeling that after six days of exciting labor and travel, the quiet worship of the Sabbath would be most welcome; but I believe I was made nothing better, but rather worse. If such is the preaching of the Established Church, it is no marvel that it is on the decline.

On our return from the church, we passed the famous "Peeping Tom," who stands up in his window, like some relic of an antediluvian age. The history of his origin is as follows: The Countess Godiva was the wife of Leofric, Earl of Mercia, who in the tenth century made Coventry his residence. At length, he became so tyrannical and oppressive, that the people of Coventry applied to Godiva for relief. The humane Countess cheerfully espoused their cause, but on laying their grievances before her husband, he turned a deaf ear to her entreaties. Months passed away, and the sufferings of the people were forgotten by Leofric, whose official engagements kept him from the city. Returning one evening to his palace, after an absence of several weeks, he was so delighted to meet his wife and little boy, that he assured Godiva, if any one thing was wanting to complete her happiness, that it should be granted her. Godiva improved the opportunity, and renewed her request for him to lighten the burdens of the people. Leofric was surprised, but nevertheless, he assured her that her request should be granted on one condition:—that Godiva should ride *naked*, on his charger, from one end of the city to the other. Contrary to Leofric's expectations, the countess accepted it.

"This singular agreement being made, Leofric informed

the inhabitants of the city of the sacrifice that the Countess was about to make for them, and commanded them, on the appointed day, to darken their windows, forbidding them, on pain of death, to look into the streets.

The important day at length arrived. The beautiful Godiva mounted her noble white charger, unbound her long tresses which, falling gracefully, covered her delicate frame like a scarf, and attended by a favorite waiting maid, commenced her journey. Godiva proceeded silently through all the principal streets until she had nearly completed her engagement, when turning from High street to go up Hertford street, her spirited charger stood still. Surprised at this, Godiva looked around her in great consternation, and perceived an unfortunate tailor, whose curiosity exceeded his gratitude, *peeping* out of an upper window of his house to see her pass along. Tradition says that for this both his eyes dropped out the moment the charger stopped. The remainder of her ride was uninterrupted, and Godiva returned in triumph to her husband to claim the promised reward. A charter of freedom was at once granted to the inhabitants of Coventry, releasing them from the heavy load of taxation with which they had been oppressed.

To commemorate this event, there was a window placed in the south end of Trinity church, about the time of Richard II., representing the lovely Godiva and the Earl, the latter holding in his hand a charter, upon which was inscribed the following words:

> 'I, Leofric, for the love of thee,
> Do make Coventre Tol-Free.'

A perpetual sum was voted to the owner of the house, for permission to let a figure remain unmolested in the spot where the tailor set such an unworthy example, and also a

certain sum to furnish the effigy with a new suit every two years, made in the fashion of the tenth century."

The people of Coventry think as much of celebrating this event as the Americans do the fourth of July; and every two years, grand processions are formed that parade through the streets, and on arriving before the house where "Peeping Tom" resides, the sheriff proceeds with becoming dignity, to dress him in his new robes. So much for "Peeping Tom."

We had an opportunity of witnessing in Coventry, the drinking habits of the laboring classes. For the sake of economy, we stopped at a small but "respectable" inn; and before dark, on Saturday night, a crowd began to gather in the bar-room, or rather *beer*-room.

We waited until every table was loaded with beer, pipes, cards and dice, and every one was busy in making preparations for convival comfort,—and what was more dubious to our ears, every man, *woman* and child of them, began to test the strength of their lungs, by seeing who could talk and laugh the loudest, all together: without waiting to see who beat, we called for a light, and went to our room. Unfortunately, our room was on the second floor, and there was such a perfect uproar below that sleep was banished from our eyes, and we made ourselves as agreeable to each other as possible till the old Christian clock of St. Michael's struck the hour of two; and then the drunken revellers, after abusing two hours of Sabbath time, began to reel into the streets. One after another, they went out, singing, or loudly talking, until the noise settled away in the distance in indistinct murmurs; and these were succeeded by a deep silence that soon brought upon its airy wing, what our weary limbs so much needed, a sweet and refreshing sleep.

It is astonishing to what an extent intemperance prevails in

England among the poor classes. Whatever causes may otherwise contribute to make them poor, this one sin is quite sufficient to account for all their wretchedness. The extent to which it prevails may be estimated, in some degree, when I say, that according to the last temperance statistics there were 26,822,187 gallons of ardent spirits drank in Great Britain, during the year 1849. This however, has nothing to do with the laboring classes, for they are not able to buy these; they must have something cheaper. But I learn from the same source, that within the same year, there were drank in Great Britain 610,000,000 gallons of ale and beer; or about 23 gallons to every man, woman and child of the whole population!! The cost of crime to Great Britain, annually, is said to be £25,000,000, and the best legal testimony affirms that more than three quarters of it is due to intemperance! Penitentiaries and poorhouses are filled by it; and so are the Ragged and Industrial schools; the Sabbath is desecrated, public morals are corrupted, usefulness, health and life are destroyed by it; and yet it stalks through the country in broad day light, presenting an unblushing front, coiling like a venomed serpent of hell in the homes and hearts of this land, waiting to destroy, and destroying even its thousands.

But while these facts are so plain that no sensible man pretends to deny them, the temperance cause can scarcely be said to have a foothold in England; it always has been an up-hill business; and its present prospects are quite as discouraging as ever. Ministers of the gospel drink, professors of universities, members of legislatures and churches, Royalty itself drinks; it is *fashionable* to drink, and, of course, every body must be fashionable. The higher classes have their

wine, and the poor classes think it equally their privilege to enjoy their beer.

Last year, the "Scotch Temperance League," sent a memorial to Her Majesty, signifying that they were all loyalty to Victoria, but rebellion against rum, and she condescended to make the following reply:—

"WHITEHALL, 3d Sept., 1849.

SIR: I am directed by Secretary, Sir George Grey, to inform you that he has laid before the Queen the loyal and dutiful address of the "Scottish Temperance League." And Sir George Grey has the satisfaction to inform you that Her Majesty was pleased to receive this address in the most gracious manner. I am Sir, Yours, &c."

There is a Temperance letter for you!—a Royal *denouement* on a grave and important question which affects the whole realm! She was pleased to receive it in the *most gracious* manner! *Tres bien.* But who can tell whether Victoria loves toddy or not, by that letter?

The hopes of the Temperance cause in England will never brighten until great moral and social changes take place for the better; and when that will be, no one can tell.

LONDON, JULY 8. A five hours' ride from old Coventry brought me to this city—the great Babylon of the nineteenth century. I am sure, for once in my life, that I am in a *great* city—great not only in its immense population of two million souls, its thirty thousand streets and lanes, but great in royalty and princely wealth, in magnificent parks, palaces and monuments, in science, literature and art—every thing.

Having secured rooms in a comfortable Hotel, in Fleet street, our first object was to procure a good map and guide,

and after studying them for two hours, we found no difficulty in threading the crowded streets, and reaching the various points most interesting to the stranger; and whenever, with these, we found ourselves bewildered, an attentive policeman was always at hand to direct us on our way.

Starting down Fleet street, we went first to London Bridge, where we had a delightful view of the Thames, that runs through the heart of the city; or rather, as much of the river as it was possible to see, for it was almost literally covered with steamboats and water craft of every description, —a vast mass of life and energy hurrying through that great thoroughfare in all directions, and all with less noise than I have heard on a New England wharf in getting one vessel to sea.

But a short distance from the bridge, we passed the monument that was erected by Sir Christopher Wren, to commemorate the great fire in London, in 1666. It is a fluted column fifteen feet in diameter at its base, and above two hundred feet high. The English consider this monument as the noblest pillar in the world. Unfortunately, it stands on too low ground to be a very commanding object, but, nevertheless, its situation is proper, because it stands on the spot where the fire broke out that destroyed a great part of London. On one side of the pedestal there is a description of the event, to which is added the charge,—which ought never to have been engraved there—that the fire was kindled by the Roman Catholics. No one believes it now, and it is the relic of a persecuting spirit that belongs to a dark age.

A short walk down the Thames brought us to the Tunnel. We entered a circular room at the top of the stairs, the walls of which were finely painted with various landscape

views. Descending the stairway, that lays against the walls like an angling terrace, we reached the Tunnel, far below the bed of the Thames, and passing directly under it. The Tunnel consists of two circular passages of solid masonry, separated by massive, arched pillars. Between those pillars stalls have been erected, and appropriated to various exhibitions, beer-shops, and every thing that more than supplies the wants of the most needy passenger. It is a stupendous work; but I could not help a slight nervous twinge occasionally, as I passed through it, especially when I realized that those arches sustained the enormous pressure of the Thames, and that over me ships were passing to London and the sea.

THE TOWER. There is no building in England so connected with the history of the country as the Tower of London. Its history, as a palace, a prison, and a fortress, is blended with dark scenes in criminal legislation and religious persecution, which excite our pity and abhorrence. By some it is supposed to have been erected by Julius Cæsar; others attribute it to William the Conquerer. The earliest historian, Fitz Stephen, of the twelfth century, while he says nothing in relation to its origin, makes the following remark,—"London hath on the east part, a tower palatine, very large and very strong, whose courts and walls rise up from a deep foundation. The mortar is tempered with the *blood of beasts*,"—a bold figure, probably indicating the dark purposes to which the tower was devoted. Although the tower awakens many unpleasant associations, it is well worth visiting.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY. I have never seen a spot so well fitted to awaken serious thoughts as Westminster Abbey; there is something in its dark and mouldy pinnacles and

towers, that makes one feel at once, that it is no ordinary place; and on threading its dark aisles, and wandering through its consecrated chapels, I ceased to marvel that popular ignorance and superstition should have once entered the place with such solemn awe, and bowed so servilely before the venerable mummeries of the Roman Church. It is the tomb of nearly all of England's greatness;—her kings, princes, statesmen, philosophers, poets, heroes, all sleep here together; their hatreds are forgotten, their strifes have ceased, and with all their pride and power, their heartaches and joys, dust has mingled with dust, as if recognizing a fraternal relationship. "Alas!" said Goldsmith, "how does pride attend the puny child of dust even to the grave, where they have no attendant but the worm, none to flatter but the epitaph:

> '*Here* lies the great!—False marble, where?
> Nothing but sordid dust lies here.'

Every inscription is a sermon on the vanity of all human attributes and possessions; a sad story of fame blotted out, power destroyed, or beauty withering in the dust."

The most beautiful of all the chapels is that of Henry VII.; it was built by that king as a burial-place for himself and his successors, and it is a beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture. The most ancient, is that of Edward the Confessor; it has been regarded with the deepest veneration for ages, and it contains the shrine of its founder, and the bones of the hero of Agincourt, Henry V. Nothing, however, interested me so much in the chapels, as the tombs of Elizabeth and Mary, Queen of Scots. They are very near each other. The one has forgotten her spite, and the other, her weakness, and now they sleep together in peace. How the grave dries up human enmity!

British Museum. I have spent the best part of two days in the Museum, and I would advise every traveller to spend a whole week there. It is a world in a nutshell.

July 14. With only one week's stay in this great city, we are busy to-day in preparations to leave for the continent. Baggage must be repacked, passports vised, the best route selected, and information obtained; a new country, new people, new language, are before us and very soon our fatherland and our mother-tongue will be left behind.

Paris, July 16. Yesterday forenoon we started from London, and after a delightful sail down the Thames, and a pleasant passage across the channel, of twenty hours, we were landed safely in Havre. And here my ears were saluted, for the first time, with the endless clatter of French tongues. Such a hurly-burly as there was among the boatmen; everybody was master, or wanted to be; everybody was hard at work, and yet nothing was accomplished; such tugging and sweating, accompanied every minute with "Sacre,"—followed by a limber trill at least a yard long.

We did succeed, at length, in getting on shore, had our baggage lodged in the Custom-house, and went to a hotel for breakfast. After bodily comforts had been properly attended to, I visited a barber, and made my first effort in speaking French; and to get over it as soon as possible, let me assure the reader that that maiden effort will always remain a secret between the barber and myself. After the examination of our baggage and passports, we took the cars, and after a delightful ride, through a delightful country, of one hundred and forty miles, we have at last reached the place we have long had in expectation,—my home for months to come—Paris.

For the benefit of those who, like myself, may be obliged to travel in an economical way, I will subjoin the following hints, together with a statement of our expenses in detail. On landing in Liverpool, we pushed our way through a crowd of hotel runners and porters, each of which was very loud in the praise of their accommodations, low prices, &c., and found good accommodations, and an excellent landlady, at Davis's boarding-house, 43 Union street. I recommend that place. Shun hotel agents, servants and guides, everywhere, and trust to yourself. If, as is sometimes the case, a guide is necessary, it is best to make bargains beforehand. We carried but little baggage, and in not one instance did we allow it to go out of our hands till we reached our chamber. Bootblacks and waiters got no fees from us, because we waited upon ourselves. We always stopped at the small Inns, instead of the hotels, and we always fared well, and found the people friendly. If we travelled by railroad, we always took the third class cars; if by coach, we took an outside seat. A traveller in Great Britain, with knapsack and staff, is no more subject to imposition than he is in America; no more in London and Edinburgh, than in New York. In both, a stranger must depend upon himself, receive advice from strangers with great caution, allow no familiarity, treat every body respectfully, and mind his own business. With these precautions, he can travel alone in any part of Great Britain as safely as he can in New England. I kept an account of all our stopping places, but the memorandum is lost, and I only remember Buchanan's Temperance House, 118 High street, Edinburgh, and Clifford's Inn, in Fleet street, London; quite comfortable, cheap and central. The following were our expenses in Sterling currency:

	£	s.	d.
Voyage from New York to Liverpool,	5	0	0
Expenses, four days in Liverpool, including knapsack and stationery,	1	8	7
Trip to Chester, one day,		4	10
Fare to Dublin,		2	3
Board in Dublin, three days,		6	0
Fare to Belfast,		11	10
Expenses in Belfast, one day,		4	2
Expenses to Edinburgh, by way of Glasgow,		7	8
Expenses in Edinburgh, four days,		12	8
Trip to Melrose, Dryburg and Abbotsford,		10	10
Fare to Stirling and Calander, and expenses,		9	8
Expenses by way of Lochs Lomond and Katrine, to Glasgow, via Dumbarton,		6	11
Two days in Glasgow,		6	2
Trip to Ayr, and thence to Troon,		3	10
Fare from Troon to Liverpool, via Fleetwood,	1	7	0
Expenses in Liverpool,		7	6
Fare to Manchester, and one day's expenses,		8	4
" " Birmingham, and expenses,		8	7
" " Stratford-on-Avon, and expenses,		6	0
Expenses to Warwick, Guy's Cliffs and Kenilworth,		1	10
Fare to Coventry, and two days' expenses,		5	9
" " London,		7	10
Expenses in London, one week,	1	0	0

Thus making the whole expense £15 8*s.* 3*d.*, or about seventy-five dollars. This includes all my expenses for guide-books, and guides, knapsack, and last, though not least, beggars! Add to this fifty dollars, to pay the passage home, and it swells the whole amount to one hundred and twenty-five dollars. For this sum a voyage can be made to Europe, and two months spent with pleasure and profit in our "fatherland."

CHAPTER VI.

PARIS AND THE PARISIENS.

Entrée in Paris — Boulevards — Champs d' Elysées — Place de la Concorde — Monument of Luxor — Tuileries — French women — the Louvre — Duke d' Orleans — gardens of Luxemburg — Garden of Plants — the Seine and its Quays — Isle de la Cité — La Morgue — Suicide, a *national* trait — a thrilling circumstance — prevalence of infidelity — Palais Royale — English civility and French aristocracy.

After spending four months in France, — the greatest part of that time in Paris, — I find it, after all, quite difficult to say much either of the country or people. This is not owing so much to a lack of materials, as to a superabundance of them, — not so much because I saw little, but because I saw so many things, and had so little time to form a correct estimate of their character, that they stand before me a confused mass, without form or order. To say much about Paris, would be to repeat what has been said a thousand times, and well said; and as for the French character, it is a compound of mental and moral contradictions, which I have neither the disposition nor the ability to analyze. Whatever I may say of the former, will be in conformity with the design of this book, as a guide to tourists, and while my remarks on the latter will be disconnected and superficial, I hope they will be suggestive.

I spent my first week in Paris, at the *Hotel des Etrangers*, in *Rue Tronchet*. The landlord is an Englishman, and the landlady speaks very good English, — a desideratum of no mean importance to the stranger. Indeed, good English is spoken in all the principal hotels in Paris; but the

Hotel des Etrangers is central; it stands in one of the finest streets in Paris, the landlord is attentive and obliging, the charges are moderate, (about one dollar per day,) and what is the best of all, there *are no servants fastening themselves upon the stranger like bloodsuckers, to extort fees and gratuities.* In that respect, it is the best hotel in Paris. With a view to attend the medical lectures and hospitals, which was the chief object of my stay in Paris, I then took a room in the *Hotel de la Place de l'Odeon*, in the *Place de l'Odeon*, where I found a comfortable home for three months, and enjoyed the rich advantages of the medical and scientific schools.

Among the most interesting objects in Paris, are the *Boulevards*, the public Gardens and Galleries, the *Palais Royale* and the *Quays*. Paris, in ancient times, was a fortified city, surrounded by a wall and fortresses. Near the close of the seventeenth century, Louis XIV. destroyed these fortifications, and on their ruins spacious streets were commenced, which, with slight interruptions, extended entirely round the city. These streets are called *Boulevards*, (literally, *bulwarks.*) Since they were built, the city has extended beyond these ancient bulwarks, so that not half of it now lies inside of the Boulevards. From thence, streets run out in all directions, and extend over a large area, that was formerly not included in the city. This gives rise to the *faubourgs*, which means *suburbs*. All the streets that run out from the Boulevards, on a right angle with them, are called *faubourgs*. The *Boulevards*, are divided into sections, each of which embraces one of the *faubourgs*, and is called by the same name; thus there is the *faubourg Poissonière*, and the *Boulevard Poissonière*.

The most interesting section of the Boulevards is between

Rue Royale and the *Place de la Bastille.* Stand at the head of the *Rue de la Paix*, on a fine evening in autumn, and look out upon the Boulevards! Mark the width and beauty of the pavements, and the magnificent trees which shade them; the dazzling lights that blaze in the shops and stalls; and the matchless taste and skill with which the merchandise is arranged at the windows; the crowds on both sides moving on leisurely, or standing by the way to admire the beauty and variety of the *magasins* — one solid mass of human flesh stretching as far as the eye can reach, and rolling in the distance like dark-crested wavelets of the sea; the long line of carriages in the centre with splendid equipages, — an endless cavalcade of the royalty, beauty, and depravity of Paris, going — going — whither, who can tell? See the neat seats and tables standing outside of the cafès, and the crowd of loungers there, talking, smoking, drinking and reading the journals, men and women together; yonder are the Chinese baths, where for three francs you can enjoy the luxury of a bath in marble basins, with clean linen and brushes, and a pretty chattering woman in attendance; there is the fashionable cafè de Paris, where sensual gourmands gather — *tous ceux qui mangent leur fortune*, as the French say — in plain English, those who get their living *by eating and drinking!* Near by are the fashionable *salons* of Frascati, the great gambling den of Europe, — as far before Crockford's, in London, as Crockford's is superior to the meanest hell in New York or Boston. There is nothing like the Boulevards in any other city in the world; there is a magnificence, richness, and dazzling beauty about them; a moral meaning in the ceaseless life and parade, — a glowing picture of life in Paris, and of human character everywhere, that stands without a rival. With all its irreverent vanity, there

is considerable force in the old French proverb—"That when the gods are mad, they open a window of heaven, and recover their good humor by looking out on that long line of trees."

The Public Gardens are on a scale of magnificence without any parallel. The Champs d'Elysées embraces one hundred and forty acres. It is covered chiefly with trees, with a large parade ground where troops are reviewed every morning, and where, on fete days and Sundays, there are splendid military spectacles and tournaments. There is a circus there, said to be the finest in Europe; *Cafés Chansons*, i. e. cafés fitted up with long ranges of seats, and a stage with an awning, where out door concerts are given every evening, in pleasant weather, during the summer season. No fees are required, except what is paid for refreshments. Along the central *Avenue de Nuilly*, which extends from the Palace of the Tuilleries through the Champs d' Elysées, to the Palace of Nuilly, outside the Barriere de l'Etoile,—there are all sorts of shanties, and low amusements, mountebanks and jugglers: the *bourgeois* is there from the faubourgs, and the *canaille* from the dirty lanes and garrets, each indulging to the full extent of their means, in their cherished passion for display, and swelling with the same *amour-propre* in the shambles of a puppet-show, as the giddy belle at the Italian opera, or the nabob on the Boulevards.

Adjoining the Champs d' Elysées is the *Place de la Concorde*, adorned with magnificent water fountains, statuary, and parterres; in the centre stands the monument of Luxor, that was cut from the granite quarries of Thebes. It is eighty feet high, and covered with hieroglyphics. It stands on the spot where the fatal guillotine was erected during the French revolution. It is here that Louis XVI., Maria Antionette,

and several members of the royal family were beheaded; and where the violent factions that converted France into a moral Golgotha, perished, one after another, as they were overpowered by their successors in that bloody drama. That was truly the "reign of Terror," in which men forgot their manhood and their God, and France has hardly yet recovered from its moral consequences.

The garden of the Tuileries contains seventy acres, and is ornamented with statuary, circular fountains, and gravelled walks running in all directions, furnished with seats and chairs, and shaded with noble trees. This is a fashionable resort of the Parisien population, in warm summer days; men walk and talk, read the papers, and discuss politics; women work and play with their children, or enjoy the society of their friends.

A French woman, with Parisien habits, would be a queer piece of furniture in the steady homes of New England; they are not keepers at home; they are busy bodies in other men's matters; they shrink from the cares and responsibilities of domestic life, and seek enjoyment in the public gardens, promenades, public fetes and theatres; the quiet, rational thought, and steady pursuits of home are abandoned for unnatural and unhealthy excitements, if not guilty pleasures. But with all their frivolity and giddiness, they deserve more praise than blame, — a thousand times more charity than censure, even in their worst estate. They are very industrious in their way, neat, frugal in their living, although extravagant in their dress; ingenious, calculating, and shrewd in making a bargain; — no women in the world possess more practical talent than the French; they do more than one half of the business of Paris, in doors and out; their children give no marks of maternal neglect, but are always tidy and

well-dressed; they are always cheerful and apparently happy, whatever their circumstances, and bear their heaviest burdens with a patience and good nature worthy of all praise; they are very impulsive, ardent in their attachments, but fickle, and not always to be depended on, — to-day here, to-morrow somewhere else; but changeable as they are, they are always cordial and friendly to strangers, — truly so. If the obligations of domestic life are sometimes disregarded, and the bounds of social propriety and decorum are overstepped; if principle is sometimes abandoned for the charm of novelty, and the absence of mutual confidence and integrity in the family circle renders the foundations of social life unsafe and insecure, it should be remembered for their sakes, that their bearded lords and masters have long set them unworthy examples. A Frenchman is seldom at home except when he is obliged to be. But — *nous verrons* — let us go back to the public gardens and palaces.

Adjoining the garden, stands the palaces of the Tuileries and Louvre. The Tuileries was commenced by *Catherine de Medicis*, near the middle of the sixteenth century. The ground on which it stands was originally occupied by brick kilns, and hence the name of the palace, *Tuileries*, or *tile kilns*. The front of the palace is 1008 feet in length, and 108 feet wide. The roof is surmounted by three massive pavillions, grim and rusty as the royalty that was once sheltered beneath them, but presenting, from the gardens, a very imposing appearance. This palace has been the abode of royalty ever since its erection, until the abdication of Louis Philippe. The effects of that revolutionary storm are still to be seen on its battered walls. It is singular, while the apartments of the king were sacked by the mob, and no power was able to restrain the popular fury, that the apart-

ments occupied by the family of the lamented Duke d' Orleans, were left undisturbed; and when the princess, in deep agony and tears, appeared at the window with her fatherless children, the fierce passions of the mob were for a moment awed by respect; they lifted their hats high in the air, and with a prolonged shout that made the welkin ring, they cried "*Vive la Princesse d' Orleans*," and retired. The Duke of Orleans was the idol of France; he understood the French character as well as Bonaparte ever did, and he made himself a favorite among all classes: had he lived, the family of Louis Philippe would now have been on the throne.

The side of the palace next to the Seine is connected with the Louvre by a gallery 1300 feet long, the upper part of which is appropriated to works of art, — particularly paintings. On the other side, and passing along *Rue St. Honore*, there is another similar gallery that is yet unfinished. Between the two is a large court, called the *Place du Carrousel*. Here Louis XIV. held a grand tournament in 1668; and near the Tuileries stands the triumphal arch erected by Napoleon, in 1806, to commemorate some of his victories. The design and workmanship are admirable, but it is too low for its massive proportions, or its position, and the general effect is entirely lost in the magnitude of surrounding objects. The Louvre was commenced by Francis I. in 1528, and it was left to be finished by the genius of Napoleon. It is built in a quadrangular form, and encloses a court 400 feet square. The walls of the court are adorned with 530 splendid Corinthian columns and pilasters, and rich bas reliefs, that correspond with the magnificence of the galleries within. When Napoleon conquered Italy, he stole many of her choicest works of art, among which there were

the *Venus de Medicis*, the *Apollo Belvidere*, the *Laocoon*, and many other *chefs-d'œuvres* of ancient art. To the credit of France be it said, that these have all been sent to their Italian owners. But notwithstanding their absence, the Louvre, next to Florence, contains the noblest collection of paintings and sculpture in the world. Several of the largest apartments are occupied by the "Standish collection," owned by Louis Philippe. On his death-bed he bequeathed it to France — a testimony that he had not forgotten her. The stranger, on presenting his passport at the *concierge*, and duly enrolling his name in the public register, can obtain admission any day in the week except Monday. On Sundays, it is open to the public, and most faithfully does the public improve the privilege.

The palace and gardens of Luxembourg are much in the same style of the Tuileries. The grounds are more uneven and present greater variety. Some portion of them is appropriated to the cultivation of fruit and grapes. A magnificent avenue, shaded with lofty trees, extends from the garden to the National Observatory, — an institution consecrated by profound mathematical genius and scientific discovery, and over which Arago now presides. The statuary, especially that of the royal family, is sadly marred and broken — the fruits of revolutionary violence. The palace is now occupied, in part, by the Vice-President of the Republic; partly, as a military barracks; — the galleries contain a fine collection of the modern school of French painters.

The Garden of Plants is not only a delightful retreat from the noise and dust of the city, but it is a storehouse of Science and Natural History, that is *owned* by the people and *enjoyed* by them. Here are galleries of Mineralogy

Zoology, Anatomy and Botany, — the finest in the world, — all open to the public several days in the week; the botanical garden is very extensive, and contains a rich collection of living plants from every quarter of the globe. A portion of the garden is very uneven and broken, and is devoted to shrubbery and trees; I observed several of the common evergreens from New England. On the slope of a little hill, surrounded by serpentine paths, there is a magnificent Cedar of Lebanon, more than a hundred years old; it spreads out its venerable limbs over an area of eighty feet in diameter, and its top is as flat as a house-floor. On the margin of the flower-gardens, there are glass houses hundreds of feet long, and they glisten in the sunlight like immense palaces. The Museum of Comparative Anatomy was founded by Cuvier, and is the most splendid in the world. Here are twelve courses of lectures on various branches of natural science each year, and all of them gratuitous. There is also an extensive menagerie of living animals. I saw there a sheep with *three* legs; it was a present from the Sultan of Egypt to the French king.

The Garden of Plants offers advantages sufficient to justify the American student in spending a year in Paris. He can have access to all the lectures, which, with a short summer vacation, continue the whole year; to the museums, gardens, and conservatories; he can place himself, if he chooses, under any one, or all, of the professors as a private student, — *all free of expense.* I appropriated several hours each week to the Museum of Natural History, and there on stony hieroglyphics older than the Nile, I studied the world *as it was*, and as it is; but my time was so much taken up in other directions that I only attended the lectures on Geology, by

Prof. Cordier. Among the professors are Brongniart and Jussieu, names that will live as long as the world stands.

Another prominent feature of Paris is the *Quays*. The river Seine passes through the city east and west. Through its whole length, its banks are lined with noble quays, which, together with the bridges which span it, are the centre of a large share of the business life and activity of Paris. The river is covered with barges and boats, many of them permanently moored. Some of them are covered with awnings, and converted into washing establishments, where hundreds of *blanchisseurses* are busy at work every day; others, are built up with well finished rooms, and used for bathing houses. In the centre of the city, the river is broken by several islands, the principal of which is the *Isle de la Cité*. On this island stands the noble cathedral of *Notre Dame*, with its walls and Tuscan towers covered with a rich drapery of filagree work and massive ornament. Near it stands the *Hotel Dieu*, the largest hospital in Europe; its vast wards can accommodate 1400 invalids. How fitting their neighborhood; the one to worship the Creator, the other to relieve the sufferings of the creature. But a short distance is the *Morgue*, the great public receptacle where the bodies of unknown suicides, or those who come to a violent end, are deposited; the bodies are wrapped in a shroud, and laid on an elevated platform or tray, where they can be seen through a latticed partition. Here those gather every day who have children or friends missing; and if the body is recognized, it is claimed for burial, if not, it is buried at the public expense. I have often seen the mangled bodies of children and youth there, and mothers with aching hearts and streaming eyes, gazing eagerly upon the ashy features,

to see if *their* lost one was there. More than a thousand bodies find their way to the *Morgue* every year.

The French do not appear to have a very strong hold upon life; as a people, they grow weary of life, and cast off its burdens by self-destruction, sooner than any other. Light-hearted and frivolous, they skip, butterfly-like, from one object to another, sipping a morsel of nectar from each; they can live and enjoy life until the frost comes and blights the transient flowers that have yielded them support, but when appetite begins to pall, and pleasure loses its power to charm, there are thousands among them who have no moral strength or courage to stand upon the solid ground, and withstand the ills of life: trifles annoy and vex them; disappointment chills them; and often, for slight provocations, they will cut the brittle thread that binds them to life, and sink into a suicide's grave.

From a work by M. Guerry, on the criminal statistics of France, it appears that there are above two thousand suicides in the country annually. The more prominent causes that lead to this result, as stated in papers found on their persons after death, were "disgust of life," and "remorse of conscience." Suicides are very common in Paris, and the towers of Notre Dame, and Bonaparte's column in *Place Vendome*, have afforded a transit from this world, to many unhappy victims of self-destruction.

I started early one morning for the Hotel Dieu. As I was passing along the quay, just before I reached the *Pont Neuf*, a young man walked by me very rapidly, and passed on to the bridge. As I followed along behind him, I observed something peculiar in his appearance; his step was very quick, his arm swung backward and forward as if he was laboring under great nervous excitement, and his eyes

were bent to the earth, as if he was lost in deep thought; he had got more than half way across the bridge, and some three or four rods ahead of me, when, in an instant, he leaped from the bridge, and was precipitated thirty or forty feet into the river. The alarm was immediately given, and several boatmen were near by, who pushed their boats into the river, and soon reached the spot where the unfortunate young man struck the water. In a few minutes they grappled him, and carried him to the shore. Efforts were made to resuscitate him, but it was in vain, the vital spark had fled; and as no one was there who knew him, the body was carried to the Morgue. Such occurrences are by no means uncommon in Paris, and they excite no surprise.

Why is it — and I have asked myself the question a great many times — why is it that there should be such a reckless contempt of life in France? But few countries possess nobler qualities: she is brave and patriotic; she possesses refinement and taste of which she may well be proud; her resources for gratifying the senses, or the imagination, or the intellect, are unbounded; she supports the ministers of religion by liberal endowments, and spares no pains to ornament her churches with paintings and sculpture; she makes liberal provisions for the support of colleges and schools, and for amusement and rational enjoyment; she fosters science and the arts beyond any other nation on earth; but with all her wisdom, taste and beauty, France is destitute of the one thing most needful — she has no religion; government, society, intellectual vigor that measures the heavens, nor the affections that cluster around their hearts and homes — none of these, have a truly *Christian* basis, — none of these are controlled by the great law of righteousness that alone can give us a just view of life and its true

aims. To form a rational estimate of the value of human life, we must see it from the *Christian's* point of view; then our rebellion against Providence comes to an end, and with cheerful, trusting hearts we place our lives at the disposal of Him who gave them, well assured that what He has given, we have no right to destroy.

France is deluged with infidelity; nay, that is too delicate a term by which to represent its religious condition, — it is a vulgar atheism, ghastly as the fabled image of death, and chilling as the ice-bound grave. In how many, many minds in France does the loathsome doctrine of the revolutionary fanatics find a response, that "death is an eternal sleep, and Reason might be worshipped in the character of a harlot!" that dark, filthy pool of atheism has spread in countless streamlets over the land, and poisoned this whole generation. The "entire national mind is cast loose from its appropriate moorings, and tossed upon a restless sea of excited feeling and unsanctified passion." Afloat upon an uncertain sea, without any *anchorage* ground that can give the mind assurance and rest, they are constantly seeking artificial excitement; and when it comes, it thrills and vibrates along every nerve, absorbs every faculty, and becomes maddening and licentious. But during the intervals of excitement, *ennui*, remorse and gloom follow in the wake of excess, and their stings fill the mind with a disgust of life, and sometimes hurry it to the brink of despair. The next step is suicide.

It is no exaggeration to say, that recklessness of life, and indifference to death, exist to a greater extent among the French, than among any other nation holding the same rank in general improvement and culture, — none, I think, where the *tendency* to suicide appears so distinctly as a national

trait. But we ought to look upon this with a large measure of charity, for what nation of modern times, has passed through such dark revolutionary struggles, or been an eye-witness to such fierce and malignant attacks on Christianity — such a deep and widely-extended plot to blot religion from a nation's heart, and banish it from her councils? The history of France furnishes examples in this respect, without a parallel in the world; and with all her noble institutions of learning, and the labors and influence of her great and good men, it will take her an age to recover from the shock.

THE PALAIS ROYALE. The stranger might pass by this noble building a score of times, and never dream that he was in its neighborhood. It stands a little north of the Tuileries, and is entirely hemmed in by narrow streets. It is built in the form of a square that encloses gardens, trees and flowers, fountains of water, and a small lake in the centre. A splendid arcade passes round the whole inner walls; and throughout the entire building, covering several acres, there is a wilderness of shops and trading stalls; and in passing through the winding passage-ways in the evening, when they are brilliantly lighted, it seems more like an enchanted palace, than a place devoted to sensual pleasure and trade. Above these, in the second and third stories, are hotels, cafés, restaurants, billiard-rooms, concert-rooms, — every thing, to attract a crowd, gratify the appetite, or excite the imagination.

The Palais Royale was given by Louis XIV. to his brother, the Duke of Orleans. It has been inhabited successively by Richelieu, Anne of Austria, Henrietta of England, and six princes of the Orleans family; among the last, Louis Philippe's eldest son. Since the times of Anne

d' Austriche, this has been the centre of revolutionary ferment; the dark hiding place, where those political storms were brewed that desolated France. It was here that the first revolutionary meetings were held, when the discontented Assembly met in the royal galleries and declared themselves in favor of the people, and their contempt of a hereditary monarch; it was here, one hundred and fifty years afterwards, that Camille Desmoulins, leaped into a chair, and harangued the excited mob that waited there for a leader, and sounded the first notes of that revolution which commenced by an assault upon the Bastille, and witnessed its overthrow by the National Senate; it was here that the famous Jacobin club was organized; and there is scarcely a café that is not consecrated in the history of political opinions, and rendered famous as the favorite rendezvous of political factions and mobs; the *Café de Foi* was the gathering place of the *Dantonists;* the *Café de Chartres*, of the *Girondins;* the *Cafés des Patriotes* was the convivial chamber of the patriots of the Hundred Days; and the *Café des Militaires* was dedicated to the *Restoration*, where military adventurers, dissatisfied with cultivating the arts of peace, met together to plot schemes of ambition, and drive away their cares in the intrigues of love.

Such are the connections of this palace with history; but now royalty has been banished from its halls; its royal dignity has been sacrificed to the gods of trade and pleasure, and its gilded attractions are planted on the hopeless wreck of morals and religion; there is weak virtue, base intrigue, the softness of the *voluptuaire*, and the selfish cunning of the gambling knave; there is industry and low craft; strength and weakness; power and pleasure,—every thing, that can advance, enlighten, or degrade our age, all mixed together

in a singular *mélange*. There is not such a nest of wealth and fashion, beauty and depravity, to be found elsewhere on earth.

But here, there are several phases of the French character that can be studied better, perhaps, than any where else. The French are conceited and aristocratic, but their aristocracy is of a peculiar kind. It has been said that the fundamental idea of civility in England is, (and it is quite the same in America,) that the poor should be very obsequious and polite to the rich; that we must treat with great reverence all those who are richer than we are ourselves, but treat our inferiors, that is, those who are poorer than we are, with as much cold indifference or even contempt, as we choose, without any risk of injuring our reputation for politeness or civility. Judging from our domestics and shopkeepers, we should be set down as the most polite people in the world; for the servant that is well paid, the shop-keeper who is seeking a bargain, and the mendicant that asks for charity, are very prodigal with their bows and obsequious attention. But ours is a country, above all others, where those who have money are made objects of special attention and respect, by those who want the handling of it. This sort of civility from inferiors, is just what our aristocracy craves; it is always looking round with jealous eye, to see if it receives proper respect; it is always alive to real or imaginary insults to its dignity, and draws its conclusions, and deals out its charities, quite different in its judgment of the honest worker and the dishonest banker. Gold "makes the MAN — want of it, the *fellow*," always.

But the fundamental idea of civility in France, rests in a frivolous politeness, that is extended to the peasant as well as the lord, — it is the same in the hovels of the poor, as it

is in the boudoirs of wealth and beauty. It is made up of a shower of words without meaning, winning and most affecting devotion, with loving and loveable smiles, frizettes, rouge, and pirouettes. This compound was got up by fashion-makers, when old-fashioned, *genuine* French politeness died out, a century ago, and it has never been altered since. The prominent feeling it inspires, is one of deep regret, that friendship should have so many counterfeits, and that such a charming exterior should be as heartless as the grave. There are also aristocratical pretensions based on wealth and titles, — there are distinctions between rich and poor; but they do not exert the same influence in society, as they do among us. Wealth, here, raises no man so far above his neighbor as to cut off friendly intercourse, or weaken personal respect. There is no such thing here as reverence for a rich man, simply *because* he is rich; neither is there any thing like insolence or contempt towards the poor man, *because* he is poor. Every man in France has enough of vanity to make him feel that he is as good a man as there is in the realm. He may condescend to meet you as an equal, but he will rarely acknowledge you his superior. Go into the shops, or flower-markets, among the meanest pedlars and cheats, and you see none of that cringing servility and obsequiousness that distinguishes the clerks of Washington street or Broadway; they are always ready to trade, they will talk with you, but never in a way to indicate that they regard you as a superior; they know how to sell their merchandise, but they never do it at the expense of their personal consequence and dignity. However mean their calling, they hold it in great consideration, and whatever it lacks in intrinsic dignity and worth, they make up in imposing titles. Thus the petty reading-room is called the *salon littéraire;* the journeyman

barber, who shaves for four sous, is an *artiste;* and the luckless wight, who gains a precarious living by scribbling for the newspaper, or writing verses that he peddles in the streets, ranks himself as *un homme de lettres;* — all these think just as much of themselves, — they have just as much French aristocracy about them, as the princely speculator of the Bourse; and no one disputes their claim; it is an aristocracy founded in *national vanity*, and it is so worked into the national character, as to make society in France different from that of any other nation. This is a bond of union that binds the nation together; and it extends from the people to the country. France, to every Frenchman, is the world; he idolizes her, and is always ready to suffer, and if need be, die for her. Convince him that it will be for the glory of France, and he will mount the scaffold with a cheerful heart, or lead his children to the stake. For France, he will bend the knee before the fierce dictator, and bind laurels on the brow of the bloody tyrant. France, indeed, is a *part of himself*, and for it he is ready to live or die.

"In Spain," said the French philosopher, Helvetius, "the inquiry concerning a stranger is, — 'does he belong to the nobility?' In Germany, — 'is he qualified to enter the chapter?' In France, — 'has he been introduced at the court?' In England, — 'who is he?' — as much as if in England, a man's standing depended less upon artificial distinctions and professional merits, and *more* on his qualities as a man. But now, England is, *par eminence*, the country of aristocratic pretensions, France is the country of conversation; for a stranger to find himself at home with an Englishman, he must have formal introductions and titles; to gain the good will of a Frenchman he must be an agreeable and amusing companion. As long as he maintains his repu-

tation in this respect, he will never lack for friends in the gardens and *salons* of Paris. But with that fickle people he must not expect any thing like steady, and increasing friendship; the idol of to-day is thrown away to-morrow for some fresh novelty. There is no security, only in a kind of good-natured distrust that amounts, at least, to indifference; their flattering attentions should never be suffered to elevate, nor their neglect to depress, the feelings; self-reliance, and good nature that is never disturbed at trifles, will carry one safely and pleasantly everywhere.

In the public Gardens, promenades and places of amusement, rich and poor meet together; this is especially the case in the aristocratic gardens of the Palais Royale; all distinctions are laid aside and forgotten in the eager pursuit of pleasure: that absorbs all thought, and is connected with all classes, and all interests; the French people live for the present moment, and think themselves wise in letting the future take care of itself. To realize this common object of pursuit, there are *two thousand* cafés and restaurants, and above two hundred places of public amusement, that are accounted respectable; besides these, the people have access to the gardens, public lectures, and galleries of art. In addition, there are shows, parades, fetes, concerts — a perfect wilderness of novelties, to intoxicate the uneasy denizens of Paris, every day in the year. Pleasure and fashion *are* the gods of this land, and it is no marvel that their worship leads to licentiousness.

CHAPTER VII.

Churches of Paris—Church of Louis Philippe—Notre Dame—Pantheon Hotel des Invalides—Madeleine—Pere la Chaise—a trait in the French character—anecdotes—popular licentiousness of Paris—danger of students—Education—Libraries—thoughts on the general condition of France—its agriculture—condition of the peasantry—encouraging prospects—The Reformed Church—Dr. Paunier—Coquerel—Universalism—letter from the Rev. A. Coquerel, Jr.

THE churches of Paris, on the whole, do not correspond with other novelties about the city, in beauty and magnificence, although several are very fine; they are not kept in good order, and bear the marks of neglect. The Church of Louis Philippe has some fine statuary and paintings, particularly a group of statuary representing the baptism of Christ; it was an odd conceit in the artist, that led him to put the baptismal water in an *oyster* shell, but the lightness, freedom and dignity of the figures are admirable, and the countenance of Christ is the finest thing I have ever seen,—it is superior to the best heads of Leonardo de Vinci. The altar piece is a bold, flashy bass-relief, representing something like the Last Judgment; but I never could feel interested in it, for it bespeaks neither good taste nor good theology. The *Notre Dame* is one of the oldest and most noted churches in Paris; its old Tuscan walls and towers stand as venerable monuments of the past, around which history and superstition have gathered sacred recollections. It has a large number of paintings, many of them very ancient, and by the best masters; but they are all dirty and smoke-dried, and the galleries in which they stand are so dark, that their effect is entirely lost.

The *Pantheon*, originally the Church of *St. Genévieve*, is a magnificent building. It is built in the form of a Greek cross, 340 feet long, and 250 feet wide. The dome is nearly 300 feet high, surrounded by thirty-two massive columns, and mounted with a golden cross and ball. The fluted Corinthian columns of the portico, and the one hundred and thirty more that adorn the interior, are superb. This church was built in the sixth century, by Clovis, the first Christian king; and here, *St. Genévieve*, the patron saint of Paris, was buried, and gave to the church its name. Before the French Revolution of 1789, the altars and shrines were all taken out, and since that time it has stood, at once a splendid monument, church and tomb. Several large slabs stand against the walls, covered with the names of those who perished in the revolution of 1830. In the vaults below, rest the mortal remains of Voltaire and Rosseau, Mirabeau, La Grange, and many others whom France delights to honor. There are several very large paintings by Italian artists, and the inside of the dome is adorned with a magnificent canopy. This is the only church in Paris where an admission-fee is demanded.

The *Hotel des Invalides* is a splendid edifice, standing on the banks of the Seine, with a large *Esplanade* in front, devoted to military barracks and parades. It is more of an ornamental edifice than a church, and is now the home of worn-out soldiers, who are supported by the government. Along the finely swarded avenue leading from the outer gate to the central court, they are always sitting, standing or walking, at their leisure, all dressed in uniforms becoming their former rank in active service; some are deprived of a leg, others of an arm; some hobble on crutches, others with canes; and nearly all of them are more or less mutilated,

and bear the marks of the dangerous service they have performed for their country; and by that country they are now supported as melancholy examples of the brutal horrors of war. Three thousand are here at the present time, and they all look happy and contented, and give very flattering indications of good living. Passing through the central court, the chapel is entered by a long corridor. The walls of the chapel are adorned with hundreds of military flags, some of them torn into shreds, and all of them more or less disfigured—the trophies of Bonaparte's campaigns. Beneath them lay the earthly remains of that great master spirit, awaiting the completion of the magnificent tomb beneath the dome, where they are destined to rest. Fit resting-place for the illustrious dead;—to be surrounded by those who idolized him while living, and now cherish his memory with the enthusiasm of undying friendship.

The *Madeleine* is the most beautiful church in Europe. It is entirely surrounded with fluted Corinthian columns, between which stand bas reliefs, representing many distinguished saints in the Roman calendar. The inside walls are of polished marble, and the pillars, altar, and organ loft, look like burnished gold. I have tried, again and again, to enjoy the inspiration of one sober, devout feeling there, but I always failed; I never could feel any different from what I do in the midst of a gaudy show. Such a place was never made for religious purposes; God cannot be worshipped there; it is a gem that ought to have a place in a mineralogical cabinet, or a French curiosity for some ponderous museum; that is all it is good for.

It is rather a natural transition from churches to graveyards; and I will say a few words about *Père la Chaise.* The fame of this cemetery is world wide; and I visited it

with high expectations — perhaps, too high; and I was sadly disappointed; nor was I able, with my best efforts, ever to overcome my first impressions. It is a fine place, and there are monuments, chapels, and souvenirs there, that for taste and beauty, can be found no where else; but for me, it does not compare at all with Mount Auburn. It is altogether too crowded; the monuments stand in confusion, without any order or appropriate relation to each other; it actually looks more like a *ruin*, than a tomb; the flowers and shrubbery are not well cultivated; and the graves are ornamented with a profusion of wreaths and souvenirs altogether too gaudy and overdone. But the French carry their love of display into their cemeteries, as well as their gardens and *salons*.

I went there, for the last time, on All-Saints' Day, — the day which, in all Catholic countries, is consecrated to the dead. All that day, *Père la Chaise* was crowded with Parisiens, who went there to re-ornament the sepulchres of their departed friends, and commemorate departed friendship. The old wreaths and ornaments were all removed, and new ones put in their place; chapels were opened, and many sincere mourners spent hours there alone, in sadness and tears. I saw there a new phase of the French character; and there was a depth, sincerity and heart in it that delighted me. Lightness and frivolity were for once gone, and from behind the vails of sadness beamed the rich glow of moral dignity and health.

Ordinary grief does not seem to take a very deep hold upon the minds of the French; there is a certain spring and elasticity in their nature, which enables them to rise above calamities that would even crush many minds of greater strength and firmness. I have often thought, judging from the funeral processions I have seen in Paris, where I noted

the perfect unconcern with which the hearse was followed to the grave, — that the loss of friends not unfrequently exerts an influence on their hearts as trifling as a passing shadow of the cloud on fruits and flowers; it is transient and superficial, and leaves not a trace behind; there is, or may be, a momentary flash of anguish, a thrilling grief that starts the system like an electric shock; but it very soon yields to other influences, which hurry them into the vortex of pleasure, and a deep vail is drawn over the past, by a love of change. I do not know how I can so well describe this volatility, that forms such a prominent trait in the French character, as by familiar illustration.

I have read of a lady who was sitting in a café, when the intelligence was received that her husband had been killed in battle. "Ah! *Mon Dieu*," she exclaimed, wringing her hands in agony; "how unfortunate I am, that my husband is dead! quick, quick, garçon, *and bring me a cup of coffee!*" And she forgot her sorrows in sipping the comforting beverage.

Madame Sévigné tells a good story as follows: "The Chevalier de Lorraine, moved by a tender passion, waited on Mademoiselle F * * *, with the full determination to make very delicate proposals. The lady, suspecting his intentions, affected the deepest sadness. The chevalier approached her with a tender dignity that was in keeping with his errand. "What is the matter, mademoiselle?" he inquired; "from whence comes your despair? What has happened to you, extraordinary? We are all very changeable; yesterday, perhaps, we loved — to-day we love no longer; constancy is not one of the virtues of our age; it is better for us to forget the past, and take the world as it goes . . . . *What a*

pretty little dog you have! And here," adds Madame Sévigné, "this fine passion ended."

The transition from the momentous subject that laid so deeply in the chevalier's heart, to somewhat doubtful generalities, and from thence to the *little dog*, is very rich, and affords a capital illustration of the fickle and volatile trait in the French character, that I have in my mind.

Yet with all the singular and contradictory traits in the character of the French generally, there are noble heads and hearts in this land; and with all their weaknesses and faults, the people have a great many redeeming virtues; and foreign students, who enjoy the advantages of her unrivalled medical and scientific institutions, *free of expense*, should be the last to speak reproachfully of France, or in terms of unqualified disrespect of the French people. After all, both country and people are deserving of a high rank among enlightened nations.

French habits and customs can never be tolerated by a man of New England habits and principles. France is the last place in the world to educate children, or for a young man to go without a well-established *moral* character. Medical students, in particular, are exposed to immoral influences, from which fixed moral principles alone can save them; and so many have gone to Paris only to make a wreck of their characters, that advice in favor of a residence there should be given with great caution and discrimination. Without a doubt, the privileges are on a scale of liberality, extent and variety, that is unequalled; but it cannot be doubted that the temptations are *equally great*, and of the most seductive and dangerous character. The Latin quarter, where the students chiefly reside, is flooded with *licentiousness*. It not only prevails to an unparalleled extent, but it maintains a

character for *respectability*, so that a student can mix with the vilest company *without endangering his reputation;* it darkens the sanctuaries of domestic life, and leads to a common and undisguised disregard of conjugal relations. Nor can it be said that religion comes there, with its healthy and saving influences, to strengthen the social fabric; religious institutions are neglected, the Sabbath is desecrated, and morality has scarcely a name to live.

Who can estimate the amount of evil that such a state of society produces in a community of ten thousand students? There young men gather from all parts of the world; they are surrounded by no social restraints; the unbridled license encouraged by strangers has no check from the influences of sister or mother, only so far as they are lodged in the heart, and in seasons of temptation come up from the treasure-house of memory to bid them *beware!* Let young men beware *before* they leave home; let them make a faithful estimate of their moral strength, so that, if ambition prompts to go, they may return without any loss of principles or self-respect.

There has a false impression obtained among us in reference to the expense of living in Paris. I have heard comparisons frequently drawn between Boston and Paris, in this respect, altogether in favor of the latter. But this was done by those who had never been there, or at any rate, knew nothing of a *student's* life in Paris. I lived in the Latin quarter three months; every day I practiced the most rigid economy; and I found it impossible to make my expenses less than five dollars per week; this included lodging, board, washing and lights. But to enjoy the advantages of private instruction in small classes, which are of much greater value in many branches of the profession than

the public lectures and hospitals, a medical student is not safe in calculating his expenses in the outset, at less than six francs per day.

Of the system of Education I can say but little, and that must be in general terms. There are forty-one national colleges that are supported by the government. Besides, there are three hundred communal colleges, or secondary schools supported by the communes or districts where they are located. All these, together with every department of education, are under the care of the minister of Public Instruction. The professors are all appointed by the government, and the responsibilities of teaching are divided among the various religious sects.

The Libraries of Paris are very large. Besides the schools of Medicine, Law, Theology, and Civil Engineering, which are well supplied with libraries, there is the City Library, so called, containing 45,000 volumes; at the Hotel des Invalides, 20,000 volumes; the Arsenal, 180,000 volumes; the Garden of Plants, 200,000 volumes; the National Institute, 100,000 volumes; the Pantheon, 250,000 volumes; and the National Library, in *Rue Richelieu*, 800,000 volumes. What immense storehouses of knowledge! and be it said to the honor of the French nation, that these libraries are all open to the public without expense. With such advantages, the Parisiens ought to be the most intelligent people in the world.

In addition to the notes on Paris and the Parisiens, I would add something more on France, in general. The agricultural resources of France are equal to any country in the world. From the rich grain fields of Normandy on the north, to the sunny valleys of Provence, there is a soil and

climate adapted to the growth of all kinds of vegetable products, and her rich agricultural districts will compare favorably with the finest portions of England. Indeed, France is essentially an agricultural country. Commerce she has none, — certainly not, as compared with other nations, — although its importance begins to be appreciated more than ever, and the government even is laboring to direct the energy and capital of the nation to commercial interests; and while England and Holland have belted the sea with their ships, France has built up her prosperity mainly on her agriculture and the arts.

Of the *actual* condition of the peasantry of France, I know but little, notwithstanding I travelled much more extensively there than I did in any other country of Europe. But with my imperfect acquaintance with the language, I was unable to be intimate with the people; and without this a man can know but little about them. But judging from appearances, their condition is far better than that of the peasantry in England. Their little villages look tidy and comfortable; their garments are always clean and whole; the women do not go barefoot, with their legs covered with dirt and filth, but all of them wear stockings and neat wooden shoes; the French women everywhere are patterns of industry and neatness, and always have a kind look and a pleasant word for a stranger; there is none of that abject meanness, none of the dejection and sorrow among the French peasantry that distinguishes the poor classes in England, but with all their hard service, they maintain their self-respect, and always look cheerful and happy. Well, it is a comfort to know that there is one spot on earth where poverty is not accompanied with sullen looks, bitter, reckless hearts, and dirt. They eat, and drink, and make themselves merry,

— men, women, and children, — but with all their drinking habits, I never saw but two persons intoxicated during my four months' residence in France. I saw treble that amount during my first *hour's* stay in England.

Could there be added to this rustic simplicity and contentment, a high order of intelligence and religious culture, the bright dreams of Utopianism would be realized. The great dispensation of human labor was ordained of God in the beginning, and underneath its thorns and briars lay the most substantial blessings of life. Let knowledge enlighten and direct it, let religion sanctify it, and the most enviable condition on earth would be that of the humble laborer engaged in an honest calling, inspired by honest purposes, with moderate expectations of this world, and bright hopes of the next. Who, in his hours of sober thought, when his heart is not inflamed by ambition or worldly pride, would not say:

"Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound;
Content to breathe his native air,
On his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days and years, slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day;

Sound sleep by night; study and ease
Together mixed; sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most doth please,
With meditation.

And in this respect there is much hope of France. Many great and good men are laboring manfully in the work of improvement; and they are looking earnestly to the reli-

gious interests of the nation; and by their efforts atheism is gradually dying out, and corrupt morals are yielding to healthy religious influences. The most important agent of this work is the Reformed Church of Paris. Although standing upon a Calvinistic foundation, this church is breaking away from its ancient forms of faith, and is already doing a great work in the cause of Christian Religion. Among its ablest clergymen are Rev. Dr. Paunier, of Rouen, and the Rev. Athanase Coquerel, and his son, of Paris. I spent a day with Dr. Paunier, to whom I had a letter of introduction. I was most happy to find him a warm-hearted Universalist, a bold advocate of that doctrine as the essential basis of human reformation and improvement, and deeply interested in its condition and prospects in the United States. I intended to have made him another visit during my stay in Paris, but the nature of my engagements were such that I found it impossible. He is a learned and truly excellent man.

Mr. Coquerel is pastor of the church *de l'Oratoire* in Paris. He is the most eloquent and popular Protestant clergyman in France. He is also a distinguished writer, and some of his works have been translated into several languages of Europe. He is also a member of the National Assembly, and exerts great influence in the councils of the nation. The nature of his public duties were such that I saw but little of him, except on the Sabbath. I am happy to say that he is a Universalist, and is doing more than every other man in France to propagate that doctrine through the medium of the pulpit and the press. It was an agreeable *finale* to my attendance upon his ministry, on the last Sabbath I was in Paris, to hear him fearlessly assail the doctrine of endless misery, before an audience of at least one

thousand *Presbyterians*. That was scattering seed in the right place, and he did it with an earnestness and power that was irresistible. The churches of Paris are generally deserted, but wherever Mr. Coquerel preaches there is always a crowd.

With his son I was on terms of social intimacy, and the hours of my intercourse with him, are among the most pleasant recollections of my residence in Paris. Just before I left, he was appointed *pasteur suffragant;* that is, he was licenced to discharge the duties of a pastor, as a preparatory step to ordination. He is one of the most companionable, kind-hearted men I ever knew.

Since my return from Europe, I have received an interesting letter from him, in which he gives a succint history of the Reformed Church, and the present condition and prospects of Universalism, as connected with it. With a translation of that letter I will close my notes on France.

Dear Brother,—In the course of some very interesting conversations which it was my privilege to have with you, during your stay in France, you requested me to furnish you with some details about Protestantism in my country, and especially concerning the dominant opinions in regard to universal salvation.

I shall endeavor the more cheerfully to comply with your wish, since we found ourselves in close agreement of faith upon this important point. I believe, with you, that God desires the salvation of all souls; that it is the aim of all his dispensations, and that the road by which he leads us to it is progress,—progress on earth, in heaven, and in hell,—progress always, and everywhere, through Jesus Christ. This world and hell, life and judgment, happiness and misery,

the mercies of God, and even his retributions, are nothing else than his appointed means of progress. The work of the Saviour, which we call redemption, is itself only the Supreme method, the Divine source, the most powerful motive of restitution, sanctification, and pardon for sinners:—in other words, of the most complete and radical progress.

Now there are many souls who, instead of moving towards God through Christ, by successive stages of advance, fall back, and become degraded. But without at all restraining their freedom, God, by the power of love, and by means of chastisements, as protracted and intense as shall be necessary, will make them return to themselves; they will halt in the path of evil, and the day will come when they also shall be saved. "*The gates of hell shall not prevail against the Church.*" Reason at last shall become rational; good will finally vanquish evil, and love shall conquer selfishness: the Omnipotent God who desires the salvation of *all*, shall not be deceived in his purpose; the Saviour who loved all, who lived and died for all, who suffered, struggled, and prayed for all, shall not behold, at last, an incomplete work. With me, the question is narrowed to this dilemma: Either good and evil are equal, and falsehood is the equivalent of truth, or the time will come when one will finally triumph over the other. But a perfect, all wise, and all holy God, preserving forever all vices and all the vicious in the flames of hell, without permitting the vicious to reform, or the torments to improve them, is, in my eyes, one of the most shocking monstrosities of the Orthodox system; and I should a thousand times prefer the Socinian doctrine of the annihilation of sinners; for that is simply contradictory and absurd, while the other revolts the heart, conscience, and religious sentiment.

I do not believe, my dear brother, that I am less a Universalist than you are; and I do not take less interest in the diffusion of the true gospel of universal benevolence. I am ready, moreover, to give you all the information in my power about the state of that opinion among the Protestants of France. Of *that opinion*, I say: for although, as you are aware, there are Universalists among us, there are no Universalist Societies; and it will be necessary for me to sketch, as briefly as possible, the organization and the position of the Protestants in this country.

The Protestants of France fall into one of these three categories: Two National Churches (one reformed, the other Lutheran) and the Dissenters. The Lutheran Church is not of French origin. It dates from the annexation of Alsace to France, under Louis XIV., and exists only on the borders of Germany, and in Paris, where some Lutherans of Alsace and Montbeliard established themselves. Strasburg is the legal centre of this Church. Its numbers are not large; as a general thing, Lutheran Orthodoxy is mitigated within it, but rules officially, for the Augsburg confession is imposed upon every Lutheran. Like all confessions of faith, however, it governs rather in appearance than in reality; and many Lutherans have the good sense not to follow any other dogmatic symbols than the Gospel, freely interpreted. A portion of the religious service of this Church is held in German.

The Reformed Church represents the national and historical Protestantism of France. It has suffered atrocious persecutions more recently than any other Church in the world; Rochette, the last of the martyr-pastors, was executed in 1762, not a century ago! In 1815, numbers of Protestants were openly assassinated in Nismes and its vicinity, simply because of their faith; and others had their houses

sacked. Far from being foreign in its origin, like the Lutheran or the Dissenting Church, the Reformed Church is truly and deeply French. It alone has a promising future before it, for what is not French cannot have a future in France. It can claim as its own a very large proportion of illustrious men, of every kind, of whom France is proud; it formerly extended over a great part of our territory; it is now busy in springing up and organizing itself afresh, and it has, in the North, especially in the South, or heart of the country, glorious and sacred memories,—a historic past, full of faith, constancy and heroism. From 1685 to 1802, the Reformed Church of France was treated by the state as an enemy; in 1802, it was officially organized by a decree of the first Consul, which bore the revolutionary date of the 10th Germinal, year 10. It was not reörganized, however, without a remnant of hostility and defiance; for though Presbyterian and Synodical, the right to unite the general Synods was denied to it; so that we have in France communities that are Synodical by tradition and choice; but congregational, in fact, by force of circumstances.

Though formerly rigidly Calvinistic, our Church has abandoned, by slow degrees, its ancient Orthodoxy; no one in France now believes the original system of Calvin. The confession of faith of our fathers has fallen completely into disuse; in the general assembly of delegates, held in 1848, (profiting by a liberty which the revolution offered,) it was clearly shown that not a single delegate of the French Protestant Churches believed wholly in the received confession of faith. It is used neither in public worship, nor in the instruction of catechumens, nor in the consecration of ministers; in fact, it is entirely abrogated, so that a wide liberty of opinion obtains among us. We have men in the

same Church, preaching in the same pulpit, and before the same congregation, whose opinions are very different, and even hostile, upon important dogmatical points. Is this disorder? I do not think so; in my judgment, such freedom and variety are truly Christian. People, instead of always listening to a single system of theology, hear many sides, and the result is that the religious life is more active and intense, and more complete in its development.*

Some, perhaps, will pronounce this *latitudinarianism*. Be it so. I am not frightened by a word, though it have seven syllables. It is not, however, a French word, but English, and let me tell you how it was introduced into our tongue. In 1815, France was thrown open, by the treaty of peace, to foreigners. Crowds of pious and zealous English came among us, and being, most of them, very strict in their dogmatism, and totally ignorant of the state of mind, and the spiritual needs in France, they were offended by the freedom of opinion that ruled in our Church. It is true, indeed, that the great political catastrophes of 1789 — 1815, the infidelity of the last century, and three centuries of persecution, had injured a church which had then enjoyed but

* Among the number who cling to the established doctrines of the Church, is the Rev. Mr. *Monad;* he is quite old, and has long been distinguished for his piety, learning and zeal; he plants himself firmly on the platform laid by the Synod of Dort, and is as rigid and denunciatory as Calvin was himself. As might be expected, he is bitterly opposed to innovations, and denounces Universalism especially as an infamous heresy; and to show his temper, Mr. Coquerel told me that at the last meeting of the *General Assembly* (?) of the Church, the subject of the heretical tendencies of the church was taken up, and in the course of the discussion, Mr. Monad publicly declared that if the heresy of Universalism could not be got rid of in any other way, that it "SHOULD BE PUT DOWN BY THE SWORD." Mr. Coquerel, as the leader of the liberal party, defended himself and cause, by *heaping coals of fire on his brother Monad's head*, and no unpleasant consequences followed. Different as those two men are, I have heard them both preach in the Church *de l'Oratorie* on the *same* Sunday. That is sowing wheat and tares in the same field in right earnest. G.

thirteen years of peaceful existence. The English Calvinists, however, and especially the Wesleyan Methodists, without at all comprehending that state of things, or taking into account our long difficulties and sufferings, poured in upon us, to load us with reproaches, and to calumniate what they could not comprehend. They declared that the Church of France was latitudinarian, and labored hard to re-establish Orthodoxy in it; and from their efforts sprang a party to which public opinion has given their name, the Methodist party; a word which, with us, designates simply Calvinistic tendencies. Wherever the pastors of the National Church were not converted to Calvinism, this party erected dissenting chapels; our movement of advance and purification was blocked, and the cause retarded by a sort of internal quarrel.

In 1848, in the assembly of which I have already spoken, a new schism occurred, for the same reason, viz., the latitudinarianism with which the Church has been reproached. The dissenters among us are not men who quit the establishment because there is no liberty within its fold. That is the case in England, but here the trouble is that there *is* freedom in the Established Church, and these men regard freedom as disorder and impiety. They are exclusive, and declare that they cannot remain in the same Church with the heterodox. Their withdrawal is a revolt against liberty, an open manfestation in favor of despotism and Calvinistic Orthodoxy. This motive, together with the foreign origin of the movement, has made it unpopular. It claims a few pastors and some wealthy laymen, but the mass of the congregations were always hostile to it; its prosperity ended many years ago, and the new schism of 1848, which assumed the title, "Free Church," (that is, separated from the state,)

has made no considerable progress. The Journal of the party has confessed that it expected to have received larger additions.* This name, "*Free Church*," proves that the voluntary principle has been active in the French Methodist party since 1830, and, for several years, the question of a separation of Church and State has assumed prominent importance.

This principle is wholly premature in France, and for myself, without denying that, in theory, it has its advantages, I am decidedly hostile to its practical application in our country. The voluntary system is beyond the circle of our national ideas and sympathies, and in direct opposition to the Government, the Catholic clergy, and the local authorities, would place us in a weak, and constantly embarrassed position. Besides, in times like ours, the National Church is a valuable bond.

There is an immense work to be done for Protestantism in France. It is the country of free investigation, and by this single fact it is Anti-Catholic: but France is no longer Anti-Christian. She seeks a religion; she detests priests, but she does not detest the Gospel; she would like to understand it better,—and with us Protestants, she finds the Gospel without the priests. Accordingly our faith gains continually, both in the great centres of intelligence and culture, and in the districts. But two things make against us; one is Calvinistic Orthodoxy, with its intolerance, its strictness, and its odious dogmas, (people often say in regard to it, that it is much better to remain Catholic, than to

* There are three Protestant religious Journals in Paris; "*Le Lien*," organ of the liberal majority; "*L'Esperance*," organ of the Calvinistic Orthodoxy in the bosom of the National Church; and "*Les Archives du Christianisme*," which has become the journal of the Dissenters. In the Departments, the only sheet that has a large circulation, "*L'Echo de la Reforme*," is on the same side with "*Le Lien*."

adopt the new despotism;) the second is our own internal discords; they alarm others; if we could only remain united, if we were all charitable and enlightened among ourselves, we should make immense conquests.

This disclosure of the state of things here, will suffice, I trust, to show you that there is a very wide difference between our ecclesiastical condition and yours; and you will, therefore, understand why there is no Universalist society in France. I hope, indeed, that there may never be one; for it would be a division, and I am decidedly convinced, that while absolute freedom of opinion is necessary, and that each one should enjoy his private faith, we need fraternity, love, and as intimate a communion as possible among believers, so that, in fact, there ought to be a single church for all, — the church of Jesus Christ. There is no other church. Never separate from any body; that is my principle. But, if there is no Universalist society among us, there are, I assure you, individuals who sympathize entirely with our way of thinking. Of course there are none among our dissenters, since their exclusive Orthodoxy is the very cause of their separation. It is only in our Reformed Church that they are found, and even in its fold, the cases are quite recent. I have made researches upon this point in our history, with but little success. So long as a Calvinistic confession of faith weighed upon the consciences of people, there was not a Universalist in our country, and could not have been.

In the seventeenth century, the Arminians, who denied so energetically the doctrine of absolute decrees, were often accused of leaning toward Universalism, but were never convicted of it. They were very far, in fact, from pushing their liberal tendencies to such an extent; and, as often happens,

they were very conscientiously afraid of the Anti-Calvinistic truth of which they caught a gleam, and did not themselves accept the half of it. Arminianism proposed the question; it rid the soil of the grossest errors of the Orthodoxy of the time, but it did no more.

At the commencement of the following century, a very lively discussion was carried on out of France, but in the French language, and between French Protestants, who had been banished for their religion, or the descendants of refugees, which indirectly touched the question of eternal punishment. The illustrious sceptic, *Bayle*, a refugee in Holland, was attacked by two celebrated theologians, *Jaquelot*, then pastor of the French Church of Berlin, and *Jean Le Clerc*, who was also established in Holland, where he published, one after another, his huge works. The point at issue between them was the origin of evil. Bayle, in his Dictionary, (Articles, "Manicheens" and "Pauliciens") was pleased to develop the common objections of those parties against the goodness and wisdom of a single Deity, and had unfolded them with more vigor, subtlety, and wit, than the authors had ever used. Among the arguments which he advanced, is that which may be drawn from the eternity of punishment; — how could God, if he is perfectly good and wise, have created men so that the greater portion of them, in consequence of the use they make of their freedom, shall be eternally miserable? Jaquelot and Le Clerc replied to this argument in the usual way; the latter went so far as to introduce an *Origenist*,* to refute Bayle's Manicheans. It

* This is the name by which the few and scattered partisans of the doctrine of Universal Salvation were then designated. The title is not perfectly exact; Origen was not the first theologian who promulgated the doctrine; but we find it in Clement of Alexandria. Origen, moreover, mingled with it other ideas that are not so just.

is true that he took great care to say, at the same time, that he was not himself an *Origenist*. Here, then, we have two scholars, one of whom develops very carefully, the objections of the Manicheans, declaring all the time, expressly, and in many passages, that he does not approve them, whilst the other refutes those objections by the reasonings of a Universalist, without being himself a partisan of Universalism. It is impossible not to notice a slight deficiency of sincerity in this style of controversy. Bayle was a sceptic, who indulged a *jeu d' esprit*, quite suited to his tastes, in collecting from all quarters the objections to faith; and Le Clerc, without being an Origenist, nearly turned himself into one for the time. Bayle made use of Manicheism merely for the work of destruction; it was an offensive weapon in his hands; but it is very remarkable that Le Clerc, who was desirous to demonstrate the justice and goodness of God against the Manicheans, should have had recourse to Origen's system. His aim was not to attack, but to defend; he would preserve, and not demolish. Now, every thing may be made use of in a work of destruction; but to construct is quite a different matter; we may show that different errors mutually refute each other, but it is not allowable to base the defence of truth upon a falsehood. This contest* was remarkable for the fact that both these students paid more than one act of indirect homage to the doctrine of

* It may be found in the following works.—BAYLE. 1. Dictionary, Articles, "Origene," "Manicheens," "Pauliciens." 2. Reponse aux questions d' un provincial, seconde partie. 3. Reponse pour M. Bayle à M. Le Clerc. 4. Various Articles of Bayle, in the works of Basnage and Bauval, and the news in the Republic of Letters, by Bernard. 5. Entretiens de Maxime et de Themiste.—LE CLERC. 1. Parrhasiana, Tome 1. 2. Bibliotheque choisie, Tome 7, art. 8; tome 9, art. 3 and 13. Tome 10, art. 8.—JAQUELOT. 1. Conformité de la foi et de la raison, ou defense de la religion contre M. Bayle. 2. Examen de la Theologie de M. Bayle. 3. Reponse aux Entretiens composés par M. Bayle.

Universal Salvation. Thus Bayle confessed that this system *removes the weightiest of all the Manichean difficulties, viz: the eternity of moral and physical evil in hell.* (Article "Origene," note K.) On the other hand, Le Clerc says that Origenism is *an allowable opinion;* he even finds it useful, (although he does not believe it is *true!*) to lead back to Christianity those whom the dogma of eternal damnation has driven off. He cites upon this point a celebrated Dutch poet, D. Camphuyse, who was an unbeliever so long as he understood the Gospel to be a system of partialism, but became a Christian as soon as he became acquainted with Universalism. One might have replied to Le Clerc, that to speak thus of a doctrine which he did not believe, was to speak in its favor and against his own faith.

A few years after this polemic, a very curious work appeared, entitled "*Le Systeme des Anciens et des Modernes Conciliés, par l'exposition des differents sentiments sur l'etat des ames separèés des corps, en* 14 *lettres.*"* (The System of Ancient and Modern Councils, exhibited in the exposition of different opinions concerning the state of disembodied spirits, in fourteen letters.) The object of the writer was to prove Universalism, which was distinctly called by that name. But it was not a theologian who dared to attack ideas then prevalent, and to question the authority of confessions of faith. It was a woman, Mlle. Marie Huber, of Geneva. She was attacked by Abraham Ruchat, Professor of Theology in Lausanne, in a book entitled "Examen de l'Origenisme," (Examination of Origenism,) and she published in reply a "Sequel to the System

* The first edition is that of 1731: there were two other editions afterwards, and the work was translated into German, with the title, *Lehrgebäude von dem Zustand der von den Körper abgesch: Seelen.*

concerning the state of Souls," (Suite du Systeme sur l'etat des âmes,) of which two editions are extant.

Calumny has not failed to assail this independent spirit, so disrespectful to official formulas. Thus, in the Biographical Dictionary of Prudhomme, it is said of Marie Huber, that her system of faith was nothing but Deism. That is a falsehood. Among other works, she published some "Letters upon Religion essential to man," (*Lettres sur la Religion essentielle a l'homme,*) in six volumes, 1739—1754, which were translated into English and German, and called forth numerous attacks, and in which, possibly, she carried her principles to an extreme. Her desire was to restore to Christianity the unbelievers of her age, who had been driven from faith by the creed of the Catholic and Calvinistic churches. She showed them that neither natural religion nor the Gospel, contained the repulsive dogmas by which they were shocked. Very true, she denies the complete depravity of man, the Trinity, the imputation of human guilt to Christ, his expiatory sacrifice, and endless punishment; but fully admits Revelation and all that she finds taught there, including miracles and the divine nature and preëxistence of Jesus Christ. She rejects the dogmas I have mentioned, simply because she finds them opposed both to good sense and the Gospel. I applaud her for it.

It has been said that Marie Huber had never read any other books than the Scriptures. This is, unquestionably, a mistake; she had too strong a mind to impose such an unwise restriction upon herself; still, it is true that she never quotes from any other volumes than the Scriptures, in her theological writings. And thus her books present the entirely original interest of compositions unmarked by the customs and technicalities of theologians; we see in them a soul that

understood the religious systems of the time, and the objections of an unbelieving world, and which, alone with the Gospel, and in the presence of God, searched for the truth, without partisanship, and without fear. Some of the very faults of her writings are of a kind to make them more interesting. We see in them the inexperience of a person who has not made the writing of books a business. There are hazardous hypotheses, some unintended exaggerations, more discussion than logic, a method in which, possibly, the intellectual element plays too exclusive a part; but we also discern in them a healthy, free, upright, and open nature, and depth of sentiment enough to save the pages from dryness. A man, with her ideas and methods, would, perhaps, have been frigid and meagre; the sensibility of a woman preserved her from those dangers. Hers was a theology of which a good heart and native good sense were the theologians,—surely not a common exhibition. A Christianity like this ought to lead to Universalism, which was the result in her case.

Some years later, a minister of Neufchatel, F. Petitpierre, an excellent man, a worthy pastor, and an eminent preacher, was led by the course of his studies and reflections, to discard the doctrine of eternal punishment. Influenced by a love of peace, excessive, no doubt, but which did not spring from any motive of fear or interest, Petitpierre resolved, at first, not to make his conviction public. He did not deny it, however, and was very soon suspected of doubting eternal damnation. A snare was spread to discover his opinion, without openly asking him; he fell into it; his heresy was revealed and regarded as a great scandal. When Petitpierre saw that there was no way of preserving in the church that peace which he desired, he spoke openly, with

power and effect. He carried the doctrine of the Universal benevolence of God to his chair. He proclaimed his conviction boldly, and in every way. His colleagues, who, till then, had generally manifested moderation and wisdom, yielded at last to the spirit of the time, and the dogmatic law which ruled their church, in pronouncing the deposition of the heretic. We must do them this justice, however, that they used milder means, at first, than their church organization permitted, such as admonitions and censures; but all these means were of no avail against the noble frankness and conscientious boldness of Petitpierre. His displacement, declared by ecclesiastical authority, must be presented for the approval of the King of Prussia, who was prince of Neufchatel. But the king was Frederic the Great, and he refused. After a time, however, and being assured that the dismissal was valid by law, Frederic II. consented to sign it, but in doing so, uttered the characteristic words, "Since the Neufchatel pastors desire to be eternally damned, let them be eternally damned." Many reflections might be indulged in regard to a church so organized, that a conscientious minister did not consider himself bound to make all his opinions known; while wise and moderate colleagues demanded his removal of an absolute monarch who granted it against his will. Such remarks, however, would draw me too far from my subject, and they will doubtless suggest themselves to your countrymen.

Petitpierre does not seem to have had any disciples; the light shone but a short time, being smothered speedily under the official bushel. Even the books he published are so scarce, that it was impossible for me to procure any copies; there are none in Paris. They are entitled, "*Apology* of M. Petitpierre for his system of no eternal punishment in

the next life. 1761. 12mo. (*Apologie de M. Petitpierre sur son Systeme de non eternite des peines à venir.*) And The Plan of God in relation to men. Hamburg: 1786. 8vo. (*Le Plan de Dieu envers les hommes.*)

Thus far, I have spoken of French theology and French books; but books, none of which were published in France. In the body of our country, the church had other business than dogmatics to attend to. She was bearing witness to her faith upon the rack, on the scaffold, and at the stake.

Now that I come to our own times, I can speak to you of works published in France. But I can cite only a single French author, who has taught Universalism formally and explicitly; I mean my father. He has done it on two occasions. In 1847, he published an outline of all his theological and philosophical convictions, in his "Experimental Christianity," (*Christianisme Experimental,*) a work which was translated the same year in London, with the title, "*Christianity, its perfect adaptation to the mental, moral and spiritual nature of man.*" The last chapter of this book is entitled, "Hope of Universal Restitution;" and the idea of the final salvation of all souls is presented as a necessary result of all that goes before; the natural and indispensable climax of the Christian economy. The objections to the doctrine are examined and refuted in the light of the philosophical and Christian principles of the work, and copious notes contain a discussion of the Biblical texts.

Later still, last November, my father delivered two sermons on the same subject, which a large number of believers requested him to publish. They appeared about the first of this year, in a small 12mo. volume, with the title, "The Second Death, and eternal punishment." (*La Mort Seconde et les peines eternelles.*) The question is fairly met, plainly

stated, and clearly solved. These sermons met a fortune which might have been expected. Some narrow and conservative minds were much offended; but the great majority of our Protestants, eager for such a truly liberal Christianity, saw with joy the downfall and destruction of the difficulties with which Calvinistic Orthodoxy has enwrapped the Gospel, and gratefully received the pure radiance of the Divine Word, which is love. The Universalist faith meets the needs of a great number of souls; a multitude of persons have borne witness to this fact to my father. He has received many letters and visits, in which religious people have thanked him for having removed that terrible stone of stumbling from their path.

Liberal Protestantism counts by far the most numerous adherents in France; the strict Calvinists are much smaller in number, and with few exceptions, are growing less rigid every day. Now the final Restoration is a doctrine which is more and more regarded as a natural sequence of Protestant Liberalism, and without claiming that the word Universalism is very prevalent, or that the question occupies a large space in the actual mental movement of the time, that movement is favorable to it in a high degree. Many people are Universalists, or become so, without clearly accounting to themselves for their faith.

Many of the most eminent pastors i[illegible] sympathize with our views upon the question; and [illegible] congregations are generally disposed to admit them, p[illegible] is going on.

Thus, my dear brother, I have given [illegible] information you desired, respecting the state of op[illegible] this subject among us. You asked me for a history [illegible] versalism in France. You may now understand wh[illegible] ve consented to write you only a simple letter. For a [illegible] tory, the facts

are wanting. The liberty of thought, a liberty which really flourishes only outside the circle of confessions of faith, and even the right to exist, as Protestants, were granted to us something less than fifty years ago. That time has been principally occupied in rebuilding our churches that were overthrown by the storm of persecution, in counting our living and our dead, and in dressing our wounds after a bloody contest of three centuries, and which had only one poorly observed truce from 1598 to 1685. The judgments of others about us, ought not to be too severe; it is necessary for us to keep account of all we have to do. But we have strong hopes; truth is a great and potent laborer; the harvests are white, and God is with us. Let our brethren in the United States be interested in us in spite of the distance; we take a lively interest in them. I read the Christian Ambassador with great satisfaction, and am delighted by the ample prosperity of such an excellent journal. Believe, my dear brother, that there is no ocean between free minds that sympathize in a zeal for truth, and hearts united by a common faith in Christ, and a common love of souls. Be assured that, so far as I am individually concerned, I attach great value to the ties that connect us across the Atlantic, and that I am very truly, and with all my heart,

Your brother in Christ,

ATHANASE COQUEREL, Jr.,

Suffragant Pastor of the Reformed Church in Paris.

CHAPTER VIII.

SKETCHES OF THE RHINE.

INTRODUCTION. I do not propose to describe the scenery of the Rhine; that I cannot do. It passed before me like a magnificent panorama, crowded with interesting objects, and replete with historical associations. Our ascent was so rapid, in a steamboat filled with travellers bent on seeing sights, that I could only mark the most interesting spots in my guide book, in the midst of noise and excitement that forbid any thing like mental enjoyment.

The finest scenery on this noble river is between Bonn and Mayence; and its principal features are the bold and picturesque highlands, that rise on each side, intersected with sunny and richly cultivated valleys; the old antiquated towns and villages, built without architectural taste or order, and standing with dilapidated walls, and gray, moss-covered ruins, as relics of an early age; and, more than all, the the fuedal castles that crown nearly every eminence, some of them inhabited by German princes, some standing in gloomy and solitary grandeur, and others laying in ruins; to these may be added the groves and orchards that stand on the sunny slopes and table lands, and the immense vineyards that adorn the highlands to their topmost cliffs. Altogether, it forms one of the most lovely and interesting spots in the world. The scenery has none of the stern and awful grandeur of the Alps, nor the dark, mellow hues, and bold outline of the Highlands of Scotland; but it unites brilliancy with picturesque beauty, and shows us how the rudest mate-

rials of nature can be adorned with polished beauty by the reorganizing hands of art and human industry. There are no bold and striking cantrasts, no abrupt and startling changes in the character of the objects; but yet the scenery is sufficiently varied and beautiful to impart to the mind an uninterrupted feeling of delight.

> "The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom
> Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen,
> The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,
> The forest's growth, and Gothic walls between,
> The wild rocks shaped as they had turrets been,
> In mockery of man's art; and these withal
> A race of faces happy as the scene,
> Whose fertile bounties here extend to all,
> Still springing o'er its banks, though Empires near them fall."

Every object that passes before the eye is rendered doubly interesting by its historical associations and traditions. The old castles were built by military chieftains of the middle ages, who supported themselves by levying *black mail* on all the merchandise that passed up and down the river; and when they met with formidable resistance from the merchants and boatmen, they abandoned their ordinary methods of laying on imposts, and resorted to wholesale plunder and even murder. In this way they greatly embarrassed the navigation of the Rhine, and rendered life and property very insecure. At length, measures were adopted to check this enormous evil. In 1355, Arnaud Walpoden, a citizen of Mayence, originated the famous Hanseatic League. This was a political combination entered into by the towns in central Germany, to secure the navigation of the Rhine. After pacific measures failed them, the confederates took up arms, drove the robber-chiefs from their mountain-homes, and destroyed their castles. So much for their history.

But they are rich in traditionary lore. Mail-clad warriors

have dwelt in their desolate halls, and the wine and the dance have been there, and errant knights knelt low at the shrine of beauty, and the song of the troubadour was echoed by the light guitar; and now the very darkness and silence which dwells there, clothe the actors of other days with new life, and blends *fact* with *superstition*, until they are endowed with more than mortal power. There is a dark web of fable and romance woven into the history of the Rhine valley, that makes it very difficult sometimes to distinguish fact from fiction, and every spot is consecrated by some legend, or fairy tale.

Near Bonn is the Dracheufels, where the dragon dwelt, to whom the terror-stricked peasantry paid homage, and yielded to him a tribute of human victims. Prisoners of war were generally selected; and, at length, a Christian maiden of great beauty was brought to the mouth of the cavern where the dragon lay, awaiting his victim. When the winged monster appeared for his prey, the maiden drew from her bosom a cross, with an image of the Saviour, and held it towards him. He trembled, and with a frightful hiss precipitated himself into his cave, and was never seen afterwards. This led to the introduction of Christianity; and a chapel was erected on the spot, that now stands as a memorial of the event. Near by stands the convent of Rolandseck, in ruins,—where a noble countess died broken-hearted at the loss of her Roncesval, who perished in the wars; and the cloister is yet to be seen where Hiltigund prayed, and the hero Roland sat upon the warriors' grave as long as he survived his death-wound. Further on, stands the nunnery of Marienburg, built by the knights of Boppard, and where the slender maiden, disguised as a warrior, challenged her faithless

knight to mortal combat; and when she fell beneath his sword, she tore off her mask, and revealed to him the dying form of his lady-love. Nearly opposite is the castle of Leibestein, where, on the mountain top, two brothers engaged in furious combat for the hand of the bright-eyed Countess Laura, and both perished. Here is a remarkable rock called Lurlei, with a beautiful echo, that endangers the navigation of the river, which the legend connects with a beautiful maiden, equally dangerous to men, by the beauty of her form and her soft beguiling voice. Near Obervessel, there are seven rocks in the Rhine, called the *Maidens*. The legend assures us that, in ancient times, there were seven Countesses of Schonberg, who took pride in trifling with warriors' hearts, and by their prudery destroyed the peace of all the knights in the neighborhood. At length, dame Nature took up the cause of the jilted cavaliers, and during a terrible tempest the maidens were swallowed up in the waves of the Rhine, and changed into seven rocks—an appalling instance of the consequences of coquetry!

I might mention many other legends that are here blended with the dim outlines of early history, in tales of heroism, or manly virtue, or tender love; but I have quoted enough to show that one of the principal charms of the Rhine scenery is in its TRADITIONARY HISTORY.

CHAPTER IX.

SHINDERHANNES; OR, THE RHENISH BANDITTI.

The Rhine is not more famous for its castles and vineyards, than for its robber clans. Their origin has been traced to various continental wars, particularly those undertaken by the French for the occupation of Holland and Belgium, and their various struggles with Prussia for the Duchies of the Lower Rhine and Hesse. These wars always threw upon society a great number of men, whose military life had unfitted them for any useful occupation, and who found it an easy transition from the life of a soldier to the life of a brigand.

The first among their distinguished chiefs sprung from a jewish family in Holland by the name of Windschoot; and, after a dark career of crime, he was followed successively by Picard, Jik-jak, Bosbeck, Mersen, Larghetto, Pierre le Noir, with several others, and at length, SHINDERHANNES, the last, and most illustrious of all.

Divided into large and well-drilled bands, these robbers spread terror over a wide extent of country: they attacked and robbed the defenceless peasantry, burned hamlets and villages, and frequently seized the lords in their mountain castles, and extorted large sums for their ransom. They were all the more dreaded from the fact that no one knew their dwelling place. Like dark and unearthly spirits in league with the Prince of Darkness, they fell upon the ill-fated villages, seized their booty, and mysteriously disappeared, before the superstitious peasantry were really aware of

their danger, or had sufficiently recovered their presence of mind to stand up in their own defence.

The blind credulity of superstition, at length, gave way to reason, and they were found singularly spread over the country; they lived not retired and alone, but among the people; often as husbands and fathers, they lived on isolated farms, or in the low and paltry inns, or among the faubourgs, and even under the cannon of the fortresses. The soul of each band was the chief; to him every eye was turned to lay their plans, to suggest and carry forward every enterprise, to sucure individual rights, and distribute to each his appropriate reward. The principal men of each band were often numbered among the respectable bourgeois, who labored at their trades like honest men, and discharged the duties of citizenship with scrupulous integrity; but when the signal was given, they were always ready to leave their homes under pretences favorable to their security, and follow their chiefs in any midnight enterprise.

The *apprentis*, before they were made acquainted with the secrets of the clans, were bound by the most terrible oaths to maintain secrecy and fidelity: when they were administered, a poignard was suspended over the head of the novice by a brittle thread or hair, to remind him of his fate should he prove unfaithful.

In the days of the famous robber-chief, Picard, an *apprentī* fell into the hands of the military guard of Kreuznach, and was thrown into a dungeon. Filled with despair at his impending fate, and encouraged by trifling promises of security, he revealed the rendezvous of his chief. The following night, he was aroused from his slumbers by a low voice calling him by name; in a moment afterwards he

observed, by the dim moonlight, an arm thrust through the iron bars of his window.

"Who art thou?" cried the thief.

"Thy master, Picard," was the reply; "I have risked my life, as it was my duty, to restore you to liberty. Haste! haste! the enemy are near us; we must fly!"

In five minutes the iron fetters of the prisoner were filed off, the bars of the window were broken away, and the next moment both leaped into the street. In their rapid flight they encountered a solitary guard, but before he could challenge the fugitives, a well-directed blow from the piognard of Picard laid him dead at their feet. Encountering no other obstacle, they soon reached the neighboring forest, where the rest of the band, well armed and in silence, stood in a half circle.

"Schleichener! traitor!" exclaimed the chief, as he turned suddenly towards the liberated novice; — "thinkest thou we are ignorant of thy treachery? We know it all; and now, by the Holy Virgin, thou shalt die!"

"Grace! grace!" cried the unfortunate, as he felt the pistol of the chief at his ear; "I will cheerfully die, but let me fall by the sword of an enemy."

"No, poltroon! thou dost not merit to die the death of a brave man! What think ye, my men?" inquired the chief, willing to submit the case to his band.

"No!" they all exclaimed with one voice, let him die a traitor's death."

In an instant Picard fired, and the traitor fell to the earth, lifeless.

In the ordinary relations of life, no more than four of the bandit were allowed to dwell together in the same house or

inn; and whenever this rule was disregarded, the eagle eye of the chief soon detected it, and with a severe reprimand the delinquents were scattered. To insure greater secrecy in the transaction of their ordinary business, they employed laborers from the neighboring provinces, or villages at a distance from their dwellings. Indeed, for the same reason, the bands not unfrequently changed the field of their operations; it was no rare thing for the villages of Nassau to be sacked by clans from the Mense, nor for those of the Weser and Elbe to make their appearance on the borders of the Rhine.

No important expedition was ever undertaken without consulting their *baldovers*. These were Jewish spies, generally in the employ of the clans, who were always reconnoitering new fields of operation, to ascertain the best points of attack, and the quarters where the most booty was to be found. The *baldovers*, to secure exorbitant pay for their services, sometimes encouraged the bands to embark in enterprises by making false and extravagant representations of rich spoils; but woe to the unlucky *baldover* upon whom this guilt was fastened, — he paid the penalty with his life. The *baldovers* performed another part in this drama of robbery; they were the *scherfendspieler* of the bands, in whose hands all the stolen treasures were placed, and upon whose faithfulness they relied to dispose of them in the most profitable manner.

Whenever the confidential messenger made his appearance, or the chief came in person, to call the members of the band together, they left for the appointed rendezvous, generally, each alone, and in his own way, but never more than three together. Each travelled according to his taste or rank in the world; some in carriages, some on horseback, and others

on foot. There were carriers, who followed in their train with well-guarded *charettes*, in which they deposited all the booty that was secured during the enterprise.

The route was generally long, and their path cut by deep ravines, or obstructed by dense forests; but their rendezvous was always appointed in some place well known to the whole band, and to which each sought his way, watching at every step for the welcome *kochemeresiuck*, — the appointed signal, or sign, of their chief, — to direct them through difficult places. These signs were varied to meet the exigencies of each occasion. Winding his way along through intricate paths, whenever the chief found them meeting together from opposite directions, he drew a deep line across the one his followers were to take, with his baton, and each one of them drew their staves across this line, so that others who came after not only knew the direct path to the rendezvous, but also the number of their comrades who had preceded them. When greater precautions were necessary, the chief threw carelessly in the way small limbs of trees, one end of which, with their tufts of foilage, always pointed to the path they were to follow. Whenever they started in the night, which was frequently the case, they were obliged to adopt other methods of recognition. The whistle, so well known to ordinary thieves, gave place to the *kochemloschen* — a shrill and prolonged cry, so adroitly counterfeited, that the peasantry, as well as ordinary travellers, supposed it to be the hoot of an owl, or the wail of evil spirits that haunted the caves and glens of the neighboring mountains.

When the whole band reached their place of rendezvous, the chief inspected their arms, and saw that every thing was in order; then he laid before his men the plan of attack, and the order of retreat; and after every possible precaution was

taken for the security of life, both among themselves and their victims, torches were lighted, and passed from hand to hand until all were supplied, and then the column advanced to the scene of attack in profound silence. The chief marched at the head, armed with a long staff, which was the baton of his command. Next to him followed the *bèlier*, a large instrument, much like an ancient battering-ram, which they used to beat down opposing walls and doors. The inferior officers followed, bearing other instruments of labor, called *clamones*, and these were followed by the whole band, armed to the teeth. Their faces were painted to avoid being recognized, and to convince the credulous and superstitious peasantry that they were denizens of some remote province, bound somewhere on a praiseworthy errand.

When they reached the environs of the village they proposed to attack, the band halted, and two acquainted with the place, were sent forward to secure the bells and dogs, so that no alarm could be given, and then, at a proper signal given, they were joined by their comrades. The fatal house was instantly surrounded, and then, without any demand to surrender, the drowsy inmates were first apprized of the presence of an enemy, by one loud, shrill shout. The torch re-lighted, flashed like meteors in the surrounding darkness, the fatal *bèlier* was launched against the principal door, and in a few moments, life and property were at the mercy of the assailants. The entrance once effected, the inhabitants were seized, bound, and gagged, an efficient watch was placed on the outside, and then the work of pillage commenced.

Woe to the unfortunate victims of their rapacity, if the amount of booty did not equal their expectations! It was seldom that protestations or oaths could persuade them that

no treasures had been secreted, or that the *baldover* had made false representations. In the height of their disappointment and rage, they not unfrequently governed themselves by the piratical maxim, that "*dead men tell no tales;*" and the victims of their cupidity perished by their violence.

If they were attacked by the troops, they arranged themselves in military order, and often contended successfully against fearful odds. If they were not disturbed, after finishing their work, they kindled bonfires, re-lighted their torches, and swinging them in the air, with loud and frightful shouts, they started on their return. When they reached their rendezvous, they extinguished their lights, assumed the profoundest silence, and then, separating into small bands, they vanished like evil spirits in the shadows of night.

On a dark night in early autumn, the band of Jean Bosbeck entered the little village of Mulheim, on the Rhine, in the province of Hesse Darmstadt, and commenced an assault on the house of Pithalen, the village curate. They came so unexpectedly, that the curate's wife, aroused by the first blows of the *bèlier* against the door, awoke her husband, and bid him rise, as a messenger was seeking him to visit some sick or unfortunate one in his parish. The good man immediately arose, and opening the window to assure himself of the presence of a friend, was met by a pistol shot, which, fortunately, did him no injury.

Pithalen fell back, and resolving to defend himself to the last, he seized his pistol and levelled it at the first thief that appeared at the window; the shout of indignation that followed, told him plainly that his shot had taken fatal effect. The door was soon broken down, and the thieves rushed into

the house, seized and bound the domestics, and threw them into the stable. The curate and his wife fled to one of the chambers, and securing the door as well as they were able with various articles of furniture, waited in deep suspense, till several of the brigands had reached the top of the *escalier*, and commenced the work of demolishing the door.

"Fly!" he shouted to his trembling wife; "fly to the back door, and call to the neighbors for help, or we are lost!"

His wife sprung to the door, and raised a frantic cry, but her voice only added to the terror of the neighbors, and no one came to their assistance. At length, the door of the chamber was broken in. The flashing torchlight discovered Pithalen standing in one corner, with a pistol in one hand, and the other held by the convulsive grasp of his wife.

"Save thyself," shouted Pithalen to his wife; "save thyself by the garden gate, and in a moment I will join thee."

With a cry of despair, Madame Pithalen disappeared; at the same moment, the curate fired his pistol at the foremost thief, and, the assailants hesitating an instant, he sprung through the little door, closed it after him, and followed his wife. Overtaking her in an adjoining apartment, he took her in his arms, and rushed along on the top of the outer wall, till he reached a ladder, by which he descended into the street. He had not gained the highway when he was seized by one of the robbers, and in the struggle that followed, he was struck to the earth by a vedette, whose shouts soon gathered around him the whole band.

"Speak, before you die!" shouted the chief, "where are thy keys, thy plate, thy gold;—speak, dog!"

"Speak, dog!" exclaimed a dozen voices, while as many swords were pointed at the curate's heart.

One of the thieves seized him by the throat, and struck him in the face. Pithalen's blood boiled: he sprung to his feet, and turning to the chief with a look of stern defiance, he said:

"Is that loyal; do ye claw and bite like dogs, or are ye warrior-men?"

"No, no!" was the quick reply; "Herseen, I have yet to learn thee not to strike without the orders of thy chief." And Bosbeck struck the thief to the earth with his baton.

The curate surrendered his keys, and calmly pointed the robbers to the hiding place of his treasures, and then falling upon his knees, he took a golden cross from his bosom, and kissing it, he crossed himself devoutly, and repeated a short prayer; then, looking round upon the robbers with calm indifference, he said:

"Now, be men of heart; for once be merciful as the vulture, and let me not linger long; thou hast every thing except my life, and that is little worth; your sword nor death I fear not; strike!—cowards! strike! and here is the pledge that you will be faithful in your work!" And he placed the golden cross in the hands of the chief.

Bosbeck gazed at the sacred relic for a moment in silence, and then, letting it fall at his feet, he covered his face convulsively with his hands.

"Let brave men live!" he exclaimed, as he turned to his waiting clan; let virtue be honored; and may the Holy Virgin forgive us!"

When he ordered a retreat, a murmur of disappointed indignation ran among the robbers; but Bosbeck swung his baton on his shoulder, put his poignard between his teeth,

and with a pistol in each hand, he marched by them with ferocious looks, which told plainly that he must be obeyed. The robbers defiled sullenly in the way that led to their rendezvous, and Bosbeck followed them in silence.

Morning dawned upon the curate of Mulheim, with its clear and silvery light, but not until a late hour were there any signs of life about his dwelling. Nature had been exhausted by the thrilling events of the past night, and in the arms of sweet sleep the sorrow-stricken curate had forgotten the dangers he had passed, and the dark evils of this unsettled and sinning world.

At length, aroused by the voice of his wife at the window, Pithalen arose; and after a hasty survey of his shattered dwelling, he proceeded to liberate his domestics, whose cries had revealed their prison. All were there except his gardener, who had lately come from Escheubach. * * *

"Virgin, save us!" exclaimed Fritz, the cook, as he was passing along the garden wall, after his celery. Beneath the clustering vines that skirted the wall, he discovered the lifeless body of the gardener, covered with dirt and blood. The shot of the curate from the window, *did* have a fatal effect, and proved the treachery of his own household.

Fetzer, not less celebrated than Bosbeck, commanded the band of the Neuss, and he frequently employed novel methods to accomplish his plans. One night, an honest burgher of Rheindorf, was quietly seated by his fireside enjoying his wine and pipe. A loud knocking was heard at the door, and with some impatience the burgher answered the call.

"Who comes there?" he inquired.

The sweet and plaintive voice of a little girl whispered

through the key-hole; — "A fatherless child, who has come to implore charity of the benevolent!"

"And what dost thou wish at this unseasonable hour?" asked the burgher.

"A little wine for a sick and dying mother;" answered the child.

The burgher could not withstand such an appeal, and he quickly unbolted the door. In an instant, a score of fierce men rushed in armed to the teeth; the burgher was seized, and a thick bandage wrapped closely around his mouth; the domestics were all secured, and in an hour the house was sacked from top to bottom.

Fetzer was fond of good cheer; and, *point de bruit on danger*, he not unfrequently entered castles and cottages, as a wandering cavalier in pursuit of pleasure, and with an *abandon* and good nature, that at once inspired the inmates with unbounded confidence. Here he caroused till near the break of day, and then, breaking the thread of his orgies by uttering a shrill whistle, his band rushed into the house ready for the work of plunder.

Fetzer was executed at Cologne. He was led to the fatal scaffold securely bound, and accompanied by a priest. He placed a purse of gold in the curate's hand, and the holy father asked a few minutes for prayers. The culprit bowed low, buried his face in his hands, and gave earnest heed to the good man's words, till he had finished. He looked round hastily upon the crowd with an expression of deep anguish, that indicated crushed hopes and heart; and then as if suddenly roused by the struggling impulses of his fierce nature, he turned his dark, flashing eye upon the priest.

"Ah!" said he, grasping his manacles, "if I could be free but two hours more, I"—

"And what wouldst thou do, my son?" interrupted the priest.

"I would—yes—I would commit the most daring robbery that was ever heard of, from the Moselle to Mayence."

The priest shuddered.

"And what wouldst thou do with the fruits of thy last sin, ingrate?" inquired the priest.

"I would——I would give thee an hundred ducats, holy father, and the remainder I would leave to support my daughter with the Ursulines of Cologne," replied Fetzer.

"Thou art not yet without good hope, my son!"

And while the priest was repeating another paternoster, the soul of Fetzer passed to its account.

Shinderhannes was distinguished above all the other bandit-chiefs; and as he was the last of them, a few items connected with his early life may not be uninteresting. He was born at Nastatten, in Belgium, in 1779, of an obscure and miserable family, where, exposed to the toils and privations of the Flemish peasantry, he grew up to manhood, and entered the world without education or moral culture.

In early childhood he indicated superior qualities of mind and heart. He was violent and rash in his temper, but never cruel and revengeful; bold and daring, quick in his decisions, and prompt in executing them, he had warm and active sympathies, that always leaned towards goodness, but side by side stood dark and fiery impulses, which, without moral culture and restraint, were fearful omens of the future. Among his playmates he was always a counsellor, and his decisions were tempered with justice and mercy.

The honest curate of the village, declared that "Shinny" was born to command, and his ignorant parents looked upon him with pride and hope.

But alas! what enemies steal into the human heart, like Lucifer in heaven, to create war there; and with bewitching voice and art, to deck the spirit of evil with baubles of beauty, and pervert the noblest faculties to ignoble ends. Shinderhannes had great qualitiès, both of mind and heart, but they were not rightly balanced; — there was no central, moral influence to correct and properly adjust them, and around which they could harmoniously play; evil and good were strongly entrenched in his mind, but in their struggles for the mastery, the contest was unequal; the good, unaided by culture, contended against strong and fiery passions that never knew restraint, and in an hour of severe provocation these triumphed, and his destiny was sealed.

When he was sixteen years old, he was accused of certain violations of law, which justified his apprehension. Then, and always afterwards, he protested his innocence of the charges, but the formalities of a trial resulted in his conviction, and he was sentenced to be publicly whipped. This punishment — the same that made Rosseau a great poet — so exasperated the young Belgian, that he resolved to revenge himself by becoming a freebooter. He fled to the Rhine, and under the shadow of Dracheufels, he joined a robber-band, and made his first assay in his new vocation, by stealing upon Nastatten, on a dark, stormy night, and inflicting terrible vengeance upon the administrators of the law.

There was one, and only one, in his youthful home, that Shinderhannes left with deep regrets. To his parents he was not strongly attached; at any rate he had no fears that

his new calling would alienate them from him, and for his early friends he had only that indifferent regard that could live alike with or without their good will; but there was one whom he tenderly loved;—Julie Blaissus was the idol of his heart. They had played together from early childhood, toiled in the same field, repeated the same paternosters on their knees before the old curate, watched the flocks on the neighboring hills, rambled with light step and joyous hearts along streamlets and through groves, and laughed away many a dull hour, with all the light-hearted joy of early years, and brightened with the rich glow of youthful love.

Julie had, by no means, been indifferent to Shinderhannes. In their intimacy, she had discovered noble traits in his character, that she loved, and which the world, in its harsh judgments, generally overlook; and it was with no surprise, that she listened to the tale of his love, and with but little reluctance, that she pledged to him her heart and hand.

In less than six months from that time, Shinderhannes was falsely accused, and ignominiously punished; stung with a sense of the injustice he had suffered, and burning with hatred and revenge, he formed the fearful resolution to join the Rhenish bandit. More than all others, Julie was most faithful to him in his trials. She had received from him an assurance that he was innocent, and with the faith and trusting love of woman's heart, she believed it. Cheerfully did she help him bear his stripes, and share in the deep indignation that led him to seek revenge. And when he unfolded his dark purposes, there was an eloquence in his words, and a force in his appeal, that gave to them a character of respectability.

"The proud and shameless Flemish nobles," said he,

"have robbed your father and mine of every thing but the scanty crust that sustains life; they and we have toiled and sweat from year to year, to maintain pampered and lazy royalty, with no other recompense but — rags and hopeless want. Now, by the Virgin, I will have my turn, and I will rob them! Thief shall rob thief, and I will have what in justice belongs to me, and the enjoyments which wealth can bring shall be ours" ——

"Never, — no — never!" exclaimed Julie, springing to her feet; "I never can be a" ——

"Hold, dear Jule, I beseech you; do not be hasty in your decisions; bear with me until I can prove to you that a robber, hunted by the hounds of justice, branded as an outlaw, and banished from the society of good men, may be a *man*, as well as the legalized thieves that draw the life-blood from the heart of a state."

"I know thee, I love thee the same as ever; I can never forget thee — but I never — never — can be a bandit's wife!" And she wept like a child.

With many tender words and tears the two lovers separated without a hope of ever meeting again. The next morning Shinderhannes started for Ronigswinter, where he half forgot his early home and Jule in the excitement of a bandit's life. In a few day's Jule found a refuge from the world and its sorrows in the convent of Ursulines at Cologne.

Different from many of the Rhenish brigands, Shinderhannes always employed stratagem instead of force to accomplish his plans. He frequently entered cemeteries, and stole the crosses that had been placed on the graves of the dead, and employed them to force gates and doors instead of the *belier*. While this excited the horror of the Catholics,

it gratified the prejudices of his Protestant followers, and delighted the *voltairiens*, as an evidence of his daring impiety and reckless hardihood.

Nothing delighted him more than to gather round him his Jewish retainers, whose avarice was only equalled by their craft, and dance and feast with them in some retired arbor or grove; while, during the convival *mêlé*, he would adroitly manage to lighten their girdles of their coveted treasure.

Whenever an enterprize was proposed in the neighborhood of his residence, instead of hiding in the ruins of the burgs, to destroy the unsuspecting travellers, and celebrate an ignoble victory with a torchlight procession, he chose rather to wait for an opportunity, when he could gain his end without a sacrifice of life, or stooping to the open and daring deeds of an outlaw. But when danger did come, and in a way that could not be avoided without a loss of personal honor, he was always the first to face it, and with a hand and heart that never faltered, and an intrepidity that nothing could resist.

Living, as his fancy led him, in some one of the many chateaus he possessed on the borders of the Rhine, between Taurus and Cologne; he enjoyed, by turns, the life of the burgomaster, the knight-errant, or the mountain deer; and surrounded by his companions and intimates, sometimes declaiming Werther, sometimes drinking his favorite Rudesheim, and always silencing every growing suspicion among the peasantry by large charities, and sometimes bribes.

Years rolled away. The name of Shinderhannes had become well known as that of a formidable bandit chief. His daring deeds, the celerity of his movements, his respect for

life, in all his adventures, his kindness to the poor, flowing in upon them through mysterious avenues, mingled respect with terror, and beggared mothers and children in every hamlet from Cologne to Mayence, learned to repeat his name with feelings of strange reverence.

Jule Blaissus had heard of his fame in her Ursuline retreat: the object of her childish attachment had become a bold brigand, but she loved him still: with all his outlaw deeds, she saw noble and generous qualities in him that she loved, and there was a mysterious charm in his wild and adventurous life, that increased the ardor of her attachment. * * *

On a beautiful summer eve, a noble stranger appeared in the chapel of the Ursulines. No one knew him. He was richly dressed, and his tall, stately form rose above the crowd that had gathered there, and hasty whispers of wonder and surprize passed from mouth to mouth at his presence. Slowly he walked among the old aisles and arches, wrapped in deep thought, and betraying no interest in any one about him, except by an occasional glance from his dark, flashing eye.

At length, his turn came; and he knelt devoutly before the altar, and in a low whisper, made his confession. When he had finished, he rose, wiped the sweat from his forehead, and taking a large purse of gold, and a small letter, from his scarf, he placed them in the hands of the priest.

"Thou art bountiful in thy gifts, my son," said the holy father "and thy reward shall be great. Farewell."

The lattice closed, the crowd of worshippers had gone, and in a moment Shinderhannes disappeared. Disguised as a Swedish nobleman, he had appeared at the confessional before, and by large bribes had gained the influence of the priest, and through him, access to Jule Blaissus. The heart of the

young novice was not weaned from the world; and the presence of her lover, joined to his passionate entreaties, made her still more unhappy in her seclusion, and she resolved to leave the convent, and share the fortunes of Shinderhannes. That letter informed her of the arrangements he had made for her escape.

Three days afterwards, Shinderhannes was wandering through the dark defiles of Hündsruck, where the tall firs of Mont Tounerre weave their thick arches over many a dark retreat. His steps were quick and nervous; occasionally he stopped suddenly, as if eager to hear some distant sound; then turning quickly, he retraced his steps. He had just entered the deep glen leading to the river, when a loud whistle echoed along the neighboring valley. Shinderhannes took a small silver horn from his girdle, and gave an answering call, and then placing his hands to his mouth in a singular position, he raised a deep-toned cry that boomed on the air like the hoot of an owl. Presently, two horsemen dashed down the glen at full speed; one was a cavalier, mounted on a noble charger splendidly caprisoned, the other was a servant in rich livery. He leaped upon a rock that commanded the path down which the horsemen were descending, and sounded three distinct and sharp notes with his horn. The approaching strangers answered him with a similar blast, and then, raising a tall fir in the cleft of the rock, he descended to a cave below.

In a few minutes, Jule Blaissus was in the arms of her brigand lover, and outcasts as they were from the world, they pledged themselves anew to be faithful to each other.

In a few days, they appeared, as honest burghers, before the simple-hearted curate of Hündsruck, and made vows of eternal constancy. In a month afterwards, she improved

the fashions and tastes of the *elité* at the springs of Wiesbaden, under the title, and with the graces of a countess, and introduced Shinderhannes into the fashionable *salons* as a Swedish nobleman of great wealth and distinction. In a few days, a mysterious signal called the count and countess suddenly away, and no one could tell whither they had gone.

The next morning, Jule was climbing the heights of Soneck, dressed in a hussar's coat and cap, accompanied by her faithful servant. As she wound her way up the steep cliffs, she scattered branches of trees in her path, and occasionally gazed anxiously down the dark glens which she had left behind her. Near the top of one of the highest bluffs, she entered a cave that looked out upon the path by which she had ascended.

"Hark ye, Fritz; heard you not that trumpet-note?"

"It was nothing, my lady, but the cry of the hiboux," replied her servant.

The deep, guttural hoot of an owl echoed again and again along the moss-covered cliffs on the other side of the valley.

"Virgin!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands for joy, "may *that* owlet live long to sing, and add melody to his growing years."

"Ah, my lady, thou hast lost thy mind, I fear, or thou hadst never wandered from thy home for such a life as this."

"Hist thee, Fritz, the devotion of a true heart is often counted madness by the world, and it has yet to learn its mistaken."

"But, my lady, this dreadful business is"—

"Business!" exclaimed Jule, indignantly, "Ask the the lords of Hesse Darmstadt to tell you *their* business:

they will answer,—"to govern the state, and *tax the poor*." Starving mothers and children, whose hopes have often been brightened by the charities of brigands, will tell you why my husband levies black mail on them.

At that moment, she discovered a column of men slowly ascending the path in front of the cave, and in a few minutes Shinderhannes was by her side, and his men, exhausted by the fatigues of the last night's adventure, were stretched upon the ground to rest. * * *

Four years passed away; and during that time Shinderhannes was arrested four times, and as often he contrived to make his escape; twice through the agency of his wife. At last he was taken and secured.

The circumstances of his arrest excited greater attention because it happened at the time when very large forgeries had been committed on the bank of Vienna. The chief agents in this work were supposed to be a company of Jews and merchants in Hamburg, Frankfort, and Altona; and it had created great alarm in the commercial circles of northern Germany.

About the same time, a large band of forgers were discovered in Geneva, who, profiting by the political events in Italy, had filled the whole country between Geneva and Florence with spurious coin.

The civil authorities had followed closely on the track of the wily brigand, and at length, by the assistance of spies who had long been in pursuit of him, his disguise was detected, and Shinderhannes was arrested at Frankfort, in the house of a surgeon whose advice he sought for his hand, that had been severely bitten by a watch-dog. The owner of this dog lived in the neighborhood of Frankfort. His house was attacked one night by robbers and sacked. During the

affray, his faithful dog came to his assistance, and flying at the bandit chief, inflicted a severe wound on his hand. The man suspected this chief was Shinderhannes, and before the break of day, the following morning, he reported the facts to the burgomaster, who immediately issued secret orders to all the surgeons in the city, to deliver up all men to the magistrates who should present themselves with wounded hands for medical treatment.

Shinderhannes fell into the snare; and his capture was followed by the arrest of one hundred and sixty-three of his band: — but the rest, still resolved to follow their lawless profession, fled to the mountains, gathering in their retreat a large number of deserters from the Austrian army, and joined the brigands of the Murg, who were afterwards celebrated among the mountains of the Black Forest.

On a cold evening in the autumn of 17—, Shinderhannes entered the old city of Mayence, followed by a crowd whose curiosity had been excited by the fame of a man who had stricken terror into so many hearts. After years of reckless outlawry, he was shortly to stand before the *tribunal improvisè*, to be judged by the laws of the land. The hall of the Electoral Palace was to be the theatre of the *denouement* of his eventful life. Guarded by *gens d'armes* he marched through the streets with his beautiful wife on one side, and his child on the other, followed by eighty of his clan, who were to be judged with him. His noble figure, his firm and manly step, and his dark, tender eye, attracted the attention, and inspired the respect even of those who had sought to destroy him: and many a dark-eyed maiden of Eifel and Lonsberg, who had read of his murders, his amours, and his charities, with a mixture of terror and res-

pect, hardly dared to analyze the predominant feelings in their hearts, when they beheld so much nobility degraded by an outlaw's life and deeds; and even hardy men wept to see blooming womanhood and childhood's innocence led on by blind love to follow the darkening fortunes of the bandit-chief.

In a week he appeared in the Electoral Palace before his Judges. During his trial he showed the deepest anxiety for his wife and child. Dark as had been his career, and deeply depraved his heart, he had been faithful to Jule Blaissus; and his boy, the pledge of their earliest love, was the idol of his heart. His affection for them excited the deepest sympathy in his behalf, and his earnest appeal for them, drew tears from the eyes of his judges. But when his wife was sentenced to two year's imprisonment, and a respectable citizen of Mayence proposed to adopt his son, his eye kindled up with new joy, and he listened to his sentence with profound indifference.

He was executed under the walls of the city, in the Hündsgasse, near the Porte Neuve, and a large number of his followers with him.

At his death, the Rhenish bandits disappeared: and now the stories of Jews strangled at midnight by unknown hands for their gold; and of castle-lords carried to distant mountain-glens, or far within the dark foilage of the Black Forest, to extort the coveted ransom; and of villages sacked by robbers, who came like dark spectres, and vanished into mid air,—are now all blended with the oft-told tales of a superstitious peasantry; and the laughing *paysannes* can now descend from their mountain-homes to Wiesbaden and Frankfort to sell their eggs to the dwellers in Berg-strasse, and the noble Rhine no longer opens its silvery waves to the mysterious corpses which were once thrown from the dark heights of Lorch and Fallsensburg.

CHAPTER X.

LEGENDS OF THE RHINE.

WISPERWIND, OR L'ECHELLE DU DIABLE.

SIBO DE LORCH, an old knight, lived in the valley of the Wisper. Caring but little for society, he secluded himself from the world in his castle, and gained his chief reputation among the neighboring peasantry, by his odd and whimsical temper. One daughter only, the heir of his house and heart, was his constant companion, and to him she was more than all the world besides.

One night, as the wind and storm howled among the cliffs and glens of Wisperwind, a loud knocking was heard at his door.

"Who comes there?" exclaimed old Sibo.

"A traveller, wandering on the banks of the river, and"——

"Well, what dost thou want?" interrupted Sibo, impatiently.

"I am afraid of the *lutins* of Kedrich; and I pray you, good knight, give me a shelter until morning."

"Nay, nay, indeed, I cannot; my castle gives no shelter to vagabonds. Adieu, *mon brane*, secure a shelter soon, that you may not be drenched by the storm."

The benighted traveller, was a little old man, with a cold and ghastly look, trembling limbs, and tattered garments.

"Thou shalt be recompensed for thy stinted hospitalities,

old dotard;" he muttered. And he cast upon the manor a look of malignant scorn, and walked sullenly away.

The utterance of the menace was quickly followed by its execution. The following day, as Sibo was seated at his evening repast, he learned that his daughter, the beautiful Garlinde, had suddenly disappeared. The despair of the doating father was inexpressible. She was dearer to him than life, and in losing her he lost all. Day after day, the neighborhood of Lorch was diligently searched, but no tidings could be gained of the absent one; and when Sibo had abandoned the hope of finding his daughter, the whole valley of the Wisper became an object of his deep hatred. *Il la met sens dessus dessous.*

The neighboring mountain of Kedrich he had not scaled. In spite of his strong arm and vigorous sword, which had spread such terror among the inhabitants of the valley, the mountain, with its lofty pinnacles and towers, was inaccessible to faltering limbs like his, and the summit was inhabited by dwarfs, who possessed a charm that no human power could resist. Sibo dared not meddle with them; he knew their power too well; he had heard their mysterious whisperings roll down the mountain-glens with many a north wind's breath, and float through the valley in hollow murmurs on the wings of darkness and storm; and he shuddered when he thought that, perhaps, his child had been stolen by them.

One day, as Sibo was returning from his fruitless search, he stopped a moment before Kedrich; and while he was surveying its massive walls with a dark frown, he was accosted by a burgher.

"Why, my good seignior, dost thou weep for the beautiful lady, Garlinde?" said he." I saw the dwarfs of Kedrich

carry her away, as easily as if she had been a bird, to the caverns of the mountain."

At that moment, an enormous fragment of rock fell from the heights of Kedrich, and rushing past the burgher, just grazed the arm of the chevalier; at the same time a loud voice was heard issuing from the mountain-sides, — "*It is thus I will be revenged for refusing to give me a shelter from the storm.*" Old Sibo fled to his castle.

In the mean time time, Garlinde lived on the summit of Kedrich, surrounded by every luxury that could contribute to her enjoyment. The gnomes spared nothing that could lighten the burdens of her exile and increase her beauty. Day and night the fairies watched her toilette and wardrobe with assiduous care, and strived to unfold new graces, and add to the treasures of her mind. Sylph-like songsters perfected her in the art of music, and bright-eyed *lutins* spread out before her treasures of knowledge; and an old fairy, especially, never accosted her in her daily walks without saying,

"Courage, my dear daughter, courage. Never was the child of a queen more cherished and loved, than thou art by the sprites of Kedrich. Thou art an idol; and about thee all hearts gather to do thy will, and make thee happy,"

But Garlinde heeded not the tender words. Her heart wandered away from the pleasures of Kedrich to other climes; the flatteries that were lavished upon her day by day, were unheeded in the remembrance of home, and especially of one whose years of absence had only increased the strength of her earliest love, and kindled in her trusting heart fresh hopes of future joy, of which the nymphs around her had never dreamed.

Ruthelm, a young knight, was reared in the valley of

Lorch. Bold and chivalrous even in boyhood, frank in his manners, and generous in his disposition, he became a favorite with the querulous old Sibo. The partiality of the father was not greater than the childish attachment of the daughter; and finding a response in the heart of the young knight, it ripened, insensibly with growing years, into deep and permanent affection.

Faithfully were their young hearts pledged to each other, but before their vows could be consummated, Ruthelm had resolved to enter the army and gain honorable distinctions with his sword. Peter the Hermit had already sounded the battle-cry of the crusades, and excited by his fanaticism, princes, as well as peasants, gathered under his banners, resolved to expel the infidel Turk from the Holy Land. Ruthelm was among the number.

At the time Garlinde was carried off by the dwarfs of Kedrich, he had been in Palestine five years, and by his bravery, had acquired distinctions quite sufficient to satisfy any reasonable ambition. But while he was gaining laurels with his sword, his heart still cherished its early love for the beautiful daughter of Sibo. He had left home and country, and faced danger and death a thousand times, and all to make himself more worthy of her hand and heart; and when, at length, he learned that she had been carried off by the mountain dwarfs, he resolved to leave Palestine, and return to the valley of Lorch, and rescue Garlinde, even at the hazard of his life.

In a few weeks he reached the borders of the Rhine, and from none did he receive a more cordial welcome, than from Sibo. The brow of the stripling knight had become ennobled by the maturity of ripening years, and his frame hardy and vigorous by exposure and hard service.

"Thou art welcome, boy," said the old knight, as he tenderly embraced him—"Doubly welcome, now that I am alone and full of sorrow."

"And Garlinde"—eagerly rejoined Ruthelm.

—"Has been stolen from me, I know not how or why, and I have not been able to find her hiding-place."

Tears rolled down over the cheeks of the old knight like rain.

"They say," he continued, "that she has been carried to the heights of Kedrich by the dwarfs; but who dares contend against them, when they possess that mysterious charm by which they can control the winds and storm, and make the cliffs, and rocks, and mountain-oaks, the terrible weapons of their defence."

"I!" exclaimed Ruthelm; "I dare; I fear them not; I will rescue Garlinde, or perish in the attempt."

"Save her," said Sibo, eagerly, "and I will lay my fortune at your feet!"

"I ask not wealth," returned Ruthelm; "that is not worth the effort; but give me Garlinde!"

"Save her, and she shall be thine; but lose no time, for the mountain phantoms will soon be astir, and before their mystic whisperings come down from the northern ravines, you must scale the lowermost cliffs of Kedrich. Haste, boy, haste, and the Holy Virgin keep you;" and once more embracing him, they separated.

Just as the sun was setting behind the ruins of Rhinediebach, Ruthelm, with his trusty sword by his side, was winding his way up a narrow pathway that led through rocky defiles and wild glens, to the heights of Kedrich. At length, he reached a grassy plateau, that encircled the base of the

central cliff, which lifted up its craggy head, as far as the eye could reach, in a perpendicular wall of granite.

The shadows of night were fast gathering over the landscape, — a dark mist had settled on the river, — the wind swept through the forest in hollow murmurs, and the owlet's hoot joined its deep-toned accompaniment to the whizzing of countless bats that swept by him, beating their limbs against the rocky walls. He made the entire circuit of the rocky pinnacle, and every part presented a bold wall that could not be scaled.

"Fit place for sprites and fiends," said Ruthelm, as he surveyed the lofty barrier with an indignant frown.

"Sprites and fiends!" echoed a sepulchral voice from the neighboring cliffs.

Ruthelm shuddered; but recovering himself in a moment, he exclaimed: —

"Heart that never feared to encounter mortal foe, dares to assail the gnomes of Kedrich; be ye men or devils, I will meet you!"

"I will meet you!" echoed the same voice.

"Ruthelm drew his sword, and rushed towards the spot from whence the voice proceeded.

"Hola!" exclaimed a low, croaking voice, close by his side; "who art thou, and whom dost thou seek?"

Ruthelm stopped; seated in the path before him, he saw an old woman with attenuated form, and ghastly eye, gathering mountain herbs.

"My good woman," said Ruthelm, "wilt thou tell me; is it true, that Garlinde, the daughter of the chevalier Sibo de Lorch, is a prisoner on yonder heights?"

"It is true, good seignior," replied the old woman; "she is retained there by my brother, who revenges himself on

the child, for the refusal of the father to give him hospitality in an hour of great need."

"And how, pray, did they raise her to those mysterious heights, where no mortal footsteps have ever trod?"

"Ah," replied the old woman, "the mountain is guarded by the *Zufrindanheut*, and until that is broken, the dwarfs have power over the living and dead, they can call the lightnings from the clouds, and the winds from their hiding-place, or make the earth open its bosom, or call from the mountain-caves myriads of elves to execute their will. None can climb that mountain retreat; or, if there, make their escape, until the enchanter's rod breaks the mystic charm, and fairies come to prepare the way."

And she marked a circle on the ground with her staff, and grinned a ghastly smile.

"Canst thou, strange woman, lead me to the beautiful Garlinde? Break the charm that binds her there and aid me in her rescue, and thou shalt want no more."

"Thou knowest not my wants; perhaps, thou art hasty in thy demands; but"—and stopping suddenly, she gazed wildly at the stars, and swung her staff round her head three times—"but, my hour is come, and Mina shall be revenged. Yes," she continued, turning to Ruthelm, "thy wish is granted, and Garlinde shall be saved. Dost thou believe me? The *nains* of Kedrich sleep; their charm is broken; and I will bind them with a spell until Garlinde is rescued. But every thing must be done before the crowing of the cock, or all is lost. Take this little bell for thy guardian, and descend to Wisperthal; in a dark, winding path, on the borders of the valley, thou wilt find an oak and a fir, with their trunks and limbs woven together; to the right thou wilt find a well; enter there without fear, and

thou wilt find a laborer who has power to open the way to the heights of Kedrich. Haste, haste, the night is passing, and the morning will soon dawn. Farewell."

In an instant she disappeared.

Ruthelm descended with his bell to Wisperthal. He found the oak and fir singularly interwoven, and not far from them the well, into which he entered. When he reached the bottom, he rung his bell, and a little, grizzled, old man appeared.

"What dost thou wish, sir knight?" said he.

"I seek the rescue of Garlinde, the daughter of Sibo de Lorch, who is a prisoner on the heights of Kedrich."

"It is well;" and the little, old man took from his pocket an enchanted horn, and sounded three times. The shrill blasts echoed wildly along the sides of the mountain, and instantly the valley was filled with little mountaineers, and the sound of falling trees, and of axes and hammers, diligently plied to their work, was heard in all directions.

Ruthelm started once more for Kedrich, and when he reached the foot of the topmost peak, he found a ladder raised to the top.

"Ah!" said he, "never was a knight in search of his mistress more favored; I see the devil is sometimes good for something."

He put his foot on the ladder, and found it firmly attached to the sides of the mountain; and, taking courage, he climbed up the granite wall, and found himself borne, as by mysterious wings, to the top.

He looked round upon the rich, grassy lawn, and directly before him, he observed a beautiful, eglantine bower. On opening its flowery lattice, his heart beat with new joy, to behold there his own Garlinde, resting on a bed of silvery

moss, covered with fresh flowers, and wrapped in a deep sleep.

He took his precious charge in his arms, and, with noiseless step, carried her to the brow of the cliff. His head reeled as he looked from the dizzy height; but no time was to be lost, and listening but a moment to see if he had alarmed the dwarfs, he commenced his perilous descent down the ladder. In a few minutes, he reached the foot of Kedrich safely, and laid his still unconscious burden on the moss.

"Ha! thou hast found thy treasure! 'T is well; for bravery merits its reward."

Ruthelm looked up, and the old woman once more stood before him.

"From whence comest thou, mysterious woman?" said he.

"From a shadowy land; on an errand of good will; but hist! thou must be away ere the morning dawns."

She took from her bosom a casket, and taking from it a little phial, she poured its contents into the mouth of the unconscious Garlinde, and she awoke. When the first transports of joy had subsided, on recognizing her lover, the old woman placed in her hands a small box, and said:

"There is the bridal ring, my child; take it as the gift of one who has always watched over thee with more than a sister's care; and there"—pointing to Ruthelm—"there is the bridal treasure I promised you; in their enjoyment, may you forget the days of your exile with the dwarfs of Kedrich, and enjoy long years of love and peace!"

Before Ruthelm had time to reply, she disappeared.

The two lovers started for the valley, and just as the day dawned, they reached the castle of Sibo, where the father

received his long-lost child with transports of joy, and welcomed her preserver as the son of his own heart. Sibo fulfilled his promise, and his last days were made happy by the marriage of Ruthelm and Garlinde, and the enjoyment of their filial love.

THE KNIGHT OF SIEBENGEBERGE.

In the neighborhood of Siebengeberge there lived a valiant cavalier, Diether von Schwartzneck, who, faithful to the spirit of his times, resolved to join the crusades in Palestine. Leaving Petersburg with the intention of joining St. Bernard at Spire, he passed the chateau of Argenfels, not more to pay a farewell visit to its owner, than to pay his respects to his two charming daughters.

Nor was he prompted alone by ordinary feelings of respect; for he had long silently cherished a growing attachment for Bertha, the youngest daughter of the lord of Argenfels, and as her charms were ripening into the vigor and beauty of womanhood, he found his heart kindling with new and strange emotions. During his parting visit she appeared more lovely than ever, and with joy he received the assurance from her own lips that she was not indifferent to him. They pledged themselves to each other: and had he not placed himself under solemn engagements to join in the crusades, he would have abandoned the hardy enterprise, and sought happiness in more quiet and tender relations.

But where honor called, Diether von Schwartzneck followed; and with a heavy heart he bid adieu to the denizens of Argenfels, and started for Palestine. But in that day, when the laws of war were in no way opposed to the enjoyments of love, Diether fought the Saracens and dreamed of Bertha,

and under the charm of the latter, his sword failed him, and he was wounded, and taken prisoner.

No longer able to fight, he could still love; and Diether, as prisoner among the barbarians, found his brain absorbed with one thought — to return to his native land, which, *sous entendre*, was to return to Bertha, and enjoy her charms. His captivity was hard to be borne; and although he had once vowed to go to Palestine, to avenge his faith, he now made a solemn vow to build a church, and richly endow it, if he could be spared to return, once more, to his lady-love.

Such were the morals of those stormy times. Christianity, as taught by the Saviour, stood before the world clothed with godlike simplicity and beauty, yet its altars were deserted, and its faith and practice neglected, to follow the promptings of gross passions.

The prayer of the chevalier was answered. The fortunes of war soon delivered him from the Saracens, and weary of the excitements of a military life, he started on his way home, and in a month he was descending the Rhine, and rapidly drawing near to the home of his youth, and the object of his tenderest love. With what joy he beheld the beautiful tower of Andernach, and the old clock of Honningen!

At length, he stood before the walls of Rheineck, and the mountain of Argenfels! But he had no sooner raised his eyes to the old manor, where he had left his Bertha, than he saw it was all in ruins. The walls were battered, the windows were broken in, and the gardens and arbors showed very clearly that the hand of the destroyer had been there.

Argenfels *was* in ruins; its venerable lord had perished by violence, and the two daughters, after witnessing the death

of their father, succeeded in making their escape from the chateau, and had gone, no one knew whither.

"Bertha! Bertha!" exclaimed the distracted knight, "speak from thy hiding place, and my sword shall rescue thee, even if thou art chained by demons!"—and he fell upon the ground, and buried his face in his hands, in deep agony. All his dearest hopes were crushed in a moment; but presently he started to his feet, with his resolution formed. Shortly he passed the cliffs of Sinzig and Erpel, and bidding adieu to the Berg-strasse at Ronigswinter, he plunged into the dark and winding paths of Siebengeberge, and soon gained his chateau on the heights, resolved never to leave it.

There he spent years, exiled from the world, and sad and disheartened at the loss of her to whom his early vows were plighted. In the hopeless absence of Bertha, the world was dark and dreary, and life itself was a heavy burden. War, and its excitements, had lost their charms, the strength of his early attachments had been blighted and chilled by disappointment, and the monotony of his life was only occasionally broken by his favorite amusement of hunting.

At length, he became tired of his castle, and he resolved to seek an abode in some dark, wild glen, whose sombre hues corresponded with his own distracted feelings. He bent his steps up the heights of Stromberg, over ragged and storm-beaten cliffs, where human footsteps had never trod. On reaching the top of the mountain, he was greatly surprised to find a hermitage already built there; but how soon was his surprise turned into deep joy, when he found, in one of the cells, disguised as a monk, the object of his unalterable love—Bertha.

Her story is soon told. On the death of her father, at

the time his chateau was attacked by robbers, she escaped, with her sister, into the neighboring forest. They assumed the garb of a peasant, to save themselves from the insults of the robbers that inhabited the mountain defiles, and, at length, were conducted by an unknown guide, to the hermitage on the top of Stromberg. Here they had lived for years, disguised as monks, with no society but several old friars, who had buried themselves there from their early youth. Without fortune or friends, the two sisters had become quite reconciled to their mountain-home, and they had abandoned the hope of ever mingling with the world and its pleasures again.

Bertha always remembered Diether, but supposing that he had been killed in the wars, she resolved to bury all her sorrows in that secluded spot, and pay her debt of gratitude to the good monks who had given her a home, in efforts to promote their happiness.

It is hardly necessary to say, when she recognized Diether, that their joy was mutual. Nor did she long resist the supplications of her lover, to leave the hermitage and return, once more, to Argenfels.

Bertha soon exchanged the *Crue* of the monk for the veil of the bride, and she became the wife of him from whom she had so long been separated. The castle of Siebengeberge brightened up with new life and hope, and all their sad reverses were forgotten in the sweet enjoyments of domestic life.

CHAPTER XI.

TWO WEEKS IN SWITZERLAND.

Departure from Basle — valley of the Rhine — Rheinfelden — a touching incident — Stein — Botzburg — Brügg — a trait of Swiss villages — Konigsfield — Castle of Hapsburg — Baden — arrival at Zurich — doubtful lodgings — a tongueless companion all tongue — Lake Zurich — Zug — Arth — thoughts on the poor — Goldau — the avalanche of Rossberg — present ruins — ascent of Righi — sublime scenery — a mountain welcome — view from Righi Culm — a hardy mountaineer — *chemin creux* — scene of Gessler's death — William Tell.

August 30. I started from Basle this morning, in company with my friend H——, on a pedestrian tour in Switzerland. We had spent only one day there, but that was enough to satisfy hungry adventurers, who, surfeited with the sights and sounds of old, antiquated cities, were looking forward with kindling enthusiasm to a pedestrian ramble among the mountains and lakes in far-famed Helvetia. In one respect Basle was interesting to me; — I had been wandering in Germany nearly a month without being able to read or speak one word of German, and I had no use for my tongue, only as I fell in occasionally with *voyageurs* like myself, or had to deal with higgling landlords and guides, whose good will I often purchased at a dear rate. But when I entered Basle, I found I had intelligence enough to read the sign-boards in the streets, and understand the French *patois* sufficiently to inquire my way, and banter with the market-women for fruit. It was a luxury to find myself *so* knowing.

We passed the massive walls of the town, with an immense fosse and ditch on the outside, and without any challenge

from the military guard stationed at the gate, entered upon the great highway to Zurich. Our road laid along the banks of the Rhine, through a rich, sunny valley, dotted with villages, farmhouses, orchards and cultivated fields; groups of laborers were here and there toiling by the wayside; and in many respects, it seemed quite like the valley of a New England river; but there is one feature of the country and people that I am glad can no where be found in New England;—here, as everywhere else in Europe, I see women, tawny and sunburnt, coarsely clad, and poorly fed, at work in the fields. I cannot bear to see this; I cannot believe that women were made for such hard work and exposure; it robs them of all their delicacy and beauty; they have a higher mission to perform than to wear themselves out in the drudgery of shops and fields; and the laws and customs of *Christian* lands, to say the least, ought to place them in circumstances favorable to accomplish it. But here, the iron laws of a darker age have stamped the marks of serfdom on their brows, and generations to come are already doomed to hopeless toil. Still, be it said to their praise, that with all their degradation, they appear contented and happy, and everywhere they greet us with a hearty German welcome.

We travelled ten miles to the town of Rheinfelden, and stopped at a little inn at some distance from the noise and bustle of the central streets. We found no company there, and for the first time we eat our dinner, consisting of bread and wine, alone. We saw no one, except a pretty girl, fourteen years old, who waited upon us; and on learning that we were Americans, she appeared deeply interested in us. We soon learned that her father was in America! She asked us a great many questions which, with her poor German, and our dull apprehension, we were poorly qualified to answer,

but we did learn, however, that her father went to St. Louis more than two years ago, with a design to find a suitable location, and then send for his family. About two months after his arrival there, his family received a letter from him, assuring them of his good health and prospects; since that time he has been silent. They had looked and sighed for tidings, but months, and even years, had rolled away, and no tidings had come. Poor girl! I could not resist the painful thought, that, with all her deep anxiety, she would see her father no more — that, alas, he had fallen a victim to the cholera that has almost depopulated St. Louis *since he wrote to his family*, and would never return to relieve her tears and deep suspense. When I remembered that I was four thousand miles from home, in the heart of Europe, and that cherished ones *might* look and sigh for my return in vain, I felt more sensibly than ever the instability of human affairs, and that I could sympathize deeply with those who had friends wandering, and perhaps dead, in a distant land.

Our road continued along on the margin of the Rhine; and the hills of Wurtemberg, on the opposite side of the river, began to lift up their fresh and vine-clad slopes; at their base laid the dark outskirts of the Black Forest, with here and there crumbling towers, or castle-ruins, reminding us of what had been, but will be no more. Near the river, we saw, occasionally, as our guide-book assured us, the ruins of ancient convents, surrounded by fine gardens and farms, and very often we passed crosses and images, standing by the road side, which are objects of great veneration among the superstitious peasantry.

We reached the little village of Stein just before night, and found a comfortable inn, and welcome rest, after walking twenty miles. The only object of interest near Stein is the

Rhine, and to that we paid our respects after supper, by wandering along its banks, and enjoying, in its consecrated waters, the luxury of a bath.

August 31. We left Stein at 8 o'clock, with the outposts of the Jura on our right, and after passing several villages, we reached Frick. Here we were compelled to leave the noble Rhine. We had followed it for ten days, and enjoyed its glorious scenery for four hundred miles, and it seemed like parting with an old friend. Turning to the right, we wound our way through a delightful valley that led us to the Botzburg. On reaching its summit, we sat down on an ancient battle-ground, where the Swiss peasantry gained a victory over the Austrian invaders. Here, for the first time, we had a view of the Alps; they stretched far to the south and east, and were so bathed with sunlight and mist, that we could hardly distinguish them from cloud and sky.

Descending the mountain, in an hour we reached the brow of a hill that overlooked the valley through which the Aar was sweeping on from its Alpine birthplace, through woody glens and vales, and among moss-covered hamlets, and fields loaded with vines and fruits, to swell the tides of the Rhine. Descending into the valley, we crossed the Aar and entered the little village of Brügg, where we dined in a huckster's shop, and made ourselves as comfortable as possible, in the midst of brawling children, tobacco smoke, and toddy.

These Swiss villages are queer affairs; the streets, or rather lanes, run in all directions without any order or regularity, the buildings are huddled together in every conceivable shape, and as for the style of architecture, *that* belongs to antediluvian times, and probably was among the scientific treasures taken from Noah's ark. But there is one thing that distinguishes them from all other villages I have seen:

—instead of front yards and flower-beds, there are immense heaps of manure piled up in front of the houses, and often, through the whole length of the principal streets. With all my utilitarian tendencies, and the acknowledged value of the article aforesaid, and the best efforts of my imagination, I could not help believing that there was a wide difference between their odors and a bed of roses, and that for the comfort of the traveller, as well as the health of the people, such heaps of nastiness had better be lodged in the fields than in the streets.

Half a mile beyond Brügg, we passed the ruins of an abbey, surrounded by a very high wall. Scores of legends from the middle ages are clustered around it, and it is now called Kœnigsfield, a name derived from the circumstance that one of the Austrian emperors was murdered there. On our right, was a low mountain called Wülpelsberg, with its sides covered with dark groves of larch, and its summit crowned with the famous castle of Hapsburg, in ruins. What historical links connect that old castle with the rise, progress, and even present condition of the Austrian empire! From the Hapsburg family sprung the whole race of Austrian kings, and that castle was their cradle, more than a century before they rose from their plebian estate, to be princes enthroned in power. Far better had it been for the world if they had never thrown off their swaddling clothes, instead of growing up to old age, a race of graceless tyrants, fighting against the Christian light and progress of our age.

A little further on, our road passed along the wall of an ancient Roman amphitheatre, and then turning abruptly, it led us across its centre on an artificial embankment. This is one of the few remains in this country which assures the traveller that here the Roman eagle was planted, and that

in the midst of their triumphs over the northern barbarians, the Romans found seasons of relaxation to enjoy their national festivals and games.

Crossing the Reuss, we passed the baths of Schintznach—one of the most fashionable watering-places in the country—and soon found ourselves on the banks of the Limmat. A little to the northward, the Aar, Ruess, and Limmat meet, and soon empty their united waters into the Rhine. In two hours we arrived at Baden—an old Roman station, and abounding with Roman remains. It also has numerous baths, which, it is said, the Romans enjoyed as well as the present generation. The first thing that attracted our attention was the old castle. It stands on a rocky eminence that overlooks the town, and was one of the ancient baronial holds of the country; but now, like baronial dignity and royalty here, it is a mass of ruins. We passed the old church, with its steeple covered with tiles of different colors, and entering the railway station, we were shortly on our way to Zurich.

On our arrival at Zurich we made the best of our way, with the assistance of a French porter, to an inn. Things looked somewhat dark and suspicious; the premises abounded with odors not the most agreeable, and men and women were loitering about, whose dress and looks were by no means attractive; but we could understand nobody, and nobody could understand us, and so making a virtue of necessity, we resolved to stay there, and after being carried up into mid air five or six stories, we found a room that answered our purpose, where we laid down our *sac de nuits*, and made ourselves at home. While we were eating our supper, a stranger made his appearance at our door, and greeted us with the familiar words, "good evening," in broken English. Evi-

dently, he had come to converse with us; but with all due gratitude for his good intentions, the interview added but little to our stock of information. H—— spoke a very little German, and I could muster about as much French, and our visitor had still less English. For two hours we made up faces at each other, and tore English, Dutch and French all to pieces, and then we gave it up, no wiser than when we began.

September 1. We started from Zurich at an early hour this morning, and soon found ourselves passing rapidly down the lake in a steamboat crowded with passengers — so much so that it was impossible to turn round without jostling some body. On board an English or American boat, under similar circumstances, our discomforts would be increased very much by sundry sharp elbows that always stick out the most when they have the least room, and bad looks and words enough to sour a whole neighborhood; but here, every body was accommodating — every body *seemed* happy — and so we got along very well. It was a beautiful morning as ever dawned; the sunlight laid on the neighboring hills in etherial mist, and wrapped the bosom of the lake in a mantle of silvery sheen; the shores on each side were studded with vineyards, cottages, groves and pastures, with here and there little churches whose bells were calling the peasants to morning prayer and praise, while far to the east and south we had occasional glimpses of the magnificent glaciers of the Alps— a congress of mighty giants watching over the rich and sunny valleys of Helvetia, and, clothed with dark storm-clouds, and with the lightnings sleeping on their bosoms, frowning with more than mortal fierceness on the tyrants who desolate this land — a land that God has crowned with grandeur and rural beauty!

We landed at Horngen, ten miles below Zurich, and started across the Albis, on our way to Zug. From the hightest parts of the mountain over which we passed, we had a delightful view of the lakè and canton of Zug, and just before we reached the plain in which the town stands, we saw on our right the famous battle ground on which Zuinglius fought, sword in hand, for religious freedom and truth, and ingloriously lost his life. The little town of Zug stands on the shores of the lake, and is surrounded with the remains of ancient walls and towers that were raised for military defence. The suburbs are covered with orchards and groves which, in the distance, present a beautiful contrast with the silvery lake, and the cloudless sun and sky, but as we passed among them, their beauty was sadly marred by indications of neglect; — the hedges and fences were decayed and broken down, the trees, old and moss-covered, were suffering for want of the pruning-knife, and the shattered houses and disorderly yards, bore no encouraging marks of good taste, or even cleanliness. Just before we entered the town, we saw an old church by the wayside that we were told, is filled with human skulls and bones; but we had already been so fully enlightened in reference to anatomical matters connected with the Catholic church, that we blasted the beadle's hope of a fee, and made the best of our way to Zug. We passed the massive gateway through a crowd of indifferent peasantry, who were too lazy to look good-natured, without any intimations of a welcome from any quarter, unless the discharges of artillery from a neighboring plateau were a *feu de joie* in honor of our presence. At any rate, they pealed along the shores of the lake in the richest echoes I ever heard.

Finding nothing in Zug to justify any delay, we hired a

boatman to take us down the lake. Two lusty fellows were shipped as oarsmen, and by dint of oars and sails, we reached Arth in three hours. We had a pleasant passage, and there was only one thing to mar our enjoyment: our boatmen appeared friendly and intelligent, but we were unable to converse with them. In travelling in foreign countries, it is a sad drawback to one's enjoyment to be ignorant of the language; it cuts off all intercourse with the people, and limits the sources of information to transient observation and the guide book, while all the social feelings and sympathies, imprisoned within the narrow walls of self, and looking out in vain for the welcome of a fellow feeling, shrink back upon each other dispirited and chilled. Ignorance of the language is rendered all the more aggravating, from the fact, that the best sources of information are to be found *among* the people — even the *common* people. We may mingle with princes and nobles, we may gain access to halls of learning or seats of wealth, and learn something of them; but to know the people — those whose sweat and toil uphold the state — we must associate with them, we must learn of their condition and prospects, their labors, hopes and sorrows, by mingling our sympathies with theirs, with heart and voice. To neglect them is to neglect those in whom the traveller should be most deeply interested.

Nothing has afforded me greater satisfaction, while wandering in foreign lands, than to gain access to the homes and hearts of humble life — to receive the rustic welcome, and share the rustic fare. I have found clear heads and warm hearts there, and many, many times have I heard earnest words spoken, kindling with fresh and noble thoughts. There is a consciousness of right and wrong implanted in the breast of every human being, and neither the distinctions

of merit, nor the pride of *caste*, can ever blot it out. It gives to the peasant as well as the lord a keen perception of justice, and makes him critical in all matters that touch his own welfare. Education and custom not unfrequently pervert this faculty, and estrange the heart from rectitude and goodness, so that human relations are forgotten, and the natural rights of men are disregarded. Man enslaves his fellow man, unnatural distinctions are maintained, the rich trample upon the poor, and monster-wrongs, decked out with jewels and comely garments, are nursed in the homes and hearts of good men. I have never yet been in a country where this faculty has suffered so much perversion and abuse among the ignorant peasantry, as it has among the wise and powerful, from whom we have reason to expect better things; nor is it less frequently the case that sound views are cherished among the "lower orders," in reference to the moral principles and laws which ought to direct human affairs. True, these hardy peasants have greater ability to conceive, than they have to express, great truths; they may be prompted by fierce passions to actualize their good thought by fraud or violence; but there is some excuse, at least, for popular excess, where it results from political or social systems which prevent the "people" from indicating their rights only by an appeal to force. There may be dangerous outbreaks, at such times, underneath which a sentiment of rectitude and justice *may* lay, that demands the mead of charity for the mistaken impulses of a mob. But where is Arth?

We reached Arth just before sunset, — a small village, at the head of the lake of Zug, in the canton of Schweitz. Never was a village situated in the midst of so much beauty and grandeur. From the windows of our hotel we could look out upon the lake, without a ripple, while beyond it the

sun was setting beneath a canopy of gold. On our right, the bold and precipitous shore, was indented with deep ravines and verdant slopes, loaded with fruit trees, and vines, and cottages and hamlets occupying every spot where it was possible for them to stand; on our left, the Righi lifted up its perpendicular walls more than five thousand feet, with its top-most cliffs hanging, dark and threatening, over our heads; on the other side, the Rossberg presented its bold and desolate summits — the hopeless wreck of its former self; and at its base laid the valley of Goldan, fresh and beautiful as if no evil had ever befallen it. Who could fail to be happy when surrounded with such rare combinations of sublimity and beauty? We were alone in the heart of a strange land; warm and friendly hearts were there that had no tongue of utterance for us; but we thought of home, and we were happy.

September 2. Just as the sun was bathing the brow of Righi with its golden beams, we were aroused by the deep tones of the organ in a neighboring monastery, chanting the morning service, and as soon as we could make ready, we started for Goldan. For more than a mile, our road led through a beautiful valley, and then we began to climb over the debris and rock, that were swept into the valley by the avalanche of Rossberg, just forty-four years ago to-day — a singular coincidence. Another mile brought us to the little village of Goldan, which possesses no interest except from the circumstance, that it stands over the one that was buried.

The Rossberg, together with several of the neighboring mountains, is composed of a very coarse and spongy conglomerate, the strata of which lay at an angle of forty-five degrees. During the rainy seasons, immense quantities of water are filtered through this rock, penetrating it to great

depths, and gradually wearing away the calcareous cement that binds the mass together. When this work of degradation is accomplished, large masses of the rock are detached from their parent bed, and precipitated into the valleys below.

On the second day of September, 1806, the village of Goldan was buried by an avalanch from Rossberg. The entire village, with nearly five hundred inhabitants, and several thousand cattle, were all buried in a common grave, and at such an enormous depth that none were ever afterwards found. The desolate flanks of Rossberg told us too distinctly the enormous mass of earth and rocks that had fallen from it; and when we saw the valley, more than a mile wide, filled up to the depth of a hundred feet, and the surface strown with immense boulders several miles from their native cliffs, and beyond us, for more than a mile down the valley, nothing but a grim mound of earth and rocks, which had laid there forty-four years, an awful monument of the catastrophe, I fully realized, for the first time, the terrific character of a Swiss avalanche. It vividly brought to my mind the thrilling lines of Neal, in his "Swiss Minstrel's Lament over the ruins of Goldan."

"But, the hour when the sun in his pride went down,
While his parting hung rich o'er the world,
While abroad o'er the sky his flush mantle was blown,
And his streamers of gold were unfurled;
An everlasting hill was torn
From its primeval base, and borne,
In gold and crimson vapors drest,
To where a people are at rest.
Slowly it came in its monntain wrath;
And the forests vanish before its path;
And the rude cliffs bowed; and the waters fled;
And the living were buried, while over their head,
They heard the full march of their foe as he sped;—
And the valley of life was the tomb of the dead."

On the ruins—covering nearly a thousand acres—a new village has been built, orchards have been planted, and richly cultivated fields are teaming with life and beauty. But with what deep and silent awe we stood there, remembering, as we did, that beneath our feet laid the mangled remains of nearly five hundred human beings who, without a note of warning, were buried there in an untimely grave, and, in spite of all the efforts of bereaved friendship, with no other shroud but the cold and broken earth! Nor could I help shuddering as I looked far upon each side and saw other frowning cliffs suspended over the valley, as it were, by a slender thread, and threatening it with even a greater ruin.

We stopped at Goldan but a short time, and then, turning to the right, we took the mule-path that led up the Righi. The first mile or two of our route led through green fields and pastures, and then we entered a woody path that actually ascended by rude stairs, made by placing logs and stones among the cliffs so as to render them secure. They run in all directions, and many of the steps were so broad and high as to render our ascent very tedious. We passed several parties on the way down the mountain, who evidently found it as hard a work to descend, as we did to climb.

But all along our way the scenery was every thing that could be desired. Behind us was the valley of Goldan, presenting the fearful ruins of the avalanche, and on the other side of it, three high, conical cliffs, glistening in the morning sunlight, like mighty, polished pillars from the workshop of Vulcan. They are called the Mitres, from the circumstance, it is said, that near their base stands the famous Benedictine convent of Einsiedeln; long a favorite resting place and shrine for devout and superstitious souls, and gov-

erned by a *mitred* Abbot. A deep gorge laid on our left, sparkling with cascades, and skirted with dark firs, and up among the cliffs, and far along on the green and woody slopes, the milkmaids were descending with their morning treasures, and the shepherds were tending their flocks, each in turn, with answering call, singing their favorite *Rauz des Vaches*—a wild, mellow and peculiar falsetto, that cannot be described — that echoed from glen to glen in singular harmony with the tinkling bells of the flocks and herds. We passed a score or two of images and paintings, elevated on posts, and nailed to the trees, from which the Catholic *voyageur*, doubtless, gathers strength for mountain climbing, but to our hard, Protestant understandings they gave no relief. At length, we reached a small chapel dedicated to *Notre Dame des Neiges*, — (Our Lady of the Snows,) — rather a chilly patron, but withal, *apropos* and poetic! In the altar there was a group of rude statuary, representing the Saviour on the cross, with the weeping Mary on one side, and a fierce soldier on the other. An iron box near the door, secured by a strong lock, and with an oblong hole in the top, intimated very clearly, that while reverence and worship were demanded of the traveller, there was a worldly element in the motive which led to the erection of the altar — that if the traveller would pray, he must *pay*, too! We left it, however, as dry as — a contribution box!

A little farther on, we came to a *chalet*. A woman came to the door, and urged us very strongly to walk in and refresh ourselves. She assured us that she had bread, and butter, and cheese, and *rum!* The temptation was too great, and we entered. While we were eating a dish of rich goat's milk and coarse bread, we told our landlady that we were Americans. She was overjoyed to see us, and in order

to feel assured that we were from America, she asked us again; and with an additional assurance, she walked back and forward in the room, rubbing her hands together, and exclaiming, "Americanisch! Americanisch!" with as much earnestness as if we had been long-absent children just returned home. When we left, she grasped our hands, and bid us a sincere farewell; and as we climbed up the narrow path above the chalet, we looked behind us, and she was standing in the door watching our progress with all the interest of a mother. That was a Swiss welcome, and Swiss fare, among the deep glens of a Swiss mountain!

A short distance from the chalet, we passed an old *hospice*, surrounded by a few buildings, that is nearly two hundred years old; here there is a small fraternity of monks, whose business is to render assistance to travellers who venture to climb the mountain in the winter season. After a weary ascent through immense pastures filled with cattle and goats, we reached the top of the mountain at a point called Righi Staffel. What a magnificent scene rose, like magic, before us. At the same moment H—— and I uttered an involuntary exclamation of surprise. The first effect was really bewildering; but that immediately gave way to deep feeling of admiration and awe, such as I never felt before. I had often heard of the grand view from the top of Righi, but the reality so much exceeded all my highest expectations, that my surprise could not have been greater if I had expected nothing. I thought I had beheld scenery before, but never any thing combining so much grandeur, richness and variety, and on such a scale of vastness, as this. That was one of the richest moments in my life, and a man could afford to climb a dozen mountains to enjoy it! But we had to ascend still higher, and a half hour more brought

us to the highest peak — the Righi Culm. It is 6000 feet above the sea. There is a lodging room and stables, on a slightly inclined plain containing several acres; an elevated platform from which the most extensive view is obtained; and near it a large cross that can be seen at a great distance.

The prospect from this point is without a parallel in the world, and I hardly know what I can say that will convey an adequate idea of it. It commands the entire circuit of the mountain, and without changing one's position, the eye commands every variety of scenery. To the west and north lay the rich agricultural districts of Berne, Uri and Zurich, the three richest cantons in Switzerland, in one vast plain stretching from the Jura on the north, to the Alps, a distance of fifty miles. There it lay spread out before us in one vast map, five thousand feet beneath us; dotted with towns, villages, churches, and ruins; groves, orchards, gardens, and vine-clad fields; hedges running in dark lines, in all directions; lakes, the most beautiful in the world, looking like patches of snow among green pastures and fields; and countless rivers and streams winding in serpentine paths of silvery light. What painter would not shrink from the task of putting the countless objects, and the wonderful contrasts of light and shade, of that mighty panorama, on canvass! On the east, and beneath our feet, laid the dark, blue waters of the lake of Zug. On this side, the Righi rises in a perpendicular wall four thousand feet high; as we looked from the dizzy height, it seemed as if we could almost leap into the lake. A few years ago a German officer was standing on the brow of that awful precipice with his wife; and, without any warning of his designs, he leaped into mid air, and was dashed in pieces, on a projecting cliff, eight hundred feet below!

Beside the lake, lies Arth, and its beautiful valley; the ruins of Goldan; the vast chasm in the Rossberg; the lake of Lowertz; and the little town of Schwytz; and beyond these, vast mountain piles rise in a thousand grand and picturesque forms, some of them capped with clouds and eternal snow. The whole southern horizon is shut out by Alpine walls that lift up their mighty pinnacles and turrets into the regions of perpetual cloud and storm, and these, with their awful battlements rent and torn by the tempests of more than six thousand years, standing stern and sublime in contrast with the smooth, pastoral valleys which lay at their feet. Let no one ever go to Switzerland without climbing Righi, for the prospect from the top is without an equal in the world.

We stopped three hours on Righi Culm, and then started down the other side of the mountain, towards Küsnacht. The descent was more trying to our limbs than the ascent; but the wild cliffs above and around us, standing out on the sides of the mountain, like the lines of an immense military fortification, and the unrivalled beauty of the landscape, more than repaid us for all our labor. At best, our road was nothing but a goat-path, very broken and precipitous, and the only trouble was to keep right side up, and not go too fast.

About half way down, we were overtaken by a large boy driving two goats; with all their manifest good nature, the goats were not much inclined to keep in the path, but by means of sundry shouts and thumps, the boy succeeded in keeping them somewhere near right. He passed us, and was soon out of sight in the dark glens below.

In a few minutes, we passed through a grove of larch and fir, and entered upon a well cultivated terrace, where a

stout peasant had been mowing grass. The sturdy haymaker had abandoned his scythe, and was down on his hands and knees drawing his lunch from the well-stored teats of one of the goats, the shepherd boy, meanwhile, holding the animal fast by the neck; when he supplied his wants, he took the boy's place, and the latter took his turn in sucking the goat! Who can marvel at the hardihood of the Swiss mountaineers!

We reached, at length, the foot of Righi, and after taking our supper at a little village on the borders of the lake, we started for Küsnacht. On our way we passed the *chemin creux* (dug or hollow way,) where Tell killed the tyrant Gessler. The road here was cut through a high bank, and forms a deep ravine, skirted on each side by trees and shrubbery; hence, its name. Gessler was killed near the close of the fourteenth century, and a chapel has been erected near the spot where the deed was done. Over the door there is a large painting, representing the scene of Gessler's death; and while we were looking at it, we stood on the very spot where Tell stood, when he shot the fatal arrow that cut short his career of tyranny, and prepared the way for the establishment of Swiss freedom.

It is singular that history records so little of Tell. The chief that is known of him has been gathered from the traditions of Swiss mountaineers, that have been handed down from one generation to another, and the historical truth of which may be safely questioned. Dissatisfied with the meagre details of his life, that have been furnished in authentic history, many have doubted whether he ever existed. His birth, however, is certain; and while his life was not distinguished by great deeds, he was one of those hardy mounaineers, among whom were Walter Furst, Werner

Stauffach, and Arnold de Melchthal, who were foremost in risking their lives in the cause of freedom. "Independence was not so much the object of these patriots, as relief from the tyranny of subordinates; and private grievances lay at the bottom of their zeal. A general revolt commenced immediately after the death of Gessler, and its success led to the establishment of the Swiss Confederacy."

We left the *chemin creux*, and reached Küsnacht about sunset. It stands on the northern side of the Lake of the Four Cantons, and is the scene of many of Tell's daring achievements, and — our resting-place for the night.

CHAPTER XII.

Küsnacht — walk to Lucerne — Thorwaldsen's lion — Lake of the Four Cantons — a small republic — Altdorf — Pass of St. Gothard — mountain grandeur and human beggary — goitre — its causes — Andermath — the Hospice — a bigoted Englishman — a hopeful clergyman — Fruca — Rhone Glacier — lake of the dead — Hospice Grimsel — Aar valley — Falls at Haudeck — a crusty bachelor.

Sept. 3. With as beautiful a morning as ever dawned, we left Küsnacht, and bent our steps round the head of the bay, — called by the same name, though a branch or arm of Lucerne lake, — and along its western shore, on our way to Lucerne. A hurricane must have passed there within a short time, for a large number of trees in the orchards and groves were torn up by the roots, and buildings even, were sadly rent and torn. The sky was clear; the sun soon rose above the brow of Righi; and the lofty Alps, including the snowy Jungfrau, and the Finster Aarhorn, were glittering in the morning sunlight, without a cloud to intercept our view. They seemed but a short distance from us, although, in reality, they were more than fifty miles of. Nothing can exceed their sublimity; and for two long hours they stood before us in all their naked grandeur. A little to the south of Lucerne, a beautiful mountain called Pilatus, lifted up its bold and serrated ridges, seven thousand feet; very small in comparison with its Alpine neighbors, but presenting the finest outline I ever beheld.

We reached Lucerne about eleven o'clock, by passing an old convent, and over a low, covered bridge, ornamented with numerous paintings. The town is surrounded by

massive towers. The lake and surrounding scenery are beautiful, but the town itself possesses nothing of particular interest, except Thorwaldsen's lion. To that we paid our respects soon after our arrival. It is cut in the native rock, and was designed in honor of the Swiss guards, who defended the French king at the taking of the Tuilleries, in 1792. The lion, thrust through with a dart, is struggling in the agonies of death. The attitude, the bold and life-like expression, are truly wonderful. The keeper occupies a *corps-de-garde* near by, and was one of the few survivors of that dreadful day.

At 2 o'clock, we took the steambort for Fluelon. Never could there be a grander trip than ours, down the Lake of the Four Cantons. The day was favorable, and a constant succession of glorious objects, — mountains, valleys, villages and ruins, were passing before our eyes, all sanctified and hallowed in the history of Switzerland, by deeds of heroism and virtue. This lake is in the heart of Switzerland; the theatre of Tell's noblest labors for his country, and surrounded by scenery without an equal in the world. No spot was more interesting to me than the little village and neighborhood of Gersen that is on the southern flank of Righi, and which for more than four centuries, maintained itself as an independent State, with a population of not more than fifteen hundred souls. We passed Brunnen, and saw the figures of the three conspirators, painted on the walls of a building near the wharf, who swore to gain the feeedom of Switzerland; and they toiled faithfully and gained their object. A little on our left, was the lovely town of Schwytz, the cradle of Helvetic liberty. Down the bay of Uri, the scenery was magnificent; a fine beginning to what we expect farther on in the higher Alps.

We reached Fluelon in season to walk two miles to Altdorf, where we spent the night. Here we saw the famous square in which Tell shot the apple from the head of his child, by order of the tyrant Gessler. It is a dirty, gloomy and forbidding place.

SEPT. 4. We reached the little village of Andermatt, after travelling twenty-five miles through the pass of St. Gothard. It stands at an elevation of five thousand feet above the sea. Two miles from Altdorf, we crossed the stream in which it is said that Tell perished in attempting to save the life of a child. This *pass* is an immense ravine, or, as is said of the White Mountains of New England, a "notch," extending from the Lake of the Four Cantons, to the top of St. Gothard, and thence down to the plains of Italy, on the south. Through its whole length, the scenery is grand beyond description. The pass varies in width from thirty or forty rods, to half a mile, and on each side, the mountains rise in perpendicular walls, from one to four thousand feet. Frequently, their tops were covered with snow and clouds, and once we saw a grand glacier at no great distance from us. The cliffs were rent with immense gorges; and chasms, hundreds of feet deep, sparkled with silvery cascades, and frowning cliffs frequently stretched their shaggy heads over our path, and made us start with fear at their threatening aspects.

There is a heavy, transparent mist hanging over many of these mountains, that clothes them with fresh beauty; it covers the bald and rugged rocks and cliffs with soft and velvet-like hues; and makes the wild and desolate ravines look like fairy grottoes, and converts the cloud-capped cliffs into enchanted castles, where grim giants dwell. Well, these old mountains are not alone in this matter. Mist

covers up a great many moral, as well as natural blotches; to criticise human kind *too* closely, is decidedly impertinent; better let it stand at a respectful distance, and then there is a little obscurity and indistinctness about it, that makes it all the more interesting.

In the early part of the day, we passed richly cultivated fields on the banks of the Reuss, and occasionally there were immense glens, bearing on their broad bosoms, cottages, hamlets and fields, that stretched up, far up, until the green verdure came in contact with eternal snow and ice; while above and behind all, laid a noble background of hoary peaks.

But while nature laid before us such a constant succession of varied and magnificent objects, *human* nature was fully represented by paltry meanness and beggary. Beggars assailed us at all points, and we passed one batch of no less than five. The inhabitants of these mountainous districts are miserable looking creatures; and generally, they are either swollen with the goitre, or rendered helpless and idiotic, by that still more terrible form of the same disease, cretenism. I have seen no such misery since I left Ireland. In these Alpine valleys, where nature has put forth all her powers to rear magnificent scenery, this disease steals in, to mar and blight the human form, and establish painful contrasts of human infirmity with the sublimest scenery on the globe. Concerning this disease, I make the following extract from Murray:

"Goitre is a swelling in front of the neck, (of the thyroid gland, or the parts adjoining,) which increases with the growth of the individual, until, in some cases, it attains an enormous size, and becomes a "hideous wallet of flesh," to use the words of Shakespeare, hanging pendulous down to

the breast. It is not, however, attended with pain, and generally seems to be more unsightly to the spectator, than inconvenient or hateful to the bearer.

"Cretinism, which occurs in the same localities, and evidently arises from the same cause, whatever it may be, is a more serious malady, inasmuch as it affects the mind. The cretin is an idiot; a melancholy spectacle; a creature that may almost be said to rank a step below human beings. There is vacancy in his countenance; his head is disproportionately large; his limbs are stunted or crippled; he cannot articulate his words with distinctness; and there is scarcely any work that he is capable of performing. He spends his days basking in the sun, and from its warmth appears to derive great gratification. When a stranger appears, he becomes a clamorous and importunate beggar, assailing him with a ceaseless clattering; and the traveller is commonly glad to get rid of his hideous presence at the expense of a few batz.

"Various theories have been resorted to, in order to account for this disease: some have attributed it to the use of water derived from melting snow; others, to the habits of carrying heavy weights on the head; others, again, to filthy habits; while a fourth theory derives it from the nature of the soil, or the use of spring water impregnated with calcareous matter."

It is a singular fact, while it is seldom found in granitic and slaty regions, that in all limestone districts, it prevails to a fearful extent. Dr. McClelland intimates the prevalence of the disease in different geological localities, in proportion to the number of inhabitants, as follows:

"The proportion of the inhabitants of each rock, who are

affected with goitre and cretinism, will stand to the healthy in the following order:

"Granite and gneiss; — goitre, $\frac{1}{500}$; cretins, none.

"Mica-slate and hornblende-slate; — goitre, none; cretins, none.

"Clay-slate; — goitre, $\frac{1}{136}$; cretins, none.

"Transition-slate; goitre, $\frac{1}{18}$; cretins, none.

"Steatitic sandstone; goitre, none; cretins, none.

"Calcareous rock; — goitre, $\frac{1}{3}$; cretins, $\frac{1}{37}$."

Are we to suppose that these interesting results are the effects of chance, or of an accidental association of circumstances confined to a particular spot? When we recollect that a space of upwards of a thousand square miles has been made subject to the inquiry, and that, in every portion of this space, the same invariable circumstances attended the presence of the disease, and that its absence was invariably distinguished by the absence of those circumstances, it is more philosophical to view them in the light of cause and effect.

A careful attention to the circumstances accompanying the appearance of this disease, will show that it is connected also with the condition of the atmosphere; and is found in low, warm and moist situations, at the bottom of valleys, where a stagnation of water occurs; and where the summer exhalations and autumnal fogs arising from it, are not carried off by a free circulation of air. It is found in places where the valley is confined, and shut in, as it were; — where a free draft is checked by its sides being clothed with wood, or by a sudden bend occurring in its direction; — where, at the same time, the bottom is subject to the overflowings of a river, or to extensive artificial irrigation. The conjecture which derives the disease from breathing an

atmosphere of this kind, not liable to be purified by fresh currents of air to carry off the vapors, is, perhaps, the one most deserving of consideration. The disease is much more common among women than men, and not unfrequently it becomes hereditary, and like vicious humors, is transmitted from parent to child.

A few miles from Andermatt, we passed the Devil's Bridge. The arch has a span of about eighty feet, and stands on abutments of native rock. It is scarcely three feet wide, without any railing, and is more than a hundred feet above the Reuss, which rushes down among rocks and boulders, with a deafening noise. What Beelzebub had to do with the building of that bridge, I cannot say; but without any disposition to be critical in this diabolical matter, we were glad to find the old bridge supplanted by a new one of more respectable dimensions, and more firmly built.

Andermatt, although more than five thousand feet above the sea, stands in a beautiful valley; the valley of Urseren One of the lofty outposts of St. Gothard stands close to the village, on the side of which there is a large grove of larches, and it is this that saves the village from the destructive avalanche. It is said to break the fall of heavy bodies of snow, by dividing them into fragments, and scattering them on each side of the village. Were it not for this feeble and uncertain defence, Andermatt would long ago have been destroyed. In 1799, the French and Austrian armies cut down many of these trees, and there has been an annual decrease in their numbers ever since; so that the existence of the village hangs by a very brittle thread.

Sept. 5. We left our landlady at Andermatt at an early

hour, after quarrelling with her fleas all night, (fearful odds against tired men,) and reached the Hospital, two miles beyond, in season for breakfast. We then started for the top of St. Gothard, a distance of eight miles. The road was excellent — fully equal to the best turnpikes in the neighborhood of Boston; but the scenery was of the most desolate character. At that elevation, the freshness and verdure of nature perish under the withering influence of frost and cold. Hundreds of goats were scrambling among the cliffs and rocks with nothing to eat except pale and sickly grass, and various kinds of lichens, and the peasant girls were engaged in the arduous task of milking them.

At length we reached the Hospice on the summit. It stands in a vast amphitheatre, belted with eternal cliffs and snows: nothing can exceed the bleak and desolate prospect as far as the eye can reach. We had followed the Reuss its whole length; and near the Hospice there is a small lake, in which it takes its rise. The Hospice is but little better than a logger's camp, but we found a good-natured Italian landlady there, and some excellent bread and wine. We were more than eight thousand feet above the sea, and the air chilled us through, so that we actually shivered with the cold: the wind was precisely like the February and March winds of New England; the neighboring mountains were covered with snow, and several banks laid by the road-side, from which we made snowballs in school-boy fashion. Descending to the Hospital once more, we dined with a turbulant Englishman, whose abhorrence of Southern slavery and western bowie knives, was only equalled by his ignorance of American institutions, laws and customs, and a bigoted attachment to every thing English. It required no great effort to cool his ardor below the boiling-point; and without

stopping to argue the comparative merits of England, at length, we shouldered our knapsack, and took the pass leading to Fruca. We travelled on four miles to *des Alps*, where we put up for the night.

Soon after our arrival, three Englishmen arrived, post haste after us, to accompany us through the Oberland Alps. One of them was the finest specimen of an easy, ignorant, worldly-minded clergyman that I have ever seen. He never had but one idea in his head, and that is embodied in two short words — THE Church. He lauded Old England and its many joys, and felt himself the best man in the kingdom; he laughed and smoked, and declared that he had money enough, and would go to America to see and judge for himself; he drank his wine, and marvelled greatly *that we spoke English so well*, — even better, he thought, than many do in London. We made our supper on roasted chamois and baked larks. The chamois was much like common deer meat, and the larks were crispy and sweet, and just large enough to make a mouthful apiece. They had certainly lost their coat of feathers, but whether the cook had done any thing more to them by way of preparation, I dare not say. But hungry men never stand for trifles, and we made a good meal. At the table we found four stout Germans, who were bound through the Oberland; so for the first time we had the prospect of company in our rambles.

SEPTEMBER 6. At six o'clock this morning our landlord called us; and with all haste we made preparations for continuing our journey. The day was clear and beautiful, the clouds and mist were rapidly dissolving in the morning sunbeams, and we had a prospect of seeing the vast mountains among which, and over which, we were to pass. On calling the roll after breakfast we mustered four Germans,

three Englishmen, and two Yankees — nine in all; and what was more, we were all fresh and strong, and in high spirits for scaling the grand defiles before us. Our English parson hired a horse, and the rest of us depended upon our legs. We started along a serpentine cow-path in regular Indian file; and before we had gone half a mile, we saw our lusty landlady coming after us in great haste, and with very earnest gesticulations, and loud calls, that none but the Germans understood. When she came up, we found that our guide had left without paying his bill. He looked rather suspicious, at best, and this affair by no means increased our confidence in him; but the landlady was paid, and after a few moments delay, he was leading us off at a rapid rate, up the steep and snowy declivities of the pass.

Our path often passed along on the edge of frightful gulfs, some of them three or four hundred feet deep; and we climbed up *perpendicular* mountains, and over snow drifts and rocks. Very often I could not look down without a swimming head, and when I looked up to vast cliffs and boulders that hung over our path, I could not help reeling like a drunken man. After toiling up cliffs and rocks more than an hour, and crossing large drifts of snow and ice, with torrents rumbling beneath our feet, we reached Fruca. H—— and I entered the little chalet on the summit, and stopped until our companions arrived, and after eating a dish of bread and milk *almost* as cold as ice, we went out to get a sight of that upper world, nine thousand feet up in mid air! My God! what chaotic mountain piles stand there, one above another! What a dreary, desolate, and sublime panorama! There is a horrible grandeur about them that overpowers every faculty! The scene is on such a scale of magnificence that all powers of description, almost the powers of thought,

fail me. I do not believe that *such* mountain scenery can ever be adequately described. It is above all the highest powers of expression; and every faculty is rendered powerless by the intenseness of the feelings. Its awful gorges down, down, where the light of day never dared to enter; the mighty cliffs rent and torn as if a thousand thunderbolts had been hurled against them at once,—what can I compare them with? It reminded me of the sublime description in the Æneid,* where the inside of Cacus' cave is suddenly laid open by the arm of Hercules; it seemed as though the bowels of the earth had been rent asunder, and thrown up there in a mighty ruin, to astonish men and gods;—the awful wreck and ruin of a world, smitten with a curse and doomed. Beneath our feet laid an immense tunnel-shaped basin, where the genius of desolation presided without a rival authority; scarcely a tree, or a shrub, or a patch of green grass, was to be seen: a little to our right, the Rhone glacier lifted up its mountain form, at least three miles, and filling a deep gorge a mile in width; far above it lay the virgin brows of the Finster Aarhorn, bathed in silvery light, and wooing the calm, reluctant sky.

Our English parson, quite well satisfied with mountain climbing, concluded to retrace his steps to St. Gothard, but the rest of us had a long Alpine journey before us. For more than a mile from Fruca, our path was so steep, that the

* The court of Cacus stands revealed to sight,
The cavern glares with new-admitted light,
So pent, the vapors with a rumbling sound
Heave from below, and rend the hollow ground.
A sounding flaw succeeds; and from on high,
The gods with hate behold the nether sky;
The ghosts repine at violated night,
And curse the invading sun, and sicken at the sight."

Dryden's Virgil.

descent was most trying to our limbs; but several of our party were provided with *alpenstocks*, which were a valuable support. The *alpenstock* is a stout staff, or pole, five or six feet long, with an iron spike in one end for use, and a chamois' horn on the other for show. In *descending* mountains, it enables one to transfer a part of the weight of the body from the legs to the arms, and affords great relief.

Four miles from Fruca, we stood on the foot of the Rhone glacier — one of the finest in Switzerland, though not so large as the *Mer de glace* of Mount Blanc: but it is quite large enough, and more than equalled my expectations, and enabled me to realize the *geological* dream that had haunted me for years. Far up its shaggy sides, huge moraines were piled one above another, composed of solid blue ice and snow, mingled together in beautiful contrast, while its whole surface was rent by immense fissures running in parallel lines, and looking like web-like striæ of polished emerald. From beneath the vast and broken arches of ice that form the bottom of the glacier, the infant Rhone first beholds the light of day; starting from its frozen and cavernous birth-place in gentle murmurs, like the sweet voice of childhood, and dashing in crystal ripples over ice-bound pebbles, and the foot of frozen cliffs, to find its way, through vissitude and change, to the far-distant sea. How much like human life! Half a mile below the glacier, we crossed the Rhone, already a considerable stream, and falling in cataracts far down at the foot of broken and immeasurable Alps.

In a few minutes we were climbing the flanks of Grimsel; and they were so steep that it was difficult to ascend except on all-fours. The wind swept down fiercely from the glaciers above, and so cold as to chill the sweat on our reeking brows.

That was the hardest climbing I ever undertook; and when we reached the top, and began to wade once more through snow and ice, I thought I should freeze. On the top of Grimsel we passed the "Lake of the Dead." It is a small, circular sheet of water, begirt with banks of snow, and bears this singular name from the circumstance that it is the tomb of many unfortunate travellers who have attempted to pass over Grimsel at an unfavorable season of the year, and perished in the snows.

From the top of Grimsel to the Hospice, a distance of several miles, we made our descent over granite cliffs, which formed the walls of a vast amphitheatre, and were piled one above the other like the steps of a stairway. We dined at the Hospice, where we had an unpleasant altercation with our German friends, and left them with no very pleasant feelings.

Leaving Grimsel, we entered the valley of the Aar, that passes through a chain of wild, rugged, and uninhabitable Alps. The road through this valley is not as wide as the original pass of St. Gothard, and it winds its way among perpendicular cliffs and rocky walls; sometimes laid on smooth, granite arches; sometimes carried over bridges thrown across frightful precipices; and not unfrequently it passes so near the brink of deep chasms, that caution alone enables the traveller to maintain his foothold; sometimes, along these bare and rugged ridges, our path run down long flights of steps, either cut in the ledges, or formed by large stones; and the whole upper portion of the valley was thickly strown with fragments of rock, while projecting cliffs and spurs frequently hung over our heads, threatening to overwhelm us.

In three hours, we reached Haudeck, and made the best of

our way to the famous falls of the Aar. We passed through a small grove of larch and fir, and in a few minutes we were standing on moss-covered rocks, where we could look down into the deep and narrow gulf into which the river leaps and is soon lost in the dense foliage of the forest below. The body of water is considerable, and its perpendicular fall is one hundred and fifty feet. The roar of the water was deafening, and the mist and spray were very dense and uncomfortable, but it was a luxury to find green trees, and sit under their grateful shade once more, after an absence from them of two days.

It had been our design to stop at Haudeck over night, but not being able to procure accommodations, we were obliged to go farther. Before dark we reached Guttanen, where we were well provided with creature comforts, after travelling thirty-one miles over one of the wildest and grandest spots on earth. This mountain climbing is a great deal like work, as our legs can abundantly testify. But after all, there is an enjoyment in it that more than pays for the labor. I have heard of a crusty, old, English bachelor, who, in travelling through the Alps, always confined himself to the valleys, protesting that the mountains lost all their charm by getting too near them; he would have nothing to do with them, except to look up to them through mist and cloud from the valleys below, and he very ungallantly intimated that mountains were like showy *belles*; — specks and deformities always appear on close contact, and the charm of beauty can only be preserved by keeping them at a proper distance. I confess that I am not disposed to agree with him in either particular.

CHAPTER XIII.

Valley of the Aar — Rosenlani — falls of Reichenbach — Meyringen — Scheideck — Alpine pastures — a chalet — mountain echoes — Grindenwald — its glacier — habits of the chamois — perilous adventure of an eagle hunter — Rauz des Vaches — Wengern Alps — an avalanche — a snow storm — tedious descent — Lauterbrunnen — Staubbach — Interlaken — Manfred — Thun — valley of Aar — Berne market-day — curious clock — national bears — Swiss peasantry — the women — arrival in Basle.

SEPTEMBER 7. We found the path from Guttanen, down the valley of the Aar to Meyringen, very good; but just before we reached the latter place, our *smooth* travelling ended. We left the valley on our left, and commenced the difficult ascent of a group of hills that form the beginning of the Scheideck range. We climbed up till the tremendous peaks of the Jungfrau stood before us, and the pyramidal pillars of the Wetterhorn, mantled with glittering ice. As we approached Rosenlani, the falls of Reichenbach were on our right. They are the most celebrated and beautiful in Switzerland, and consist of several cataracts. The first fall springs from a high rock in feathery spray, into a narrow defile, and from thence it bounds from cliff to cliff, down into the valley of Meyringen, to add its tribute to the ever increasing waters of the Aar.

Meyringen is a beautiful valley, surrounded by meadows of luxuriant verdure, and dotted over with cottages that are frequently separated from each other by rocks and deep channels that have been cut through the earth by storms and inundations. Among the group of buildings near the centre of the plain, stands a little chapel, and it is the only indication

we have seen of Christian truth or life since we entered the Alps.

Whether Catholic or Protestant, the sight of that chapel gave me a feeling of sincere pleasure. Here the comforts of the Christian religion, and the restraints of Christian laws, are more needed than in most other places. In regions of everlasting snow and ice, the heart needs the warm glow of religious affection, to keep up light and life within, and to shield it from strong temptations to dishonesty and double dealing, which spring from a transient intercourse with adventurers and travellers, where the love of gain is not checked by the endearments of friendship, nor the influences of social life. Yes, under such circumstances, I would rather have the mummeries of Brahmin, or of Mahomet, than no worship at all; and from off the altars of Roman superstition, I would gladly gather a few coals, to kindle up anew the faltering faith and hope, and strengthen the moral purpose to withstand the temptations of life; while a fervent charity should look from the worthless form, to the intentions of the heart, that would enable me to see in the meanest ritual of savage, saint, or sage, *some* noble aspirations after a higher and purer life.

Doom'd, as we are, our native dust
  To wet with many a bitter shower,
    It ill befits us to disdain
    The Altar, to deride the Fane
Where patient sufferers bend, in trust
  To win a happier hour.

I love, where spreads the village lawn,
  Upon some knee-worn cell to gaze;
    Hail to the firm, unmoving cross,
    Aloft, where pines their branches toss,
And to the chapel far withdrawn,
  That lurks by lonely ways.

Where'er we roam, along the brink
  Of Rhine, or by the sweeping Po,

Through Alpine vale, or Champaign wide—
Whate'er we look on, at our side
Be Charity—to bid us think
And feel, if we would know.

We dined at Rosenlani, and from the window of the chalet, we could see the vast glacier *de Rosenlani* descending a wild glen that reached almost to the door, and behind it the Eiger lifted up its head like a vast and lonely tower. What ruin that glacier would occasion if it should be precipitated into the valley below.

But the worst part of our day's work was still before us; for the Scheideck was to be crossed, before we could reach Grindenwald. After resting an hour, we started. Through a large grove of larches, our path resembled a New England logging road; sometimes, it was a respectably made path; but generally, it was a broken foot-path, winding in all directions, and running over every thing, and frequently dividing into many branches, so that it was difficult to find our way. On our right, the Faulhorn was covered with grass quite to its top, and on the left, the Wetterhorn lifted up its snowy peaks more than thirteen thousand feet; and while we were passing it, two avalanches of snow swept down from its summit, with a noise like heavy thunder, and over its huge precipices a glacier projected its giant form, threatening the valley below with ruin.

After climbing six tedious miles, we reached the top of Scheideck. There was no snow on it; and its whole summit is one immense pasture, in which thousands of cattle were grazing. These Alpine pastures are on a scale of magnitude that compares well with the mountains themselves. Indeed, the word Alps, in Switzerland, signifies mountain pasturage. Some of them are owned by individuals, but chiefly they belong to the commune; and the inhabitants of the neighbor-

ing villages have a right to pasture a certain number of cattle in them. They are divided into lower, middle, and upper pastures. In the spring the cattle are driven to the lower pastures, but as the season advances, and the snow and ice melts away, they are driven into higher regions, where they remain as long as the weather will permit.

There are no buildings on the summit of Scheideck except the chalets occupied by the cow-herds. These are literally log huts, formed of trunks of trees, notched at the extremities so as to fit into one another at the angles, or corners, of the building; they have low, flat roofs, that are loaded with heavy stones to prevent the wind from blowing them away. The imagination of Rosseau, and other writers, has clothed them with a great deal of interest and beauty, but trifling observation proves them to be smoky and dirty huts, in which substantial comfort is an utter stranger.

We drank a glass of milk in one of them, making ourselves, meanwhile, as comfortable as possible on the soft side of a wooden bench, without cushion or back. Near the door, there was a man waiting to contribute to our amusement, with a large wooden cannon; and we paid him six batz to fire two guns that we might hear the echo; it leaped up among the crags of the Wetterhorn, and rolled along from cliff to cliff,—now dying entirely away, and anon returning, for several minutes, until it melted away into a sublime whisper, that we waited for with breathless interest. He then gave us a few blasts from his Alp horn, the echoes of which were as soft and sweet as a flute. It seemed as if mountain harpers were standing on the mighty walls before us, each in turn taking up the silvery strain, and echoing it from tower to tower, in exact harmony with the original notes. Echoes, like every thing else here, are sublime and beautiful beyond

description. We then started on our *downward* way, and at six o'clock reached Grindenwald, having travelled, as our landlord calculated, thirty-three miles.

The valley of Grindenwald is finely cultivated, and although the climate is cold and variable, owing to the glaciers and snows of the neighboring mountains, it produces grains and fruits in great abundance, and furnishes thousands of cattle annually to the villages and towns in the neighboring plains. The Mettenburg is crowned with perpetual snow, and from our window we could see the noble glacier of Grindenwald, stretching from its summit down into the valley to within a short distance of our hotel. It is an arm of that immense *Mer de Glace*, or sea of ice, around the summit of the Finster Aarhorn, that sends out no less than fourteen similar branches, and extends over a surface of one hundred and fifteen square miles! It is different from the Rhone glacier, because it joins a fertile plain, and borders on cultivated fields. The side of the mountain by which it stands is covered with dark groves, and strawberries and wild cherries, fruit trees and vines, grow within a few rods of its base. The ice and snows of winter, and the fruits and flowers of summer, stand side by side.

The valley of Grindenwald is more than three thousand feet above the sea, and its neighborhood affords the best chamois hunting in the Alps; they are frequently seen behind the Wetterhorn, in bands of twenty or thirty together, ranging among cliffs and snows, where none but the hardy hunter ever ventured. The chamois is said to be a very timid animal, and is consequently very watchful. Generally, they go out in flocks, and while they are feeding, one of them, posted on an adjacent height, stands as a *sentinel*. He is relieved every quarter of an hour by another.

The sentinel looks around with great solicitude and care, and on the least suspicion of danger, he alarms the herd by a shrill cry, and the whole troop decamp with all haste. The chamois feeds chiefly on the *Lichen Rangiferinus*, or reindeer lichen, a species of moss that is found in great abundance on the summits of the high Alps.

In order to procure their favorite food in the winter, like the reindeer, they clear away the snow with their fore feet, and frequently thaw it with their breath for the purpose of loosening it more easily. But when, either from the depth or the hardness of the snow, they cannot penetrate it to the lichen, they browse on the saplings of pine and fir. In summer, their bodies are of a yellowish brown, and white under the throat; the horn is short, black, and very smooth: in the winter season their coat lengthens, and grows dark, so as to resemble that of a bear. Sometimes, though rarely, they have been found speckled, or of variegated colors; and still more rarely, they have been found entirely white; but this is supposed to be the result of age, or accident.

The mountain barriers around Grindenwald, afford an asylum to eagles of the largest size. They are very ferocious, and not unfrequently attack the shepherds and hunters. A singular instance of their ferocity is related as follows: — a little peasant boy, belonging to a chalet in one of the mountain pastures, was sent out to look after some cattle. Not far from the chalet, he perceived two young eagles at no great distance, on the spur of a low rock; and, tempted by the prize, he crept up behind the rock, and grasped them in his arms, and held them fast in spite of their resistance. He had hardly secured his prey, when, to his great dismay, he saw the old eagles rushing down the mountain towards him. He run at full speed to the chalet, and closed the

door just in time to shut out his pursuers. No one else was there to aid him, and all day long he held fast the slender door of the chalet, while the furious eagles beat themselves against it to effect an entrance, and rescue their young. But the boy knew the value of his prey, — a louis d'or being given by the government of Berne for every eagle killed — and he stood at his post manfully until after sunset; when his pursuers, wearied with their efforts, and alarmed by the gathering darkness, took their flight to a neighboring precipice. When it was dark, the boy took the young eaglets in his arms, and ran down the mountain, as fast as his legs could carry him, to the nearest village, constantly looking back with alarm, to see if his enemies were pursuing him. He reached the hamlet in safety, however, not a little excited by his day's adventure, and pleased with the prize he had secured. Had he been less fortunate in guarding the chalet, he would have lost his life.

In the evening, a company of young peasants gathered at the door of our hotel, and sung to us several of their favorite *ranz des vaches;* it was a concert of squeaking discords, mingled with the importunities of beggary, for which I had neither patience nor charity. Concerning these mountain songs, I make the following extract from Latrobe.

"It is not uncommon to find the Ranz des Vaches spoken of by persons unacquainted with Switzerland and the Alps as a single air, whereas they are a class of melodies prevailing among, and peculiar to, the Alpine valleys. Almost every valley has an air of its own, but the original air is said to be that of Appenzell. Their effect in producing home-sickness in the heart of the Swiss mountaineer, when heard in a distant land, and the prohibition of this music in the Swiss regiments in the service of France, on account of

the number of desertions occasioned by it, are stories often repeated, and probably founded on fact.

"These national melodies are particularly wild in their character, yet full of melody; the choruses consist of a few remarkably shrill notes, uttered with a peculiar falsetto intonation in the throat. They originate in the practice of the shepherds on the Alps of communicating with one another at the distance of a mile or more, by pitching the voice high. The name Ranz des Vaches, (Germ. Kuhreihen), literally *cow-rows*, is obviously derived from the order in which the cows march home at milking-time, in obedience to the shepherd's call, communicated by the voice, or through the *Alp horn*, a simple tube of wood, wound round with bark five or six feet long, admitting of but slight modulation, yet very melodious when caught up and prolonged by the mountain echoes. In some of the remoter pastoral districts of Switzerland, from which the ancient simplicity of manners is not altogether banished, the Alp horn supplies, on the higher pastures, where no church is near, the place of the vesper-bell. The cow-herd, posted on the highest peak, as soon as the sun is set, pours forth the four or five first notes of the Psalm, —"Praise God the Lord;" the same notes are repeated from distant Alps, and all within hearing uncovering their heads and bending their knees, repeat their evening orison; after which the cattle are penned in their stalls, and the shepherds betake themselves to rest.

"The traveller among the Alps will have frequent opportunities of hearing both the music of the horn and the songs of the cow-herds and dairy-maids; the latter have been thus described by Mr. Southey:—'Surely the wildest chorus that ever was heard by human ears: a song, not of articulate sounds, but in which the voice is used as a mere instrument

of music, more flexible than any which art could produce, sweet, powerful, and thilling beyond description.'"

SEPTEMBER 8. One more mountain laid before us this morning, that we could not avoid climbing, although our weary limbs were hardly adequate to the task. But we started at an early hour, and soon found ourselves ascending the Wengern Alps. During our ascent, we passed nearer the Jungfrau than we had been before, and fortunately, several avalanches occurred, while we were on our way. One of them was but a short distance from us. It fell more than a thousand feet over a tremendous crag, and with a noise that died away like the roar of heavy artillery. The vast quantities of snow that were flying in the air for several minutes after the avalanche occurred, looked like a large, white cloud.

On the top of the mountain, we refreshed ourselves with a nice dish of strawberries and cream, that a boy had just brought from a neighboring valley. While we were enjoying our fruit, a heavy snow-squall gathered around the mountain's brow, and for a few minutes it blowed and snowed right merrily. Among all the crooks and turns of life, snow-storms and strawberries and cream, seldom come together!

It was a little earnest of what comes here in the winter season, with appalling and destructive force. In the higher regions of the Alps, large falls of snow are very common. They come in sudden storms, accompanied with high winds, and the traveller's path is soon blocked up. Some of the passes are so high, that snow is formed in the atmosphere, directly over their surface. It does not fall there in *flakes*, as it does in regions nearer the ocean-level, but in fine, hard particles, into which the feet sink, the same as in common

sand. The highest passes are very near the *line of perpetual congelation*, and they are free from snow and ice scarcely four months in the year; and in mid winter, it is no uncommon thing for them to be buried in snow to the average depth of seven or eight feet.

At another of our resting-places, two women entertained us by playing on a curious instrument, the name of which I could not learn. The music was somewhat like a guitar, and they accompanied it with their voices. The music was very sweet and pretty, but it was wanting in variety, because the tunes were all played on the same key.

The first part of our descent towards Lauterbrunnen was quite comfortable, but after we had travelled more than half the distance, it grew very disagreeable and even painful; and the last mile exceeded all the mountain-travel that I ever performed. That was the last mountain we were to descend — the finishing up of our Alpine rambles; and certainly it is the part that we shall remember the longest. Reader, did you ever undertake to descend from the clouds to the earth, on Virginia fence? Then you have *some* idea of our last mile, before we reached Lauterbrunnen. The path was zigzag, and as nearly perpendicular as it could be and enable one to stand; and very often we were obliged to hold on to the bushes and rocks, to keep ourselves from falling headlong. We *did*, however, succeed in reaching the valley without breaking our necks; but if our limbs are not hereafter swollen with spavins, then there is a restoring power in nature, that philosophers never dreamed of.

Not far from our hotel was the celebrated fall of Staubbach. It consists of a small stream of water, that falls over a stupendous rock, nine hundred feet. Before it reaches the ground, the small column of water changes into dense

vapor, that waves in the air with every breath of wind, like a silken scarf; and in the sunlight, it reflects a thousand rainbow hues.

We had spent five days among the Alps, and during that time we had travelled one hundred and thirty-five miles; we had seen much, enjoyed much, and suffered *some* of the ills that pedestrians are heir to; and we entered, once more, on a good, hard road, and, with the hope that the Alps would stand forever, walked to Interlaken.

SEPTEMBER 9. We left Interlaken most favorably impressed with its beauty. It is surrounded by lofty mountains; and its fine streets, beautiful walks and avenues, rich shrubbery and trees give it much the appearance of an English or American town. In the neighborhood stand the ruins of the castle of Manfred; the scene of Byron's famous poem, of the same name. Here, where

> "the sunbow's rays still arch
> The torrent with the many hues of heaven,
> And roll the sheeted silver's waving column
> O'er the crags headlong perpendicular,
> And fling its lines of foaming light along,"—

his hero dwelt, in the midst of dark and wild scenery, that was in keeping, somewhat, with his dark and malignant nature. He had

> "all the energy which would have made
> A goodly frame of glorious elements,
> Had they been wisely mingled; as it is,
> It is an awful chaos—light and darkness—
> And mind and dust—and passions and pure thoughts
> Mix'd, and contending without end or order,
> All dormant or destructive."

Deep depravity was made quite respectable and pardonable by the power of Byron's genius; and the Spirit of Evil was clothed with so many charms, that it found a welcome in the homes of good men. It is a favorable indication of

our times, that the "Satanic School" of poetry is giving place to a better dispensation, and that many of Byron's heroes, — enthroned in contempt, and breathing upon the world with malignant pride and spite, — have lost much of their popularity.

We hired a boatman to take us to Thun for five francs, and arrived there at two o'clock. It is one of the prettiest towns I have ever seen. Its beautiful houses and gardens; neat, clean streets; with the old cathedral and church towering above all; the bold, serrated cliffs on the left; the richly cultivated valley; the river and its quays, — altogether make it a lovely and picturesque spot.

We stopped only a few minutes, and then started on the high road to Berne, down the valley of the Aar. That is one of the richest agricultural districts in Switzerland, and there was an indication of thrift, independence, and comfort, both in the country and people, that was doubly welcome, after mixing several days with beggars, guides and mule-drivers among the Alps. Talk no more of Swiss mountaineers; they are a miserable, dwarfed and sickly race! And on the principal thoroughfares of travel, they are frequently unprincipled and thievish, by *habit*, if not by nature. Great changes have taken place in their characters; and this may be due to their transient and promiscuous intercourse with strangers. Without the fixed relations, or the moral restraints of social life, it has degenerated their morals; and in their dealings with traveller's they govern themselves by the villainous maxim "that all is fair in trade." Such company affects the traveller's morals, too; he is not safe, unless he is constantly on his guard; he has to deal with higglers and cheats, and without great caution he catches their disorder, and pays them in their own coin. Constant watching sours

his temper, and by and by he grows suspicious of everybody. Evil communications *do* corrupt good manners.

The road we travelled commands a fine view of the Alps, and from the little Inn where we spent the night, a few miles from Berne, we saw them wrapped in a glorious mantle of sunset-light. The sun had sunk behind the western hills, and dark shadows had gathered on the lower Alpine ranges; above this, a belt of dark cloud had settled into the upper glens, with its edges tinged with the golden hues of the setting sun; and still higher, the silvery peaks of the Jungfrau lifted up their heads, like pillars of silver standing on a canopy of gold.

After all, that crusty, old bachelor was about half right:

> "*Tis* distance lends enchantment to the view,
> And robes the mountain in its azure hue."

While scaling the summits, and wandering along their valleys, they command admiration as *natural* objects; they startle, overawe and subdue; the head often grows dizzy, and the heart faint, with excitement. There is a terrible grandeur and sublimity about them that makes ordinary objects insignificant, and man himself, a helpless worm.

> "Above me are the Alps,
> The palaces of nature, whose vast walls
> Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
> And throned Eternity in icy halls
> Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
> The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!
> All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
> Gather around these summits, as to show
> How earth may pierce to heaven, yet leave vain man below."

But, at a distance, they put on a new character; they are then clothed with *moral* sublimity and beauty. They inspire deep awe and devotion; they produce excitement, but it is of a religious character; it is then that "high mountains become a *feeling*," and they lift the mind up into regions of

calmer thought, and from beneath the thick crust of worldliness within us, they open new springs of life and enjoyment; and the heart, chilled and soured by intercourse with the world, shrinks back from before the august presence of Nature and nature's great God, ashamed of itself, and humbled; we find ourselves pigmies of the earth, and earthly, standing in contrast with mighty mountains bathed in the glories of sunlight and sky, that stand as ambassadors from Earth to Heaven,

> —— "to tell the silent sky,—
> And tell the stars, and tell the rising sun,
> Earth, with her thousand voices calls on God."

There are also several elevated positions in the valley of the Aar, from which the Alps and Jura chain can both be seen; they are nature's mighty walls, reared to guard the frontiers of Switzerland; and when we stood where we could look upon both without changing our position, I realized fully, for the first time, the sublimity of Byron's thought, when he penned the following lines:

> "The sky is changed! — and such a change! O night,
> And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
> Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
> Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
> From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
> Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
> But every mountain hath now found a tongue,
> *And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,*
> *Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!*

Berne, September 10. Here we are in the capital of Switzerland; the place where the Swiss Diet holds its sessions; and the centre of that political influence which established, and has perpetuated the Helvetic Confederation. It is a beautiful town, surrounded by richly cultivated hills, and a hardy, industrious and enterprising peasantry, with encouraging indications of thrift, intelligence and comfort, that can be found no where else in Europe.

The town stands on a small peninsula formed by the windings of the Aar. The country around is somewhat broken, and the large groves or forests stand in admirable contrast with well cultivated fields. I am unable to account for it, but the towns adjoining Berne are as well wooded as our oldest New England towns; and occasionally we see a glorious hedge, — such an one as always carries my heart straight back to old England; for who can see an English hedge and ever forget it afterwards. The old walls and bastions of Berne were long ago converted into delightful promenades; and in looking from them upon the rich, quiet scenery of the neighborhood, the Alps can be seen far to the south, lifting up their snowy peaks, "to add a background of sublimity to a foreground of surpassing loveliness."

We entered the town over a massive stone bridge, which for the beauty and strength of its proportions, will well compare with London bridge. The streets are adorned with magnificent arcades, and in many cases, the platforms are elevated above the streets like the famous "Rows" of old Chester. We went first to the Platform that hangs over the river, and is supported by a wall an hundred feet high. Here, again, we had a fine view of the Oberland Alps. Ah, those mighty mountains! they will haunt me as long as I live. Each time I look at them I see new beauties; I have for them an ever-growing fellow-feeling; I love to stand, silent and alone, and hold communion with them; a growing acquaintance with them, makes them intelligent and communicative; they stand,

> "as stands a lofty mind,
> Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd;
> All tenantless, save to the crannying wind,
> Or holding dark communion with the cloud."

What mortal power can adequately describe them? It

cannot be done, any more than a just notion of the matchless pictures of Raphael and Corregio can be given by saying they are composed of *paint and canvass.*

On the top of the Platform, there are pretty walks and parterres, shaded with trees and supplied with seats, where women and children were lounging in French style. There is also a bronze statue of the founder of the city; a bronze bear stands on his haunches, by his side, supporting his helmet and shield. The pedestal on which it stands has five medallion inscriptions, setting forth the objects of the monument.

The cathedral, near by, had nothing of interest in, or about it, except some ancient carvings in the choir, and three stained windows ornamented with the coat of arms of the aristocratic burghers of Berne. On the western portal, the scene of the last judgment was pictured in a sort of stucco work, very old and dirty, with the Wise and Foolish Virgins standing near by as a scriptural illustration of the good and bad, and their separation. If that is a truthful representation of the final judgment, kings will be peculiar objects of displeasure; for there was a very grim and suspicious-looking personage who was casting them, head first, into a flaming pit, with forks that looked quite like those I have seen used for more earthly purposes. Several by-standers looked very solemn, and well they might, if they believed the creed of their church.

It was market-day in Berne, and the streets were crowded with all sorts of merchandise, and all sorts of people; and of all the Babels I have ever witnessed, that was the last and richest. Reader, did you ever see and *hear* a regiment of crows just going into winter quarters? If so, then you have *some* idea of those market-places. In passing through

the fowl and pig market, the sounds were actually suffocating. For added to sundry crows and cackles, and squeals, and grunts, there were hundreds of Dutch tongues reeling off with great rapidity a mongrel patois, that would put at defiance every grammar and dictionary in christendom. The air was loaded with a conglomeration of discordant sounds.

The famous clock tower, with its nest of wooden puppets, stands in the centre of the town. Just before noon, we joined the crowd that was waiting to see it strike. A minute or two before the clock strikes, a wooden cock crows twice and flaps his wings. Then a puppet strikes the hour on two bells, while a procession of bears move round on the platform below; when this is done, the central figure, seated on a throne, turns an hour glass, and as the great bell in the tower repeats the hour, it opens its mouth. It is one of the most remarkable pieces of machinery in the world.

We next paid our respects to the national bears, just outside the Aarburg gate. From some circumstances connected with the early history of Berne, which I do not well understand, the bear is held in great reverence among the Bernese. It sustains the same important relation to the canton that the eagle does to the United States — it is their national emblem. Their flags, coins, signboards, and churches even, bear the image of a bear. Besides, there is a family of bears maintained in Berne at the expense of the government. They are enclosed in a deep, square ditch, lined with solid stone walls. In one end of the ditch they are furnished with dens, well covered and secure. The crowd of visitors we found there showed very plainly that they were great favorites. Messrs. Bruin, however, like a great many fashionables when company calls, *were not at home;* for only one made his appearance, and he was very fat and lazy, and did

not seem to care a fig whether we paid him any attention or not.

On our way to Soleure, we passed the famous educational institution that was founded by M. Fellenburg; and a little farther on, the castle of Reichenbach, in ruins. The country, instead of being cut up into fields, is *one* field, for miles together; the expense of fencing in Switzerland must be small. Of the peasantry I have already spoken; but to give a just idea of their character and condition, much more ought to be said. And now as I am passing out of the country, through an agricultural district, I have a few thoughts that may as well be recorded here as elsewhere.

We have all been taught to regard Switzerland as a land of civil and religious freedom — as the home of simple virtues, and a refuge for the oppressed. To some extent, and especially when contrasted with neighboring governments, it may be; but whoever travels through the country, with very sanguine expectations in this respect, will be sadly disappointed. There are certain forms of government that are quite liberal in their tendencies: the people are allowed a voice in the councils of the Diet, by representation; schools and institutions of learning are well supported; religious rights are guaranteed; but still the country is rent by sectional jealousies and discord, and the inhabitants of the different cantons are alienated from each other by stubborn prejudices, that cut off the hope of a friendly union.

It cannot be doubted that the people have lost the virtue and patriarchal simplicity of their forefathers; not only on the great thoroughfares of travel, but everywhere they are debased in moral character; they take advantage of every traveller who is not constantly on his guard, and are too dishonorable to be worthy of trust. Great changes in the moral character of the people have been gradually brought

about by constant intercourse with strangers. But this is not all; another prominent cause of their deterioration is to be found in foreign military service. It is a fact, most degrading to the Swiss character, that Switzerland has furnished mercenaries to fight the battles of nearly every tyrant in Europe. Thousands, in this way, have gone abroad only to learn the vices of a military camp, and return home, the paltry scavengers of war, and lawless and unprincipled to the lowest degree; each well fitted to poison a whole community with his corruption.

Another cause of their present degraded condition is due to the influence of the Catholic religion, particularly in the cantons where Romanism bears rule. Ignorance and superstition are its legitimate fruits, the world over. There is scarcely a half mile square in all Switzerland, that is not studded with chapels and images without number; but as yet the religious principle has taken no root in the public heart; the Sabbath is desecrated by holiday sports, — the same as in France and Germany, and the restraints of morality do not gather around their firesides to make their social relations permanent and healthy. The prosperity of Switzerland never can be established, until the country is socially, as well as morally, regenerated.

Much of their present religious degeneracy is due to the late influence of the Jesuits. When that crafty and powerful sect were banished from France, a few years since, they sought a refuge in Switzerland. Here they at once set themselves to the work of evangelizing the country. They built colleges and endowed them; established schools, and became themselves teachers of children and youth; they sent out Sisters of Charity on errands of mercy to the poor; and they left no means unemployed, to mould the public

mind after their own heart. Nor were they unsuccessful; in a few years they had *nine*, out of the thirteen cantons, *under their control;* from a well-studied devotion to the religious interests of the people, they began to meddle with politics; their influence began to creep insidiously into the councils of the nation. But shortly, the country was aroused to a sense of the danger that threatened it, and the Jesuits were banished, and their property confiscated. But they left behind them an influence that will be felt for a long time.

Concerning the Swiss women, I have already spoken; but there is a paragraph in Carne, that tells so much plain truth, that I will venture to quote it, instead of giving the ideas in my own language:—"Throughout the whole canton of Berne, the females are shorn of all the natural comeliness that belongs to the female form: great, thick figures; features full of kindness, but broad and unmeaning; a pair of legs, exposed as if courting admiration, (being never covered below the knee,) and of the shape and thickness of huge wedges of timber, just hewn from the mountain-oak. Where, then, is the dream, the illusion of Swiss beauty? Who has not gazed on pictures, or prints richly colored, brought home as specimens of the great loveliness, that grows like a common plant on every hill? There are nymphs of Lucerne, of Soleure, of Uri, and Berne;—one with a water-pot in her hand, gracefully bending over her flowers; another with a nosegay; a third is engaged only in slaying with her eyes; but they are fairies, goddesses, and do much credit to the Swiss artists, who must have laughed in their sleeves at seeing them bought up as specimens of their country."

For my own part, I have never seen a pretty, delicate woman in Switzerland, and while I have long since learned that painters and poets know

> "How to make madness beautiful, and cast
> O'er erring deeds and thoughts a heavenly hue
> Of words,"

I can only regret that there should be so great a difference between the creatures of their imagination and the stubborn facts of life. Nature has done every thing for Switzerland; she has mountains, lakes and fertile valleys; traditions, superstitions, and a soil consecrated by heroic deeds and manly virtues; no country can supply the poet with richer materials; but her national poet is yet unborn, and her matchless grandeur and beauty are yet unsung.

SEPT. 11. To-day, after threading the streets of the old, antiquated town of Soleure, a whole hour, without seeing any thing of much interest, we passed to the north of the Jura, through an immense defile, and stopped nearly all night for the diligence for Basle.

SEPT. 14. Once more in Basle! We arrived here early yesterday morning, after a fortnight's ramble in Switzerland. We found ourselves in excellent spirits, but on the score of gentility, I cannot report quite so favorably. Our dickeys had settled down behind our cravats very sullenly; our boots indicated a great scarcity of brushes and blacking; and our coats and knapsacks bore the marks of mountain-climbing and hard service. But in two hours we repaired all damages, and appeared out in the streets quite as good as new. An hour before we started for Paris, I walked out upon the old bridge, and took one long — and the LAST look of the noble Rhine.

"Adieu to thee, fair Rhine! How long delighted
The stranger fain would linger on his way!
Thine is a scene where souls alike united
Or lonely Contemplation thus might stray;
And could the ceaseless vultures cease to prey
On self-condemning bosoms, it were here,
Where Nature, nor too sombre nor too gay,
Wild but not rude, awful yet not austere,
Is to the mellow Earth as Autumn to the year."

The remarks I made in reference to travelling in England, are applicable to Switzerland. The common people are very friendly, but great caution must be observed in dealing with them on the thoroughfares of travel, in order to guard against imposition. We always made our bargains beforehand, even for a night's lodging, or a single meal. This is not uncommon among travellers, and no one thinks strangely of it. Our journey was performed on foot, but I would not recommend this method, as it does not materially lessen the expense, and it does abridge one's enjoyment, unless months can be spent in performing journeys that can be accomplished by diligence in a few days. Among the high Alps, the safest and best way is on foot; indeed, it is often impossible to travel there in any other way. The tyro, however, in mountain-climbing, had better take it leisurely, for he will find aching limbs no very pleasant accompaniment to sight-seeing: but they can be much better endured than the unprincipled mule-drivers and guides, and limited means will go a great deal farther.

As to expenses, they were about the same as in England. Without giving them in detail, I will add, that it cost us about one dollar and fifty cents apiece per day. For that, a comfortable tour can be made through Switzerland.

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